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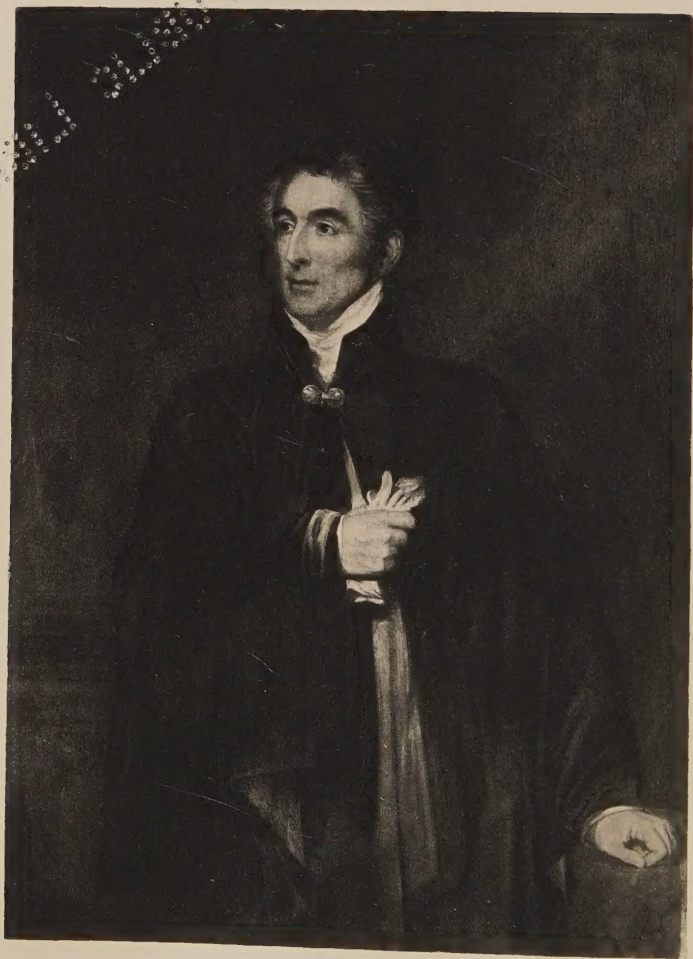
THE DIARY OF FRANCES
LADY SHELLEY

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

VOL. II

FIRST EDITION . . . *June 1913*

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*The Duke of Wellington H. G.
by J. Hayter
from the picture at Maresfield.*

THE
DIARY OF FRANCES
LADY SHELLEY
1818—1873

EDITED BY HER GRANDSON
RICHARD EDGCUMBE

AUTHOR OF "BYRON: THE LAST PHASE," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II

THE
LONDON
LIBRARY

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1913

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v.2

Shelley, Frances

Winckley, Lady,

The diary of Frances

lady Shelley.

1912-1913.

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YASUNO GUNDO J. N.

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PREFACE

THE favourable reception given on both sides of the Atlantic to the first portion of this work seems to justify the publication of this volume.

The materials used throughout have been derived from various sources. By far the greater portion of the Diaries, all the Duke of Wellington's letters, and those of the Duke of Rutland, were confided to me by Mr. James Shelley Bontein, who inherited the bulk of Lady Shelley's papers from his mother, Katherine Shelley, who married, in 1859, Mr. James Bontein, a grandson of Sir James Bontein of Balglass. Mrs. Bontein, a daughter of Lady Shelley's son Adolphus, lived both before and after her marriage almost entirely with Lady Shelley. I have also drawn largely upon an extensive collection of letters, journals, and memoranda for a mass of information not included in the Bontein papers; these I inherited from my mother, the "Fanny" of the Diary. All the interesting letters written by the celebrated Mrs. Arbuthnot—a correspondence which casts a flood of light upon that lady's real character, and the nature of her intimacy with the Duke of Wellington—were supplied by the Hon. Mrs. John Trefusis, Mrs. Bontein's daughter. From Sir John Shelley, of Shobrooke, from Mrs. George Shelley, and from

Mr. Spencer Shelley valuable materials have been received.

It should have been stated in the preface of the first volume that the crayon sketches of St. Cloud, Malmaison, and Waterloo were drawn by Lady Shelley herself. In response to a wide demand for some explanation as to the connection of Sir John Shelley's family with that of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, a genealogical table has been drawn up by Mr. Horace Monckton. I am also indebted to Mr. Sydney Hankey for a reproduction, from a print in his possession, of that fatal Derby of 1818, when Sir John Shelley's horse, Prince Paul—the favourite—was beaten by Mr. Thornhill's Sam, a catastrophe to which Lady Shelley alludes in her Diary.

My thanks are offered to H.S.H. Princess Münster for her kindness in permitting the inspection of the Maresfield collection of pictures, sketches, and other interesting mementoes of Lady Shelley; and, above all, for her sympathy and assistance. I am also grateful to H.S.H. Prince Münster for allowing the reproduction of a hitherto unknown portrait of Wellington which forms the frontispiece to the present volume.

My acknowledgments are due to that great work, the Dictionary of National Biography, whose accurate and comprehensive pages have spared me many laborious hours.

I take this opportunity to thank both Mr. Murray and his son, Mr. John Murray, for the help which they have rendered in matters of research. Only those who have undergone an experience similar to my own know how much the value of a biographical work depends upon assistance of that kind.

Now that my agreeable task is ended, I feel a

natural reluctance to part from those silent friends whose letters and journals have been my companions for so long. I sincerely trust that in my endeavour to make these volumes interesting I have not given offence; and that I have always remembered what is due to those who can no longer answer for themselves. Mrs. Arbuthnot's letters, now for the first time given to the world, will form a valuable contribution to the political and social history of England; while those written by the Duke of Wellington reveal the softer side of a personality which seems to have been so little understood.

In these pages Lady Shelley has drawn her own portrait with fearless fidelity; and it will be generally acknowledged that she was a clever, romantic, artistic, and fearless woman, beautiful both in feature and in mind.

RICHARD EDGCUMBE.

May 1913.

Pedigree of both

Robert

John Shelley, M.P. for Rye in 1415, etc.: *m.* Bea

Sir Jo

Sir William Shelley, Knight, of Michelgrove (*temp.* Henry VIII.).

John Shelley, *d.* 1550.

John Shelley.

Sir John Shelley, of Michelgrove, *cr.* Bart. 22nd May, 1611; *d.* in or before 1644.

Sir William Shelley, Knight, *d.* v.p. 1635: *m.* Christina Vantelet.

Sir Charles Shelley, 2nd Bart., *d.* 1681.

Sir John Shelley, 3rd Bart., *b.* after 1662: *m.* Mary, *d.* of Sir John Gage, of Firle.

Sir John Shelley, 4th Bart., *b.* 1691/2, *d.* 1771: *m.* Catherine Scawen.

Sir John Shelley, 5th Bart., *b.* about 1730, *d.* 1783.

Sir John Shelley, 6th Bart., of Michelgrove, and Maresfield, Sussex, *b.* 1772, *d.* 1852; *m.* 4th 1807, Frances, only dau. and heiress of Thomas Winckley, of Brockholes, co. Lancashire (Diarist). She *d.* 24th Feb. 1873.

Sir John Villiers Shelley, 7th Bart., <i>b.</i> 1808; <i>d.</i> 1867; <i>m.</i> Louisa Eliza Anne, <i>d.</i> of Rev. S. Johnes-Knight, of Henley Hall, Salop.	Rev. Sir Frederick Shelley, 8th Bart., <i>b.</i> 1809, <i>d.</i> 1869; <i>m.</i> Charlotte Martha, <i>d.</i> of Rev. H. Hippisley, of Lambourne Place, Berks. She died 18—.	Adolphus Edward Shelley, <i>b.</i> 1812, <i>d.</i> 1854.	Spencer Shelley, <i>b.</i> 1813, <i>d.</i> 1908.	Fanny Lucy, <i>b.</i> 1811, <i>d.</i> 1899; <i>m.</i> Hon. George Edgumbe.	Cecilia V. set Ke
		Arthur, <i>b.</i> 1837, <i>d.</i> 1880.	Spencer, <i>b.</i> 1843.	Richard Edgumbe, <i>b.</i> 1843.	Charles

Sir John Shelley, 9th Bart., *b.* 1848; *m.* Marion Emma, *d.* of R. Benyon, of Englefield Ho., Berks.

Cha
d.

the Shelley Family.

s, London.

by Donnina, *d.* of Bernabo Visconti, Duke of Milan.

ght, *d.* 1526.

of Warming-
t.

elley.

d. 1623, 2nd
heir.

y, 3rd son.

Itchingfield
n, *d.* 1673.

ey, *d.* 1671.

f Fen Place,
19: *m.* Helen,
ir of Robert

of Fen Place,
o.

ey, *cr.* Bart.
d. 1815.

Richard Shelley, of Patcham, ancestor
of the Shelleys of Patcham and of
Lewes.

Sir John Shelley, Knight,
killed at taking of Rhodes.

e = 2ndly, Mary, *d.*
ne of William
2, Godwin and
Mary Woll-
stonecraft, *d.*
1851.

John Shelley,
of Avington
House, Hants,
b. 1806, *d.* 1866.

Sir Percy Flor-
ence Shelley,
3rd Bart., *b.*
1827, *d.* 1889.

Sir Edward
Shelley, 4th
Bart., *b.* 1827,
d. 1890.

Sir Charles
Shelley, 5th
Bart., *b.* 1838,
d. 1902.

George Ernest
Shelley, *b.*
1840, *d.* 1910.

Sir John Courtown Edw.
Shelley, 6th Bart., *b.*
1871: *m.* Hon. Eleanor
Georgina Rolls.

Edward,
b. 1891.

Sir John Shelley-
Sidney, *cr.*
Bart. 1818.

Philip,
d. 1799.

Sir Philip
Charles Sid-
ney, *cr.* Baron
de Lisle and
Dudley 1835,
b. 1800, *d.* 1851.

Robert
Shelley,
d. 1849.

Philip, 2nd
Baron, *b.* 1828,
d. 1898.

Philip, 3rd
Baron, *b.* 1853

DIARY OF FRANCES LADY SHELLEY

CHAPTER I

April 2, 1818.—Last year's London Season formed a blank in my life. We were just returned from our brilliant tour, during which I had been *fêted* far beyond my deserts. I had been admired and looked up to “pour les qualités qu'on n'apprécie pas chez les femmes dans ce pays, celles de l'esprit. Tandis qu'il forme le lien d'une société délicieuse à Vienne, on trouve rarement en Italie quelqu'un que l'on désire plus particulièrement revoir. On ne rencontre pas dans ce pays une personne dont la conversation soit un vrai plaisir, et dont le souvenir soit ineffaçable. Si en Italie même vous faisiez les louanges d'une telle personne, vous contribueriez à la mettre en valeur ; tandis que si vous faisiez de même à Vienne, cela prouverait simplement que vous avez assez de finesse pour apprécier le vrai esprit.

“Voilà le brillant souvenir qui me reste de mon court séjour en Italie. On n'eut pas le temps de s'apercevoir combien le mérite que je pense avoir quelquefois dépend de la société où je me trouve. Combien, avec la vanité qu'on pourrait me reprocher de sentir—ayant été aimée et admirée—je vaille peu, si je ne suis pas encouragée. Un plus faible ton dans la conversation me prive du désir, de la possibilité

de faire valoir les peu d'agréments que je possède ; tandis qu'avec ceux que j'aime cette même sensibilité qui fait mon malheur dans une société qui ne m'intéresse pas, me donne un attrait qui devrait me dédommager de bien du chagrin.

“ Dans les premiers temps de mon retour en Angleterre je ne pus chercher si profondément au fond de mon âme. Je me sentais blessée par l'égoïsme général, voyant qu'on ne s'intéressait nullement aux personnes qui m'avaient le plus vivement priée de les rappeler au souvenir de mes compatriotes. La jalousie se mêlait de ce qu'on m'avait tant admirée à Vienne. On m'en voulait de préférer cette société à celle de mon pays. Mon mari était content de reprendre ses anciennes habitudes des clubs et du Parlement. Je me trouvais absolument seule dans cette foule immense qui remplissait les salons. De plus, j'étais grosse, souffrante ; et, quant à l'argent, jamais nous ne nous étions trouvés si gênés. L'élection¹ avait absorbé les fonds destinés aux nouvelles bâtisses à Maresfield. Mon mari avait fait des pertes considérables à Newmarket. Notre maison démontée avait besoin d'être renouvelée ; et enfin une forte maladie de mon mari me fit voir un abîme de malheur qui, mettant le comble à mes chagrins, termina ces quatre mois inutiles d'une manière propre à me faire apprécier les biens que j'avais encore à perdre.

“ J'ai repris courage pendant le séjour à Maresfield. Mes couches, qui m'ont mise au bord du tombeau, m'ont fait faire des réflexions propres à calmer mon amour-propre blessé, à recevoir avec reconnaissance les bienfaits dont je suis entourée, et m'ont remise dans mon état ordinaire.

“ Je sais qu'en Angleterre il ne faut pas s'attendre à cultiver son esprit ; qu'il faut, pour être contente à Londres, se résoudre à se plaire avec la médiocrité ;

¹ Sir John Shelley was elected member for Lewes in 1816, and represented that borough in Parliament until 1831.

à entendre tous les jours répéter les mêmes banalités et à s'abaisser autant qu'on le peut au niveau des femmelettes avec lesquelles l'on vit, et qui, pour plaire, affectent plus de frivolité qu'elles n'ont réellement.

“Le plaisir de causer nous est défendu. Les hommes ne s'amuse pas—ou, pour se servir de leur langage, ‘ne perdent pas leur temps’ à dire aux femmes ces aimables riens qu'on paye par un sourire sur le Continent.

“Il faut ici tout ou rien ; eh bien, on ne me donne pas le choix, j'accepte. Je ne serai rien pour le monde, moi, pour mon intérieur je serai toujours le lien qui réunit tous les suffrages. Je serai l'amie dont on suit les conseils, la femme qu'on respecte, et je ferai le bien parmi mes pauvres avec tout le zèle de mon caractère ardent. N'est-ce pas que cette vie utile vaut bien les suffrages de l'univers ? Et ce sera dans un autre monde que je chercherai ce qui pour moi serait le bonheur suprême, le perfectionnement des moyens que je sens que je possède d'approfondir les sciences, les idées. C'est un sacrifice que je fais à mon Dieu et à mon devoir comme Anglaise.

“Je suis destinée à n'écouter, à n'entendre rien qui vaille la peine d'être retenu. Ecrivons donc les anecdotes du jour, comme moyen de jeter, de temps en temps, sur le papier les pensées qui me traversent l'esprit.

“Si je ne puis maintenant les distinguer et en approfondir la vérité, je pourrai dans quelques années d'ici me retracer un portrait de moi-même, de ma vivacité naturelle, avant que mon âge soit trop avancé. Pour le monde je veux être insipide, pour moi je veux conserver les illusions romanesques, les visions d'une vertu parfaite, et d'un bonheur sans mélange que je ne trouverai que dans le ciel.

“Cependant je suis heureuse ici, plus qu'on ne l'est ordinairement. Je ne changerais de destinée avec

personne. Les dignités, les richesses ne me touchent pas ; mais ce que je cherche c'est une amie, ou un ami (n'importe lequel pourvu qu'il le soit véritablement), qui, avec plus d'esprit que moi, voulût m'aider dans le développement de moi-même.

"J'ai une soif d'instruction que rien ne tarit. Mon bonheur c'est de m'instruire ; tout ce qui ne contribue pas à ce but ne vaut rien pour moi. Je passerai sur tout pour atteindre ce but. La brusquerie de Johnson ne m'effrayerait pas, ni même la susceptibilité de Rousseau. Je ne craindrai pas mon caractère, qui n'est emporté que vis-à-vis des sots. Pourquoi ce bonheur ne serait-il pas le mien dans l'autre monde ? J'espère qu'il en sera ainsi. Mais puisqu'il est certain que ce parfait bonheur n'est pas de ce monde, occupons-nous de ce que nous y trouvons. Commençons par ce qui intéresse, dans ce moment-ci, le beau monde de Londres."

Last Tuesday¹ Princess Elizabeth was married to Prince Frederic of Hesse-Homburg. The poor Prince does not look forward with any pleasure to the honeymoon, in a cottage belonging to the Prince Regent. He has been heard to say, "Je ne suis pas pour les pastorales, moi !" As he was not accustomed to travel in a closed carriage, he felt so ill on the road that he was obliged to mount upon the box beside the coachman ! The way in which he pronounces English is so comical that the Queen² was unable to keep her countenance during the ceremony, and on her return home she burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. I was told this by the Duchess of York, with whom I dined yesterday.

To-day the Duchess of York goes into the country to receive the unhappy Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, whose grief is as deep as during the first

¹ The marriage took place April 7, 1818.

² Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, married King George III. in 1761, and died in 1818.

moments of his terrible bereavement.¹ He spends some hours every day in the bedchamber of Princess Charlotte. That apartment is still as it was when the Princess left it the day before she died! Her *pelisse*, her boots, and even her hat, which she had carelessly thrown aside on the sofa, are left just as they were, for no one but the heart-broken Prince has entered that room. It is a case of real grief, and absolutely without parade.

The Duchess of York has invited the widow of Tom Sheridan² and her seven children to visit her at Oatlands Park. Mrs. Sheridan is in a deplorable state of health; her lips are often tinged with blood—her life is ebbing away—and were it not for her children, for whose sakes she battles for life, all would be over in this world.

It is an instance of real friendship, and a goodness so rare in a princess, that she can support the spectacle of such suffering day after day with patience and sympathy. It is an act of real unselfishness of which, in my humble opinion, few princesses would be capable.

The attempted assassination of Lord Palmerston is the general topic of conversation. The Duke of York told me that some days previous to the crime, the would-be assassin obtained an audience of him. The man kept up a conversation with the Duke for a quarter of an hour, speaking quite reasonably. He then took his departure; but suddenly returned, and said:

¹ Princess Charlotte died November 6, 1817.

² Thomas Sheridan (1775—1817) was originally in the Army, and afterwards assisted his father, the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, as manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He married in 1805 Caroline Henrietta Callender, a very beautiful woman. Mr. Tom Sheridan's beautiful daughters became the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Duchess of Somerset and Lady Dufferin. Henry Angelo, in his "Reminiscences," says of Tom Sheridan: "Peace to his ashes! There is not on earth a spot which shrouds a more generous-hearted man, a better friend, or a brighter genius."

"Pardon me, sir, but I wish your Royal Highness to know that I have been calumniated, and people are telling lies about me."

"And who is doing that?" inquired the Duke.

"It is God Almighty, sir," replied the man. "I know it for a fact."

"If that be so," replied the Duke, who perceived that he was in presence of a madman, "it is not to me that He has said it, for I have had no communication with that personage at all!"

This answer appeared to completely satisfy the man, who went quietly away.

It was very fortunate that Lord Palmerston happened to be turning round at the exact moment when the shot was fired; he would otherwise have been killed. As it happened the bullet grazed Lord Palmerston's back, without doing him any serious injury. His assailant was quite close to him at the time.

April 17.—The death of Lady Melbourne offers food for reflection to the most frivolous. This lady, beautiful, clever, and well read, married in the flower of her beauty a man who did not care for her in the least. As a natural consequence she was surrounded by admirers belonging to the highest walks in life. Unfortunately she was addicted to opium, which broke down her health and dimmed her mental faculties. She suffered latterly the most excruciating pain, and during the last three days of her life she was in convulsions, without, however, losing her reason. Lady Bessborough, who was with her when she died, told me that Lady Melbourne's appearance at the last was pitiable, and that her sufferings were horrible.

Of what use are talents, natural or acquired—for such she possessed in the highest degree—if they are neglected? Lady Melbourne's life was passed among the cleverest men of the age. It is thus that I should like to live. Fortunately I do not possess Lady Melbourne's dangerous beauty; this enables me to

evade those temptations by which she was always surrounded.¹

April 19.—I mark this day as one of the most interesting days of my life. Mr. Brougham had promised to try to get from Colonel Seymour admission to the ventilator of the House of Commons. I was told that I should suffer dreadfully in going there. Brougham assured me that the place was so small that I should be forced to lie down, and the smell so dreadful that I should probably faint. All this, and more, I was determined to brave. Brougham promised to let me know before two o'clock. Meanwhile I had engaged myself to Lady Katherine Forester, to go with her to hear Logier's musical system.² As I had no message from Brougham, and the day was insufferably hot, I gave up all thoughts of going to the House of Commons, and went to Logier's. There I became so interested in the progress of the pupils and the examination of the system that I forgot the hour. When I returned home at three o'clock I was dismayed to find that Brougham had called during my absence. He had, it seems, taken infinite trouble to obtain my admission. Colonel Seymour was gone to the *Levéé*, and Mr. Bellamy dared not admit me without his permission. In these circumstances Brougham went off to obtain Colonel Seymour's permission himself. He succeeded! On

¹ Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, married in 1769 Sir Peniston Lamb, who was in 1780 created Viscount Melbourne. Byron has described her in his journal as "the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest of women." He told Lady Blessington that Lady Melbourne "wrote and spoke admirably because she felt admirably. Envy, malice, hatred, or uncharitableness found no place in her feelings. If some portion of *faiblesse* attached to her, it only served to render her more forbearing to the errors of others. Her mind and heart were as fresh as if only sixteen summers had flown over her, instead of four times that number." Lady Melbourne died at Melbourne House, Whitehall, on April 6, 1818.

² John Bernard Logier came to England about 1790, when he was a boy. He invented the chiroprast, an apparatus to facilitate the position of the hands on the pianoforte. In 1821 he established at Berlin a chiroprast school by invitation of the Prussian Government. He died in 1846.

my arrival I was conducted by Mr. Bellamy through a number of winding passages, up and down stairs, and over the roof of St. Stephen's Chapel. On reaching a dark niche in the wall Mr. Bellamy warned me to preserve an absolute silence, and opened a small door.

I found myself in a room about eight feet square, resembling the cabin of a ship. There was a window to admit air, two chairs, a table, and a thing like a chimney in the centre. This was the ventilator, which opens into the body of the House of Commons. Through it the sound ascends so perfectly that, with attention, not a word is lost. Brougham had promised me a debate, in the event of there being nothing else amusing. He therefore asked some questions about Lord Stewart and Lord Castlereagh. These were easily answered, but produced what he wished, some sparring. The Alien Bill came on next.¹ It had returned from the Lords with an added clause to the effect that its provisions should be retrospective to a given date. This raised a difficulty, for it appears that since that date certain persons, among them Monsieur de Flahault,² who married Miss Mercer, had become naturalised. Sir James Mackintosh³ opened the debate, and presented a petition from twenty-nine persons setting forth the injustice of this clause, by which they would lose the benefit for which they had invested their money.

¹ A Bill to abolish naturalisation by the holding of stock in the Bank of Scotland. Greville (Journals, etc., vol. i. p. 1) says, under date June 7, 1818: "The dissolution of Parliament is deferred owing to mistakes made in passing the Alien Bill." It was passed June 1820.

² Auguste Charles Joseph Comte de Flahault de la Billarderie; born 1785. He was sometime aide-de-camp to Napoleon, and subsequently ambassador to Vienna, Berlin, and London, where he arrived in 1860. He married June 20, 1817, Margaret Mercer, an heiress of good family. She died in Paris November 1867. M. de Flahault died in 1870.

³ Sir James Mackintosh was born in 1765 at Edinburgh. He was elected member for Nairn in 1813. He became Professor of Law and General Politics at Haileybury 1818-24. He published several philosophical works and a History of the Revolution in England, 1688. He died in 1832.

I understand that by the purchase of £80 stock in the Bank of Scotland any alien could become naturalised.

While this petition was being read, Brougham took the opportunity of paying me a visit in my hiding-place. He told me who was going to speak, and that the best of the debate would be over in an hour, and that I might be well able to get to dinner at Lord Verulam's, where I was engaged. So much the worse, thought I. After Brougham left me, I listened, and heard Sir Samuel Romilly¹ deliver one of the finest speeches he ever made. The cheers that greeted portions of his speech raised my enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and affected me in exactly the same manner as riding with the Duke of Wellington at the Paris reviews did. I then felt that under the Duke's orders I could have ridden up to the cannon's mouth. And here I felt that I could have burst forth in eloquence with those exhilarating cheers to awaken every power of the mind and heart. At the close of his speech Romilly rose to the sublime. In impassioned language he arraigned the conduct of the Government, and deplored that its last act, to crown previous misdeeds, should be one of injustice, in refusing to listen to the prayer of the petitioners in this case. This conduct, said Romilly, might perhaps have been expected from a Government which had suspended the Habeas Corpus in a time of profound

¹ Sir Samuel Romilly, a law reformer, was born in 1757. In 1800 he became a K.C., and was Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham from 1805 to 1815. He was appointed Solicitor-General to the Administration of "All the Talents," and knighted in 1806. He was successively member for Queenborough, Wareham, Arundel, and at this period, 1818, was member for Westminster. He was a strong advocate for Catholic emancipation and a strenuous opponent of slavery. On the death of his wife, which occurred six months after the event recorded by Lady Shelley, Sir Samuel Romilly committed suicide. According to Lord Lansdowne, he was "a stern, reserved sort of man, and she was the only person in the world to whom he wholly unbent and unbosomed himself; when he lost her, therefore, the very vent of his heart was stopped up."

peace, and which had encouraged hired spies and the basest informers.

These burning words were received with shouts which still ring in my ears, and move me to the depth of my soul. If my boy, when he eventually enters Parliament, should ever call forth such applause, every wish of my heart would be gratified. I felt so proud of the manly, energetic character of my countrymen, and reverently bowed my head in acknowledgment of their pre-eminence over my weak sex!

During this eventful period I had the good fortune to hear something from all the best speakers. Canning appealed to the chair. This called for a speech from the Speaker. This appeal, however, caused the House to break up sooner than was expected—indeed within a few hours of its dissolution.

I had received visits from Lord Sefton and Shelley in my *soupirail*. The latter left me to attend the division, which was expected to take place at ten.

Alas! at nine o'clock the debate closed, and Mr. Bellamy took me into his room, where his wife paid me every attention, while her husband went to tell Mr. Brougham of the dilemma I was in, in consequence of my carriage not having arrived.

Brougham was equal to the occasion; he came and proposed that we should complete the fun by dining together in Mr. Bellamy's room. We had the best beefsteaks, toasted cheese, pickles, and beetroot that I ever ate—in short, true House of Commons fare, and I could fairly claim to have done what no woman had ever done before me.

It would have been impossible to find a more agreeable companion than Brougham, who did the honours to perfection.

At ten o'clock a hackney coach was procured for me, and, just as I was stepping in, my own carriage arrived, so everything occurred *à point nommé*.

Later on, I went to Lord Verulam's to make my excuses, and found a pleasant party, who quizzed me for my *secret* expedition—for it is not an acknowledged thing to go to the House, although it is suspected that Lady Jersey has done it on some great occasion.

I ended this eventful day at the French Play, where, I confess it, I felt tired.

To-day I have remained quiet. I had a long visit from Mr. Brougham, who gives me a most interesting account of . . . I long to write it, as it could only do him honour; but I feel that it would be a breach of confidence, implied though not requested. Brougham is a person of the strictest high-minded principles, joined with noble feelings and talent. Every day adds to my high opinion of him. Let me hope that he is an exception to the usual class of society. I see his faults sufficiently to make me hope I am not deceived, and that I may feel for him a friendship based on integrity and respect—a friendship which time will not destroy. His society improves as well as interests me.

LONDON, *April* 29.—How delightful this life would be if we could prolong those brief moments of contentment which fly so quickly from us! But after all, one would then be too happy in this world, and would give no thought to the future. *Ecrivons, cependant, et jouissons de la santé et de la gaieté que deux jours de retraite et d'occupation utile à la campagne m'ont rendues.*

April 30.—Je me flatte que j'approche de la philosophie; je m'en fais dupe autant que je le pense. J'écoute avec plaisir les fadaïses qu'on me répète sur ma bonne mine. Je m'amuse de tout, ou satiriquement ou tout de bon. On me fête, on me désire, on ne me trouve pas trop d'esprit. On me fait la cour, et quelquefois je me dédommage, dans mon petit coin, de toutes ces folies, par des discussions vraiment avantageuses, et par des correspondances en quelque

sorte littéraires; car à quoi aboutissent les lettres à des amis éloignés, si on ne les soigne pas de cette manière?

Yesterday I dined with Sir George Warrender in a society of diplomats. The handsome Swede, Baron de Stendhal, was there. He is not so handsome when he speaks, which, however, he does remarkably well. He complains of our crowded assemblies, and says that he is going to Paris *to rest*!

It is the month of May! The rain, which has caused inundations in several parts of the country, has well watered Hyde Park, and I have much enjoyed my rides there. We have dined out every day for the past week, but I have not enjoyed myself. One day, however, was an exception. We dined with Lord Conyngham, to meet the Duke of Wellington. I had met him a few days previously at a ball and supper at Devonshire House, where he made his first appearance after his return from Paris. Il a assez bonne mine, cependant il n'a pas l'air de Waterloo!

The Duke was to have gone into the country last Wednesday, but he put off his journey to attend my *soirée*, which was a great success. The music was excellent, and the company sat for supper at little tables. We had all been previously to Gloucester House. At the entrance we were nearly squeezed to death, and people cried out in alarm. The Duke of Wellington, who was standing halfway up the stairs, called out to the ladies below that there was not the slightest danger; but the pressure was so great that many of them fainted. More than sixteen hundred persons had been invited to a house which is not capable of holding more than six hundred!

May 20.—This morning, after having been at a ball until three o'clock, Shelley, Mr. Jenkinson, and I drove down to Sutton in the barouche, and at nine o'clock we mounted our horses, and galloped over

that delightful turf—a ride of about eight miles—to Michelham Down, where we saw Prince Paul gallop.¹

The smell of the firs, the springy, daisy-spangled turf, covered with patches of fern and gorse, undulating in hills and dales, was delicious. We overlooked the fine woods and beech clumps of Norbury Park and the rich plains of Surrey. As I breathed this pure air, my jaded spirits were restored. I was exalted by a sense of happiness, which only those who love and understand the beauties of Nature can fully enjoy. As I gazed at the luxuriance of the lilacs and laburnums in that little garden at Sutton, I realised that the cheapest pleasures are often the most keenly relished.

From Sutton we rode across country to Maresfield,² which, to quote Horace Walpole, “in all its blueth and greeneth,” reproached us for our absence.

Thank God! I can leave the vanities of London without a sigh, and return to my dear home with every good feeling unimpaired! How naturally I relapse into English where the heart is concerned!

June 6.—The last few days have been productive of so many events that I shall pass over the intervening nonsense and agreeable nothings in which I have passed my time. The Derby was run on May 28, and we lost! Shelley's horse was beaten!³ I was more confident of his winning than I ever thought that I could be in such an uncertain event. All our air-based castles fell to the ground, but some proofs of real sympathy which we received enabled me to bear the disappointment philosophically. My conservatory must be smaller; and the road must not be turned!⁴

¹ Sir John Shelley's horse, Prince Paul, was favourite for the Derby in 1818.

² Near Uckfield, in Sussex.

³ Prince Paul, the favourite (11 to 5 against), was beaten by Mr. Thornhill's Sam (7 to 2 against). Prince Paul came in third.

⁴ The coaching road to Brighton in those days passed close under the library windows at Maresfield.

The winning the Riddlesworth¹ was a *coup de Providence* which has set us comparatively at ease; but alas! when will our expenses fall within our income?

The canvassing at Lewes followed close upon the Epsom races. I felt that I ought not, for the sake of a few days' frivolity, to give up one of the real concerns of life. I arrived at Lewes in the night, stayed over the whole of the next day, and set off that night for Maresfield. Two days later—on June 1—I returned to town, and went to Lady Grey's, where I had a long and amusing conversation with Mr. Scarlett.²

I have ridden daily in the Green Park, which is watered regularly while the Queen is in town. The shade there is perfect.

A few days ago, while Shelley, Jenkinson,³ and myself were riding in the Park, I met Brougham, who was walking. While we were talking gaily, and I was in the act of warmly shaking hands with him, the Prince Regent passed us in his buggy. He now drives himself in a dark-green tilbury, with a little boy by his side. In this way he pays his visits to Lady Hertford. The gentlemen, taking off their hats, bowed to the ground. I turned slowly round, and met his eye. It was a ludicrous situation! I may mention—in parenthesis—that we were not invited to Carlton House last week, nor, indeed, once this year! The Regent said, before a dozen people, that the young Duchess of Cambridge (who appeared at

¹ On April 13, 1818, Sir John Shelley's Prince Paul won the Fourth Riddlesworth Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting. The betting was 5 to 2 against Prince Paul. This made him a favourite for the 1818 Derby.

² James Scarlett, born in 1769, was Whig member for Peterborough from 1819 to 1830. He was Attorney-General in the Ministry of both Canning and Wellington. He opposed the Reform Bill of 1831. He was created Baron Abinger in 1835; and died in 1844.

³ Charles Cecil Cope Jenkinson (1784—1851), second son of first Earl of Liverpool. M.P. for Bridgnorth 1812—18. Was Under-Secretary for War 1809. Succeeded to the earldom 1828. Lord Steward of Queen Victoria's Household 1841—6.



THE DERBY, 1818.

Won by Mr. Thornhill's "Sam"; Sir John Shelley's "Prince Paul" finishing third.

From a contemporary print in the possession of Sydney Hankey, Esq.

Carlton House shortly after her marriage) was a mixture of Lady Jane Paget and Lady Shelley. I regard this as a great compliment, as she is much admired; but, as her mouth is not pretty, I feel that I have fallen heir to the worst part of her face!

The Duke of Cambridge seems to be immensely in love with her, and is sure to make an excellent husband. The other day, while the young Duchess was walking with her husband in Kensington Gardens, the mob pressed upon her so warmly to express their good wishes, and cheered the Duke so heartily, that she became seriously alarmed. The Duke of Cambridge was obliged to set his wife with her back to a tree, and placed himself before her to keep off the crowd!

CHAPTER II

MARESFIELD, *January* 1819.—I have begun this year by a pleasant trip to London for the meeting of Parliament. London is always pleasanter before the season of gaiety and indifference begins. We dined out every day. I enjoyed a renewal of the Duke of Wellington's former warmth of friendship. I happened to meet him as I drove into London; he called upon me the next day, and we dined together at Lord Westmorland's. The Duke has now become, as I predicted he would, a perfect Englishman. He is winning the hearts of the most violent among the Opposition in Parliament, by the simplicity of his manner, in spite of his having Cabinet rank. He seems to be perfectly unconscious of the honours that have been heaped upon him. This is the more wonderful, because party feeling never ran higher than at the present time, nor was determination ever stronger to get rid of the present Government and to put the Opposition in power. This, I feel sure, they will not be able to effect.

On our return to Maresfield a very pleasant party assembled there. The Duke of Wellington was to have come, but was prevented by the Archduke of Austria fixing on yesterday to visit Woolwich.

"LONDON, *January* 27, 1819.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am very sorry that I cannot go down to Maresfield, as the Archduke goes to Woolwich Friday,

and I am obliged to be present. I hope to be able to pay you a visit another time.

"Ever yours most sincerely,
"WELLINGTON."

I saw the celebrated Mr. Peel here, for the first time.¹ I met him with two prejudices, one strongly in his favour—which was inspired by his superior talents, and by the enthusiasm with which my friends spoke of him—and the other, of his birth, which ran as strongly against him. At first sight he displeased me. He spoke of shooting and country pursuits in a condescending manner; and his parade of good breeding and attention, a parade to which an Englishwoman is unaccustomed in a man of talent, disappointed me. How strange it is to search into the recesses of the human mind, which is nowhere better studied than by examining one's own impressions of those whom one meets. I have since satisfied myself of this; and that, so far from Mr. Peel's manner being unpleasant, he reminds me more of Metternich than any Englishman I ever encountered. He has a foreign *tournure de phrases* which I delight in, and yet in an Englishman it had at first displeased me. An observation of Mr. Peel's as to Englishwomen's tendency for satire, threw new light upon me; for I could not deny that I had met Mr. Peel with a determination to criticise, rather than to admire him. I trust that I shall remember this in future whenever I form a new acquaintance.

Last night the conversation turned upon the authorship of "Junius," and also to the authorship of the Scotch novels. Mr. Peel told us that a lady had sent a present of grapes to Walter Scott, and addressed them to "the Author of 'Waverley.'" The basket was returned by Scott, and only half of its contents accepted. A brother of Scott, who lives in

¹ Mr., afterwards the celebrated Sir Robert Peel.

America, is supposed by many in Scotland to be the unknown author. They say that his works are revised by Walter Scott. The conversation then turned upon trials; and Mr. Peel mentioned several which had come to his knowledge when Secretary in Ireland, and which are very characteristic of the Irish national character. He told us that a party of forty men had determined to be revenged upon a labourer who had been an informer. They surrounded his cabin in the night, and forced him to come out to them accompanied by his wife, who beheld her husband murdered before her eyes. The poor woman, knowing that her turn would come next, rushed into her cabin, and barricaded the door. She then placed her little daughter, twelve years of age, on a shelf above the cabin fire, and told her that she would see her mother murdered, but that she must bear witness to it. She then took two pieces of turf in her hand, and told her child that she would put them on the fire the moment the murderers entered the room, in order that, by the light of the fire, she might observe the countenances of the men, and so bring them to justice. In a few minutes the child, by the light of the fire, saw her mother murdered. The burning turf so strongly lit the faces of fourteen of them that they were subsequently tried and hanged upon the child's evidence. A peasant came forward to corroborate the child's story in that the fourteen men whom the child had named were certainly amongst the forty who had passed his cabin on their way to the scene of the outrage. The poor little child remained on her shelf all night, and when in the morning she appealed to her neighbours they were afraid to give her anything because she was the daughter of an informer. The poor little thing wandered from door to door; until at last, having told her story to the Protestant clergyman, she was taken to Dublin to give evidence. One

of the magistrates, a man of bad character, hoping to invalidate the child's testimony, took her into the prison where the men were confined, and asked her if those were the people that had murdered her parents. Thus confronted the child trembled, and said they were not the murderers. But with the acuteness of intellect peculiar to Ireland she immediately went to another magistrate, and said that she had made her first statement through fear. During the trial, when the child was asked to account for the statement she had made in the prison, she asked the magistrate whether he had never through fear told an untruth?

Mr. Peel also told us that in the County of Louth a house was surrounded, set fire to, and burned to the ground. Thirteen people, who were living in it, were supposed to have been killed, but afterwards it was found that a girl of fifteen had escaped. She was brought up to Dublin. Although every means were employed to tempt her to give evidence, nothing they could say or do could induce the girl to utter a word on the subject. She said she had been saved; but by whom, or in what manner, she firmly refused to say. She told the Court that she could not possibly live in her own country if she spoke out, and, as she would not live anywhere else, she was determined to hold her tongue.

The following story throws another light upon the Irish character. A magistrate, of the name of Baker, had been murdered; a reward of £9,000 was subscribed—£5,000 by the county, to which the Government added £4,000 more. That reward was to be given to any one, not actually concerned in the murder, who would give information. Presently a man presented himself to claim the reward. He declared that he had plotted the murder, which was executed by five men whom he named. He declared that he foresaw what would happen, and, as he had done it simply for reward, he

was not so stupid as to murder that man himself, though he stated that he was ready to murder any man in the country for two guineas! The wretch gloried in his iniquity, and stuck to his evidence. Mr. Peel said: "I never felt greater reluctance than in giving the villain the £2,000, which it was impossible to withhold from him. He is now constantly persecuting the officials at Dublin Castle for the remainder of the reward, which, in fact, is due to him. He declared that gold is his idol, and that he scorns both life and death. This man was trained to iniquity; his father was a land agent who became suddenly rich. When he and his brothers, without any sort of education, had a command of money, their home became a hell upon earth. At last, in consequence of his attempting to murder one of them, they drove him from his home, and he wandered about the earth like a second Cain."

Stories of a very different description enlivened the breakfast table. Sir Frederick Flood,¹ a well-known Irishman in the House of Commons, is the most extraordinary example of Irish humour and bother-headedness that the world ever saw. The following anecdote is corroborated by one of the members of the House of Commons who was present. One day, during the riots about the Corn Laws, several members arrived in the House, and described the indignities they had met with in the streets. Sir Frederick Flood had also his story to tell. Swelling with importance, and in blustering tones, he thus addressed the chair, "Mr. Speaker, I appear before you, literally torn into four quarters" (shouts of "Hear hear"). "I have been seized by the mob; they wanted to know my name. Mr. Speaker, I *scorned* to equivocate. I told them my name was Waters."

¹ Sir Frederick Flood, born 1741, an Irish politician who opposed the Union. He was created a baronet in 1780. After the Union in 1800, he served for eighteen years in the Imperial Parliament as member for Wexford. He died in 1824.

I wish I could render justice to the humour with which Mr. Peel told this story. In my opinion Peel is a clever man, he is undoubtedly the English Metternich. We shall see if I am right. He will be enormously rich; his father, Sir Robert, allows him twelve thousand a year. His father possesses thirty thousand a year in land, thirty thousand a year in the funds, and a like amount in his manufactories, which he is now, however, giving up. Mr. Peel's talents have placed him in the front rank of statesmen. He has great oratorical gifts; but they say that he is not a good debater. He succeeded Mr. Jenkinson in Lord Liverpool's office, but he is at this moment idle. Will he rise to superiority, or will he give up public life? *Nous verrons.*

CHAPTER III

February 4, 1819.—Mr. Wyatt,¹ the architect, has just left us. He is a very clever man, independently of his professional talents. I had a most interesting conversation with him, upon India. He accompanied Lord Wellesley, as one of his three private secretaries, when he first went out. As Mr. Wyatt had access to all Lord Wellesley's confidential correspondence, and as he is a man of veracity, his account may, I think, be depended upon. Although Wyatt has the highest opinion of Lord Wellesley's abilities, he says that he is of so indolent a disposition, that nothing but a supreme command, in which he would gain all the credit, could rouse him to exertion. This position he of course held in India, where his energy, promptitude, and activity were wonderful. The following facts were related to me by Mr. Wyatt, as within his own knowledge.

When Lord Wellesley arrived at the Cape, in 1797, on his way to India, he accidentally saw a paper which had been sent to the Isle of France² for distribution by Tippoo Sahib, calling upon all Frenchmen who would join with him in expelling the British from India. Lord Wellesley immediately made up his mind to

¹ Benjamin Dean Wyatt, born 1775, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, also an architect, who, among many other works, built Drury Lane Theatre in 1811, and the celebrated club house known as "Crockford's" in St. James's Street. He died *circa* 1850.

² The Mauritius.

regard this as a declaration of war, and resolved to be beforehand with an attack, before he (Tippoo) was prepared. He persuaded Colonel Kirkpatrick,¹ who was returning home for his health, to come back with him to Bengal. He was to furnish Lord Wellesley with local information, and also to conduct a negotiation through his brother, at that time resident at the Nizam's Court. The latter was in alliance with the British, but had no real power owing to the presence in his capital of French officers, whom he had taken into his service, and to whom he had voluntarily given absolute command of his troops. Lord Wellesley realised the danger of having such an enemy in his rear, when on his way to attack Tippoo. In six weeks from the commencement of negotiation, Lord Wellesley had persuaded the Nizam to disband all his troops, and to take British soldiers into his pay. He also compelled him to send all the French officers, as prisoners, to Calcutta.

Their arrival was the first notice that any one in India had that any negotiation with the Nizam was on foot. Lord Wellesley now determined to go himself to Madras. He there found that the secretary of the Presidency, Mr. Webb, a clever but mischievous agent, had not only thwarted his designs, but had actually disobeyed his orders. Mr. Webb had managed to lead the whole Presidency into direct opposition to the Supreme Government.

Lord Wellesley took his own secretaries with him; and as he did not wish to trust them with the cipher at three miles from the Council Chamber, he dictated and superintended every measure. Lord Wellesley arrived at Madras in February; and on April 5²

¹ William Kirkpatrick, born 1754, an orientalist. Resident with the Nizam of Hyderabad 1795, afterwards military secretary to the Marquis Wellesley. Distinguished for his knowledge of Eastern languages and customs. He died in 1812.

² 1799.

Tippoo Sahib was killed, and Seringapatam fell into the hands of our troops.

It was at this time that Colonel Wellesley first began to attract general notice. The incident has often been misstated—indeed grossly misrepresented—by those who at that time were hostile to him. I regret to say that one hears murmurs of it, even now, among those who are hostile to the great Duke of Wellington. The facts are simply these.

General Harris¹ was in command of the army which laid siege to Seringapatam. The troops had taken up their positions before the fort late in the evening of April 4. On the following night Colonel Wellesley, who commanded the Thirty-Third, was ordered to take his regiment and dislodge the enemy from a tope² which was known to be strongly occupied by them. There appears to have been no previous reconnoitring. As the Thirty-Third advanced, the enemy gradually showed itself, and every moment fresh bodies appeared upon the scene. The Thirty-Third Regiment being unable to face the hordes that fell upon them retired, and, under cover of the night, dispersed. In these circumstances Colonel Wellesley, who was unable in the darkness to rally his men, returned to headquarters, and reported his failure.

On the following day Colonel Wellesley, with a much larger force, went out again and took possession of the tope, this time without the loss of a single man.

This incident was afterwards distorted by those who resented the—perhaps injudicious—appointment of Colonel Wellesley to the command of Seringapatam, over the head of General Baird, who com-

¹ Brigadier-General George Harris was born in 1746. He served with the 5th Fusiliers in America, and was wounded at Bunker's Hill in 1775. Three years later he commanded a battalion at the capture of St. Lucia. He became a General in 1812, and was created a Peer, as Baron Harris, in 1815. He died in 1829.

² Called the Sultaun Pettah Tope. It lay in front of the camp, between it and the walls of Seringapatam.

manded the troops that stormed the fort. It seems that Major-General Sir David Baird was the fourteenth man to enter Seringapatam, and naturally took command of the fort.

Next morning, while Baird was giving his officers a breakfast in the Sahib's palace, Colonel Wellesley arrived, under orders of General Harris, to take the supreme command, which of course meant that General Baird, the hero of the assault, was to retire.¹

As this followed so closely upon Colonel Wellesley's repulse at the tope, it aroused much ill-feeling, and confirmed the suspicion that his appointment was

¹ This affair was due to a misunderstanding. General Harris had received a letter from General Baird asking to be temporarily relieved. It appears from General Baird's own statement that he *had requested* to be relieved on the evening of April 4. On receipt of that message, late in the evening of the 5th, General Harris ordered Colonel Wellesley, who commanded in the advanced trenches, and was first on the roster for duty, to proceed into the town to relieve General Baird. Meanwhile Baird had sent a *second* message at daylight on April 6 to say that, as it had not been convenient to relieve him the night before, and as he was much recovered from the fatigue of the previous day, he wished not to be relieved for the present. This second message did not arrive in time to countermand the order given to Colonel Wellesley, who had been placed, not in permanent, but in *temporary* command. The matter would soon have righted itself but for the insubordinate manner in which General Baird resented his supersession. General Harris now determined to mark his displeasure at General Baird's attitude, and appointed Colonel Wellesley in permanent command of the garrison. Wellesley did not remain at Seringapatam very long, and was appointed as head of a Commission for the settlement of the Mysore country.

It is pleasant to know that the gallant Sir David Baird did not long feel any serious animosity against Colonel Wellesley, whose brilliant achievements he was one of the first to recognise. In a letter dated November 21, 1832, the celebrated Sir John Malcolm—who was General Wellesley's political agent during the Mahratta War—says :

“I never saw Baird from 1803, when he spoke thus sorely about Wellesley being so often, as he called it, ‘put over his head,’ until ten years afterwards, when I met him in Hyde Park. He then came up with open hand and heart, saying: ‘Times are changed; no one knows so well as you how severely I felt the preference given on several occasions to your friend Wellesley. But now I see all these things from a different point of view. It is the highest pride of my life that anybody should ever have dreamed of my being put in the balance with him. His fame is now to me joy, and I may almost say glory, and his kindness to me and mine has all along been most distinguished. I know both him and myself now.’”

due to family interest. I have reason to know that it was made without Lord Wellesley's knowledge.

Not long afterwards Colonel Wellesley was relieved, and sent upon an expedition to the Mysore country against some native princes who still held out. There, as all the world knows, Colonel Wellesley won several engagements, crowned by the great victory at Assaye, which established his military fame beyond all question.¹

Mr. Wyatt told me that a gentleman whom Lord Wellesley employed to defend his conduct to the Board of the East India Company, and who had access to all his papers and private correspondence, found among a heap of rubbish two letters signed "Arthur Wellesley." They were written in so superior a style as to make it evident that the writer knew more of Indian affairs than any of the Embassy. Upon further investigation this gentleman was very much surprised to find that these letters were written by Colonel Wellesley, whom he had often seen playing the beau at Lord Wellesley's evening parties.

When Lord Wellesley, less than a fortnight ago, reminded Mr. Wyatt of this circumstance, and of the surprise which he had expressed at the superior tone of these letters, Mr. Wyatt recalled the following remark which Lord Wellesley made at the time: "Aye! Arthur is a much cleverer fellow than I am, you may depend upon it."

Wyatt remained eight years with Lord Wellesley in India, and finding, on his return home, that his father's affairs were much embarrassed, he gave up all his prospects in the diplomatic line.

The Duke of Wellington has resolved to employ Wyatt in building his palace, if it is done at all. I will not be too sanguine; but I hope, if the palace is built,

¹ Assaye was Wellesley's first great battle. He was opposed by 50,000 men. His own force did not exceed 4,500. The battle was fought September 23, 1803.

that it will prove worthy of the Duke of Wellington. Wyatt's ideas in architecture are based on pure Greek models. He is just returned from Italy, and has a deep dislike to the frippery of modern Roman architecture. Wyatt is not at all sure that, with the two hundred thousand pounds which is to be placed at his disposal, it will be possible, in these times, to erect a palace worthy of Wellington. He has obtained access to all the accounts relative to the building of Blenheim, and told me that, comparing the value of money and cost of labour at the present day, the expense of building Blenheim would have amounted to a million sterling.

Canova told Wyatt that the statue of Napoleon, as the "Pacifactor," was intended for the Hôtel de Ville at Paris. In the right hand is a figure of Victory, and it was for that reason that it did not find a place there, as it happened to be finished at the very moment when Napoleon was defeated at Leipzig. Canova declared that he would not have a statue erected which might be made a subject for ridicule.

The King of France has announced that he intends to give the Duke carpets for his palace from the Savonnerie.¹ The dimensions of the rooms are, for this purpose, to be sent to Paris. He has also sent to the Duke the Order of the Saint-Esprit—valued, it is said, at £20,000.

¹ The origin of the famous Savonnerie works dates from 1626, when Simon Lourdet set up carpet-looms at Chaillot, a suburb of Paris, in buildings originally used as a soap-works, and afterwards as a "hospice" for poor children, who were employed to assist in making these carpets. It bore the name "Hospice de la Savonnerie." In 1672 the Louvre *atelier* was transferred to the Savonnerie, where important commissions for Louis XIV. were already in progress. In 1825 the factory was amalgamated with the tapestry works of the Gobelins, and the original hospice was demolished. It stood on the Quai Debilly, near the present Place de l'Alma.

CHAPTER IV

February 22, 1819.—We are just arrived in London, having come up for the question of the Windsor Establishment. Shelley has voted in favour of the Duke of York having his £10,000 a year out of the public funds. This is contrary to the public feeling. But, as the Duke of York is determined not to take the allowance from the Privy Purse—which he regards as his father's private property—it is difficult to see what else can be done; especially as the Duke of York makes it a personal question.

On this occasion Scarlett made his début in a speech which was pronounced by both sides as one of the best ever made in that House of Commons. It far surpassed all expectation, and confirms Shelley's prediction that Scarlett will have great success in Parliament. Denman, a clever man and a lawyer of whom much was expected, made an absolute ailure.¹

The Westminster Election causes great excitement. It is regarded as a trial of strength between the aristocratic and the rabble elements. It is for that reason that Lamb has my best wishes. He has (foolishly, I think) disdained to remind the rabble of the conduct of Hobhouse's father, who began life

¹ Thomas Denman (1779—1854) was then member for Wareham. He became Solicitor-General to Queen Caroline. As Lord Chief Justice he condemned Moxon, publisher of Shelley's complete works, in 1841 for blasphemy. He was created Baron Denman in 1834.

with the same violent politics as are now professed by his son. Hobhouse's father is now comfortably established as a Placeman, after having made his début as "the people's" candidate for Bristol.¹ I suppose this forbearance was occasioned by a dread of retaliation. If so it has been unavailing, as a most scurrilous hand-bill has appeared to-day, raking up all the old stories of Melbourne House! Lady Caroline Lamb is in all the happiness, and in all the anxieties, of canvassing, and takes all the greasy voters in her carriage to the hustings, apparently forgetting that she fancied herself dying a week ago! She is now reanimated, and, as the probability of success gains strength every day, I conclude we shall hear no more of her palpitations till the whole bustle is over.

We went last night to the Duke of Wellington's. He declares that we must have another Paris dinner. We dined at Lord Whitworth's *en petit comité*.

March 4.—The election is decided. I am just returned from Melbourne House, where I found that, instead of being in a state to receive congratulations, they were in a state of the greatest anxiety about Mr. G. Lamb, who had been driven from his committee-room by the mob. They set fire to the house, and he escaped from an upper window, passed along the roofs of neighbouring houses, and took shelter in a house in Henrietta Street. While I was at Melbourne House, Lavendar, the police officer, came in to tell them where Lamb was, and to say that a detachment of the Life Guards had been sent to escort him home. The Guard had been doubled at the Horse Guards to protect Melbourne House; and measures were taken at Brooks' Club to fill the house with constables, strong sedan-chairmen, and gentlemen of

¹ Sir Benjamin Hobhouse (1757—1831) was for many years a member of Parliament, and was appointed Secretary to the Board of Control under Addington. He was created a baronet in 1812, and retired from Parliament in 1818. He was never member for Bristol, having been defeated there in 1796. He was the son of a Bristol merchant, and a very advanced Whig.

the ring. As the mob had of course intelligence of these measures, they contented themselves by wreaking their vengeance on the committee-room next door, and on the houses of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Sefton. In Lord Castlereagh's house¹ the windows are all completely beat in. I left Lord Sefton just as they were going to sit down to dinner. Before they had finished, the mob silently approached, and, without any warning, violently assailed the house. They tore up the paving-stones in the court, and attempted to beat in the hall-door. The ladies got out, over the rails of the garden, into Lord Dundas's house, and remained there until the crowd had completely dispersed, when they walked into their own house by the front door.

All parts of the town now seemed to be quiet. It is certain that had they persevered in the attempt to chair Mr. Lamb, he must have been killed by the volleys of stones and brickbats, of which the mob had laid in a provision, and with which they saluted and followed the gentlemen who went from Brooks' to the hustings to attend his triumph. Lord Sefton was obliged to take shelter in his stable; and they followed Lord Duncannon and some others past this house. I was attracted to the window by the noise, and saw the pelting. Sir Ronald Ferguson, Mr. Charlton, and Mr. Irby's groom were hit by stones, but not seriously injured.

This election has been a curious one; the Whig candidate being elected through ministerial or Tory influence; for the election was going much against the Whigs when the Regent used his influence.

The Duke of Wellington and all the Ministers upon true aristocratical principles did wisely and generously, I think, after the violence of the Whigs last year, in giving their second votes to Sir Francis Burdett, in opposition to Sir Murray Maxwell. Mr.

¹ In St. James's Square.

Lamb himself did this. I think that the Whigs have had a lesson as to the folly of violence. Perhaps by prudence they may yet regain the lost affections of the country.

The wisest thing they ever did was signing a requisition to appoint Tierney leader, as he has hitherto kept them in order during this session, and promises to continue to do so, in which case they will be very strong.¹

I went to Holland House, in St. James's Square, on Sunday night, and passed a very pleasant evening. Scarlett was there, and seems still sore about Lewes²; he received congratulations on his success, which certainly was great. There were at Lady Holland's about six or seven women, and fifty men, all the most violent of the Opposition. The Parliamentary lawyers of the Opposition side, with their wives and daughters—a comical set—looked completely out of it in the society of Lady Cowper, Mrs. George Lamb, etc.

In writing of the Election Riots, I forgot to mention that the panel of Lady Cowper's carriage was smashed by a brickbat. Lady Caroline Lamb's carriage also was attacked. Lady Caroline immediately got out, and harangued the mob thus: "You are all Englishmen, therefore you will not attack a woman. I am not in the least afraid of you." The mob did not insult her, but insisted upon her servants taking off their colours with Lamb's name on them. Before she got out of the carriage, a little boy who was with her was hit by a stone on the forehead, but was fortunately not seriously hurt.

I have been amused by a *bon mot* of Sidney Smith's.

¹ George Tierney led the party until 1821. He became Master of the Mint, and finally quitted office in 1828.

² It appears that when Sir John Shelley accepted the invitation to succeed his cousin, Henry Shelley, as member for Lewes, he found that Scarlett had for some time been nursing that constituency. Scarlett refused to make way for Sir John in 1815 and was beaten. But he found consolation at Peterborough, where he was elected as a Whig in 1819.

Printing is now done by steam, and the printing-presses are calculated at so many horse power. In speaking of Rogers's new poem, Sidney Smith said: "It requires a printing-press of forty-horse power." He meant, of course, that the poem was so heavy.¹

Conversation at Holland House turned upon the violent opposition in politics of Frederick Douglas, Lord Glenbervie's son. Lord Glenbervie has always been a staunch Ministerialist. Some one observed: "I wonder how Lord Glenbervie feels about him." "Feels?" said Sidney Smith. "He feels like a hen that has hatched ducks."

March 12, 1819.—Since the retreat of the Duc de Richelieu, French politics seem to have lost their stability, and the Bonapartists advance with rapid strides to supreme power. The creation of these new peers, most of them minions of the former Government, shows a weakness in the King which is perfectly disgusting. It seems to be universally believed that the King cares little for what happens after his death, and is absorbed in the pleasures of eating and drinking.

The new French Ambassador is not yet arrived, but they say that he is not of this stamp. He never was a favourite with Napoleon, although the name of Latour-Maubourg is familiar under his Government. He made his way, and forced his advancement in the Diplomatic Service, by merit alone. On the return of Napoleon in 1815, he retired into the country, and has only lately reappeared at Court.

A few evenings ago I went to Mrs. Edward Bouverie's. The Duke of Wellington was there, and in high spirits. He talked to me almost the whole evening, a distinction not only great in itself, but also valuable, because it promotes the *agréments* of London life. It is a relief from dullness, and it excites attention from others. Alas! poor human nature! that

¹ "Human Life," published that year.

such despicable vanities should be able, even for one moment, to increase the sum of human happiness! but so it is.

March 17.—This evening I had a long conversation with the Duke of Wellington on various interesting subjects. The recent publication by a Frenchman, of a book on the Battle of Waterloo,¹ led to a discussion of this my favourite topic. The Frenchman attempts to prove that it was not the English, but the Prussians who won that battle. This led to the Duke's emphatic assertion that it was the British, and the British alone, who won the field.

Bonaparte had calculated that, isolated as we were, it would be impossible for us to hold out until the Prussians came up. He regarded their coming up in time as very doubtful. "Blücher's chief merit in that affair," said Wellington, "consisted in avoiding an engagement with Grouchy's inferior force. He kept in mind the all-important object of joining the English, in order that the Prussians might profit by their victory."

We laughed at poor Blücher's strange hallucination, which, though ludicrous, is very sad. He fancies himself with child by a Frenchman; and deploras that such an event should have happened to him in his old age! He does not so much mind being with child; but cannot reconcile himself to the thought that he—of all people in the world!—should be destined to give birth to a *Frenchman*!

On every other subject Blücher is said to be quite rational. This peculiar form of madness shows the bent of his mind; so that, while we laugh, our hearts reproach us.

The Duke of Wellington assures me that he knows this to be a fact.

After Lady Salisbury's party on Monday, while I

¹ M. Fleury de Chabaulon wrote a Memoir of the Hundred Days, and mentions Waterloo. This is probably the book referred to by Lady Shelley.

was waiting above an hour for my carriage, I had a long conversation with the Duke of Wellington about Coxe's "Life of Marlborough."¹ The Duke thinks that the original letters in that book will raise Marlborough very much in public esteem; and that the Battle of Ramillies affords the greatest proof of Marlborough's military genius. Wellington mentioned that this great Duke of Marlborough, in his old age, lost his faculties completely, and was exhibited by his servants to any one who paid money to see him. I said, "That won't happen to you, Duke, for you do not feel the same irritation and anxiety about trifles which Marlborough exhibited not only while building his house, but also in greater matters." Wellington replied, "That's true; I don't fret about trifles." The idea seemed to console him; it was as though Marlborough's condition in old age had passed unpleasantly over his imagination.

It is agreed that we are to meet the Duke every day about five o'clock in the Green Park; at which hour he always takes a gallop between the duties of his office and his attendance at the House of Lords.

Reports are spreading that the Duke of Wellington and Peel will turn out the rest of the Cabinet. Their energy is certainly much wanted in this milk-and-water Administration, which is conducted upon the principle of submitting every measure to committees in order to shift the responsibility from their own shoulders. They know that they cannot stand against the strength of the Opposition, although the unpopularity of the latter will prevent their being called for by the country.

Wednesday's Almack's was very pleasant. I talked a great deal to Mr. Peel, who came to me with the greatest *empressement*. He is a most delightful person. I also had my full share of the Duke. I was intro-

¹ William Coxe (1747—1828), an historian. His "Life of Marlborough" was published at the end of 1818.

duced to Mr. Hamilton,¹ of the Foreign Office, with whom I conversed about Canova, and the small busts which he sent to him as a present. The Duke told me that he did not think he had received his. I also saw Sir George Murray,² and all the old set, looking as usual.

At dinner with the Seftons I heard the following account of Sir Francis Burdett's³ present associates. Burdett is a person who is always governed by some clever individual. Formerly he was a mere puppet in the hands of Horne Tooke, now he is governed by Jeremy Bentham⁴ and by Bickersteth,⁵ a very clever lawyer in the Court of Chancery. The latter was trained for a surgeon, and went over to Paris to attend Lady Oxford in her confinement. She fell in love with him; and he remained with her for two or three years. When he became tired of her Bickersteth came to England, and studied for the law, in which he has already reached great eminence. His politics are of the most revolutionary kind. A letter of introduction from Lady Oxford at once established him in Sir Francis Burdett's favour; and he now

¹ Probably William Richard Hamilton, at this time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1802 he had superintended the safe transportation of the Elgin marbles. In 1809 he published "*Ægyptiaca*," which contained translations of Rosetta inscriptions. He died in 1859, aged eighty-two.

² General Sir George Murray, born 1772, was Quartermaster-General in the Peninsular War. He was at this time Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. In 1845 he edited Marlborough's despatches. He died in the following year.

³ Sir Francis Burdett was born in 1770. He was in Paris when the French Revolution broke out. He returned to England, and married Miss Coutts in 1793. Was member for Westminster from 1807 to 1837. He was twice imprisoned on political charges. After the passing of the Reform Bill, Sir Francis became a Conservative, and sat for North Wilts until his death in 1844.

⁴ Jeremy Bentham (1748—1832) wrote many speculative works on jurisprudence and politics, and was an able exponent of utilitarianism. He had many disciples, but the lasting effect of his teaching is small.

⁵ Henry Bickersteth, who was born in 1783, was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, and in 1808 became Senior Wrangler. He was a bencher of the Inner Temple, and became a K.C. in 1827. In 1836 he was appointed Master of the Rolls, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Langdale. He died in 1851.

governs him completely. It is to Bickersteth's counsels that the Whigs attribute the late disgraceful proceedings at the Westminster election.

At Lady Salisbury's the other night I met Lady William Russell, with whom I had a long talk about our foreign friends. She feels, as I do, that at Vienna one is never forgotten; and that ten years hence the affection of these good people will be as strong as ever. She tells me that Chernicheff is so altered in appearance that he is not to be recognised; he has grown so thin. She tells me that his wife, Princess Radzivil, a few days after she married him told Chernicheff that she had once adored him, but that now she loved him no longer; and that she had only married him to torment him. She does this effectually by her jealousy, and never allows him to speak to a woman. This same Princess, before she married her first husband, had lived with him for a year or two, and they travelled about together. One day as they were crossing a river Prince Radzivil said to her: "In spite of your professions of love I do not believe you would throw yourself into this river to prove it to me." Without a moment's hesitation she jumped out of the carriage into the stream. The Prince, of course, jumped after her, saved her, and afterwards married her.

Lady William Russell told me that Count Neipperg, the favoured lover of Marie Louise, is the grandson of a great friend of Maria Theresa; and that he possesses the letters which passed between them for a number of years. To show the superstition of the Germans to this day—a superstition which throws an air of chivalry and romance over their histories—this great hero, Count Neipperg, imagines that he is in possession of a charmed cross, and that no misfortune can happen to him so long as he wears it. He told Lady William that whenever he lost it for a moment some great misfortune was sure to happen.

He had lost it when his eye was destroyed by a sabre cut. When the battle was over he sent his soldiers in search of it, and they found it under a heap of slain on the field of battle. There is a fortune-teller's history attached to this cross, which makes the tale interesting. He himself has become a perfect hero of romance.

I was much amused by an account which Lord Albemarle gave me last night of the ceremonies which take place between the death of a King of Spain and his burial. Every day the royal table is prepared for dinner, and the dead body of the King is suitably dressed. After a time the Chamberlain comes in to announce to the nobles in attendance that the King does not choose to dine on that day, whereupon they all sit down to table. The dead body is then conveyed to the vault. After the funeral service has been read all the attendants remain until the proper officer makes the solemn announcement that it pleases His Majesty to remain where he has been laid. Thus a dead King of Spain is treated to the last as if he were actually alive, and a free agent. Could folly go beyond this?

On Friday we dined with the Duke of Wellington, a party of twenty, but only four ladies, namely, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs. Arbuthnot, Miss Fitzclarence, and myself. After dinner the Duke showed us the drawings for his new house, and also the beautiful diamonds which belong to the Order of Saint-Esprit, give to him by the King of France. The Star and the Cross are said to be worth twenty thousand pounds. We had a thorough examination of the pictures belonging to the King of Spain, which the latter will neither give nor take away. There is amongst them a most curious picture by Spagnoletto, "An Incantation by Raffaele."¹

¹ The painter commonly called Lo Spagnoletto was Giuseppe Ribera, born in 1588. While a mere stripling he tramped to Rome from Naples,

The conversation turned on the new bank-notes, which are to be made of paper which appears at first sight to be white, but, when held up to the light, is pink. It is marked by a minute collection of circles, which are only visible under a microscope. The plate on the dinner-table had been given to the Duke by the King of Portugal. The whole dinner this day was magnificent.

Next day we dined with Lady Antrim and Mr. Macdonald, *ci-devant* Captain Phelps, late chorister of St. Paul's, late captain of the Beef-eaters, and now a well-bred, rich, and much-courted person. Lord Stewart's marriage with Lady Antrim's daughter, which was so long talked of and so violently opposed, took place last Saturday. More than fifty relatives were present at the ceremony, and the bride shed abundant tears.

I have been amused by an Irish anecdote which Mr. Macdonald told me of two peasants in Lady Antrim's Irish village near her house.

One day a young girl was tripping along the street, when she met her lover, who thus greeted her :

having been fired by a longing to study Italian art at headquarters. Early in the seventeenth century, while sketching in the streets of Rome, he attracted the notice of a Spanish cardinal, who took the ragged boy to his own mansion. It was then that Roman artists nicknamed him Spagnoletto. Dissatisfied with his quarters at the palace of the Cardinal, Ribera decamped, and went to the famous painter Michelangelo da Caravaggio, head of the naturalistic school, known as the Tenebrosi, or shadow painters. In that method of art Ribera almost equalled his master Caravaggio. Ribera subsequently went to Parma, and worked after the frescoes of Correggio. In the Museum at Madrid is his "Jacob's Ladder," which is regarded as one of his *chefs d'œuvre*. Ribera eventually drifted back to Naples, where he attracted the notice of the Spanish Viceroy by his "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew." From that time his fortune was made, and he received many orders for pictures from the King of Spain. But, owing to Ribera's grasping avarice and jealousy of other artists, he was cordially detested; and, according to some authorities, he mysteriously disappeared in 1648; but it seems more probable that he died peacefully at Naples in 1656. He always signed his pictures, "Jusepe de Ribera—Español." The "Incantation by Raffaele" here mentioned cannot now be traced either at Apsley House or at Stratfield-Saye.

"Honey sweet!" said he. "Will ye marry me? Say ye will."

"What will you give me if I do?" replied the girl.

"I will keep you in tea," replied her swain.

"Well, if I do marry you," says she, "I will keep you in hot water."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *April* 26, 1819.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I write one line to remind you of my application for two tickets for Mrs. Hope Gordon and her daughter for the ball this night. I am afraid that by inadvertence my name is upon more than one list; but I shall ultimately belong exclusively to whoever will give me these tickets.

"If you should succeed in obtaining them for me, I beg you to send them to Mrs. Hope Gordon, No. — Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, as I shall be out all day.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON.

"I should wish to have a third ticket for a lady. This last to be sent to myself.

"My servant will leave word at your house, Mrs. Gordon's number in Upper Berkeley Street.

"To LADY SHELLEY,
BERKELEY SQUARE."

I know not whether the blank which I have left for the conclusion of this London Season, so fertile in anecdote and amusement, will ever be filled up. I have been so occupied that I have had no time for writing my diary.

CHAPTER V

July 8.—We left London and slept at Warwick, where the Castle, so full of historical interest, is, in itself, the most perfect of its kind to be seen in England, or out of it. Unfortunately, the present proprietors do not keep it up in a manner to preserve the respect which every one is inclined to pay to the representative of a noble race.

Lord Warwick, without a single vice, is a complete nonentity, and is ruled by his wife¹ with a rod of iron. It is said that he is not even permitted to invite any personal friend to his own house. The old house-keeper is one of the curiosities of the place, and is noted for her devotion to the family. Her gains, which are immense, will be distributed among the poor younger branches of her lord's family. It is said that her will is made, by which she disposes in that manner of something like twenty thousand pounds which she has received from visitors to the Castle.

Guy's Porridge Pot, so celebrated through Garrick's satire, is kept in the porter's lodge.² It is made of brass, and capable of holding thirty gallons. They

¹ Formerly Lady Monson. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

² See "Life of David Garrick" by Percy Fitzgerald. See also *N. and Q.*, II S, vi. 315.

"He showed them Guy's pot, but he gave them no soup,
No scent would his Lordship allow,
Unless they had gnawed the blade bone of the Boar,
Or the rib of the famous Dun Cow."

The date of Garrick's inhospitable reception at Warwick Castle was 1759.

also show the flesh hook with which, according to tradition, Guy Earl of Warwick helped himself.

After passing through all that disagreeable, cold, and manufacturing country—which for twenty miles smokes from a thousand steam engines, so that at night the whole country, from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, appears to be on fire—we came to Coalbrook Dale, where Nature and Art have been equally prodigal, the former in bestowing, the latter in destroying the beauty of the country. Eventually we entered Mr. Forrester's new bare park of Willey, which in a hundred years may perhaps be beautiful.

The present proprietor, Cecil Forrester, has, in his old age, taken up the improvement of his estate, with the same passion that made him in youth the keenest of fox hunters. As it was then his pride to sell for large prices horses which he had bought for a mere song, so it is now his passion to make purchases at a lower price than other people. There is not a chair, table, vase, or ornament of which he has not something to say. He tells you the actual price at which it was bought, and its real value. This is wearying enough to be sure, but his charming wife, Lady Catherine, in whose face no shade of boredom is ever to be seen, prevents the impatience that one might otherwise show. Mr. Forrester's strong, shrewd, uneducated sense is for a short time entertaining; but after two days it would be unbearable. Lady Catherine is young, and beautiful, she is consequently much admired. And yet, with the worst possible example before her eyes, she has never given rise to the faintest breath of scandal.

We spent two days at Knowsley, one day at Rufford (my old home), and three days with our Steward. We looked over our farms, and were much amused by the simplicity of some of our tenants. One woman, on seeing me mounted on horseback, asked if I had ridden all the way from London, and whether I was not very tired? A farmer used a proverb which it is good to

remember, namely, "I 'eard tell they's rich as thinks they is." In speaking of the abundant hay harvest, he predicted a hard winter; and said that he had always observed that the crop was always in proportion to the need; and gave as an instance that in spite of last year's harvest having been so very thin, owing to the mildness of the winter it proved sufficient. This is sound folk-lore, and well worth a journey to Lancashire to learn.

We proceeded on our journey, and slept at a vile inn at Penrith. We avoided Lowther as we did not wish to intrude upon what we thought was Brougham's honeymoon, for we had heard that he had taken his wife, the widow Spalding, down with him, and was just arrived at Brougham Hall.

Our delicacy seems, however, to have been thrown away, for we have just received a letter in which Brougham reproaches us for our want of faith in not stopping with him. He says that he has been married these three months! This comes of keeping such things a profound secret.

We entered Scotland by Langholme, a beautiful valley watered by the Esk. We reached Newton Don, a completely English place, at eight o'clock in the evening. Here I realised that the Tweed is much inferior to the Ribble.

During the four days we passed here, Walter Scott came over with his wife and daughter, and invited us to Abbotsford. At the Sun at Newton Don the poet was decidedly out of his element. The gentlemen sat talking at the dinner-table till past eleven o'clock, and ended up with whiskey punch at three o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Scott, whom, meanwhile, it fell to my lot to entertain, is a great bore. She speaks an almost unintelligible broken English, though she left France when she was only five years old. Walter Scott, on this occasion, certainly did not appear to advantage.

The breakfast table, next morning, was very pleasant. Mr. Scott and I had many souvenirs in common, as I had met him in Paris in the year 1815. After breakfast one of the main objects of my visit to Scotland was gratified. Walter Scott met us at Melrose, and took us over the ruins.

There is not a spot mentioned by this romantic poet which does not owe its renown for beauty and charm to the exquisite description of it, as seen through his magic glass. As in a highly finished miniature every blemish of complexion vanishes without destroying the likeness, so is it with Scott's descriptions. Although they are accurate, the poet heightens every beauty and conceals every defect.

A serious blemish to Melrose Abbey lies in its surroundings. On every side stand dirty houses, with a modern-built manse in the worst possible taste. All these buildings shut out a view of the river, which is not very remote.

The workmanship of the carvings is beautiful—evidently the work of foreign artists, as Melrose dates from the twelfth century. As I gazed at this relic of a bygone age, I could not help thinking of the poet's lines¹:

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;

¹ "Fulman," published in 1684; a register of Melrose Abbey from A.D. 735 to 1270.

Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair !”

Mr. Clark of Edinburgh¹ is of opinion that the Abbey and the smaller buildings were the work of Freemasons. Melrose was built entirely by voluntary gifts from the surrounding country. Its reddish stone has been browned by age. Alas! the interior has been spoilt. It was converted into a modern church in the days of the Covenanters. Those fanatics destroyed nearly all the images. Luckily, here and there one or two escaped; these, with the carved roses, show a real beauty of curve. The Abbey is not large.

We ascended “the central tower,” and looked upon a pretty lowland Scottish view, which means a fine river, bare hills, some young plantations, and in the valley finely cultivated cornfields divided by stone walls. The neighbourhood of the Eildon Hills, where “Thomas the Rhymer” delivered his prophecies, gives a classical interest to the scene.²

I forgot to mention that on our way to Melrose we visited Dryburgh Abbey, purchased by the present Lord Buchan, with the reservation of several family burial-places in the Abbey which nothing could induce the family to sell. One of these belongs to the Halliburtons, from whom Walter Scott descends.

Scott told me that during his late serious illness, when it was generally supposed that he would die, Lord Buchan made great preparations for Scott's

¹ Mr. William Clark of Eldin was one of Sir Walter Scott's oldest and most intimate friends. He was “admired through life for his talents and learning, of which he has left no monument.” (See Lockhart's “Life of Scott,” vol. ii. p. 800, edition 1898 : Adam & Charles Black.) Mr. Clark died in Edinburgh in January 1847.

² Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune lived in the thirteenth century, and was a contemporary of William Wallace. Scott names him “the Merlin of Scotland.” He was a magician, prophet, and poet.

funeral at Dryburgh, and was quite distressed at his recovery! Lord Buchan seems to be as strange a mortal as his brother, Lord Erskine, though without his talents.

During Lady Buchan's illness, which proved fatal, Lord Buchan began a letter to a young lady, to whom he proposed marriage in the event of his wife's death. He thus added a postscript, "My wife has just died."

All that remains of the Abbey is taken great care of, but the place looks miserable and desolate.

Lord Buchan has prepared his own monument, with a suitable inscription; and he has converted one of the old monuments in the Abbey chapel into a memorial for his late wife. This was easily done by adding a small urn, with her name inscribed upon it.

The statue of Wallace, which Lord Buchan has erected on the hill near his house, is of huge dimensions, and composed of separate stones. He has, in fact, *built* a statue of Wallace. The stones are all bright red, and the monument excites the ridicule of all the country people around. I thought when I first saw it, at a distance, that it looked well enough, but on a nearer approach it is a frightful object.

We passed Mertoun House, a pretty place on the Tweed, which lies between Melrose and Abbotsford.¹

Lord Somerville's little fishing place, which is commonplace, is very like the house he has lately bought in Sussex. He has a passion for buying and selling. It was in this way that he very much hurt his fortune. What a strange caprice! No sooner has he made a place habitable than he begins to wish to get rid of it.

Abbotsford was originally merely a cottage. But

¹ It was at Mertoun House that Sir Walter Scott, to the end of his life, usually spent Christmas with the immediate head of his family.

the money which Scott received through his writings created wants which in past years he had never felt. That cottage has now been transformed into a tiny castle. As one approaches by a road halfway up the opposite hill one looks down upon its loftiest turret, which is a copy of that of Melrose in miniature. It does not require a giant, but only his elfin page, to take it up and run away with it.

Abbotsford has the appearance of a castle built of pastry—something like those we see on a supper table. But one must not quiz the castle or criticise the whims of such a genius.

On arrival we were shown into the former cottage, now entirely covered with Ayrshire roses. We found ourselves in a small apartment, which a party of twelve people and four dogs completely filled. So full was it that we were compelled to sit round the room. The old dining-room is of smaller dimensions. Here Mr. Scott welcomed us most cordially.

Like other men, he was eager to show off his improvements, and led us through a little armoury to the new dining-room, a beautiful room which, if it were twice its size, would be perfect. Scott says that the cottage is to be pulled down, and another wing built to match the other part of the castle. In the armoury is Rob Roy's gun and William Wallace's purse. The whole house is full of curiosities.

We had a delightful dinner. Scott's piper, in Highland costume, played on the balcony. I listened with deep interest to Scott's long stories—one story succeeding another—during the whole of dinner. The following anecdote, about his piper, I will try to write down in his own words :

“ My illness was caused by cramp in the stomach ; so violent was the pain that I screamed in agony, and for a time nothing gave me relief. At last the doctor ordered me a hot bath. As a large quantity of water was indispensable, all my people were

employed to carry it upstairs, and among them the piper.

"He had not set eyes on me for a fortnight, during which time I had been so much reduced that he thought I was dying. Under the influence of deep emotion, the good fellow descended the stairs, threw himself upon the floor of the kitchen, and moaned. Then suddenly he recovered himself, jumped up, and ran out of the house.

"That night the piper returned, carrying nine large stones which he had fished out of the river. He brought them tenderly to my bedside, and implored me to place them under my head. He declared that they would act as a charm, and that my life would be saved! Of course I was anxious not to hurt the dear fellow's feelings, and yet I was determined to avoid so hard a pillow. So I told the piper that, in order to run no risks, it was absolutely necessary that a widow should breathe upon those stones. I said that the widow in question must be in the first year of her widowhood, and that she must not once have wished to be married again.

"These conditions caused my friend to shake his head. He despaired of finding—indeed he did not know where to look for—such a widow. However, after a while, he started upon his errand.

"The piper was absent many days. Meanwhile I had time to recover sufficiently to leave my bed. When I next saw the poor fellow, he told me that he had spared neither time nor toil, but in his search for the widow he had been entirely unsuccessful!"

Walter Scott told me that when the old Tolbooth at Edinburgh was pulled down, the architect kindly gave him the gateway. He also obtained the old key which had turned the lock on Effie Deans.¹ The Tolbooth gateway is now erected at the entrance to his farm. It is so low that even a short man would be compelled to stoop to get under it; it is also very narrow.

Mrs. Scott told me that during the most violent

¹ The story of Effie Deans is told in Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian."

paroxysms of Walter's Scott's illness he would tell his secretary the most comical stories.

At dinner last night, while they were discussing "Waverley" and the Scotch Novels, I ventured to say that, in my opinion, their heroes and heroines are, for the most part, insipid, and that sufficient justice had not been done to the female characteristics.

Scott said that this fault was probably due to the author's fear of being charged with immorality; he therefore made his characters as blameless as possible. "An author," said he, "would not like to have his work called immoral."¹

Scott paid me a very pretty compliment upon my riding at Paris. Some one at table was praising a certain lady's horsemanship, when Scott stopped him, and remarked that no one could ride so well as I did, and that the manner in which I rode at the Review must have been seen to be believed. He concluded with these words: "I am quite sure that the author of the Scottish novels must have seen Lady Shelley ride, ere he described Die Vernon."

The evening passed pleasantly, and while the gentlemen were still at table I played the harp to the Misses Scott. Miss Scott afterwards sang some Jacobite songs. Walter Scott enjoys these songs very much. Presently we sat down to a regular supper, which was kept up until the clock struck half-past two in the morning.

The only drawback to Scott's society is his wife, who is universally allowed to be the greatest bore in Europe. Scott himself speaks with a tiresome drawl, which has much increased since his illness. This drawl gives a monotony to his voice which,

¹ At the time I spoke I was not aware that Scott was the author of the Novels. Had I known it, I should not have ventured upon these criticisms; and I ought to have excepted *Die Vernon*, which I did not do. (Note by Lady Shelley, 1869.)

like the drone of a bagpipe, provokes a yawn, even when one is amused by what he is narrating.

This reminds me of that German fiddler whom Garrick caught yawning, during one of that great actor's most impressive scenes. After the play was over, Garrick called the fiddler up from his place in the orchestra and gave him a severe dressing.

"What do you mean, sir, by yawning in my face?"

The poor fellow looked somewhat surprised, and then answered the great man in his broken English:

"I *always* yawn when I'm ver' mush pleased."

The following letter was written by Mr. Walter Scott to my husband's young kinsman, Percy Shelley, who seems disposed to become a poet. When I spoke to Mr. Scott about him he told me that he seemed to possess great talent; but I have no means of judging of this myself, as I have not seen any of his productions. Mr. Scott's letter affords another proof of his extreme good nature, to all who may ask his help and advice.

From WALTER SCOTT to the poet SHELLEY

"SIR,

"I am honoured with your letter, which, in terms far too flattering for the proverbial vanity of an author, invites me to a task which in general I have made it a positive rule to decline, being repeated in so many shapes that, besides the risk of giving pain, it became a real encroachment upon the time which I must necessarily devote to very unpoetical labours. In your case, however, sir, a blunt refusal to give an opinion asked in so polite a manner, and with so many unnecessary apologies, would be rude and unhandsome. I have only to caution you against relying very much upon it. The friends who know me best, and to whose judgment I am myself in the constant habit of trusting, reckon me a very capricious and uncertain judge of poetry, and I have had repeated occasion to observe that I have often failed in anticipating the reception of poetry from the public. Above

all, sir, I must warn you against suffering yourself to suppose that the power of enjoying natural beauty, and poetical description, is necessarily connected with that of producing poetry. The former is really a gift of Heaven, which conduces inestimably to the happiness of those who enjoy it; the second has much more of knack in it than the pride of poets is always willing to admit, but at any rate is only valuable when combined with the first. These are considerations which may serve to reconcile you, sir, to any failure which you may have experienced in your attempt to imitate verses that pleased you, or to celebrate scenes by which you have been delighted. I would also caution you against an enthusiasm which, while it argues an excellent disposition and a feeling heart, requires to be watched and restrained, tho' not repressed. It is apt, if too much indulged, to engender a fastidious contempt for the ordinary business of the world, and gradually to unfit us for the exercise of the useful and domestic virtues, which depend greatly on our not exalting our feelings above the temper of well-ordered and well-educated society. No good man can ever be happy when he is unfit for the career of simple and commonplace duty, and I need not add how many melancholy instances there are of extravagance and profligacy being resorted to, under the pretence of contempt for the common rules of life. Cultivate then, sir, your taste for poetry and the belles-lettres, as an elegant and most interesting amusement, but combine it with studies of a more serious and solid cast, such as are most intimately connected with your prospects in future life, whatever those may be. In the words of Solomon, 'My son, get knowledge, and with all thy getting, get understanding.' The stock of ideas, which you will thus acquire, you will find very useful in your poetical exercises. But should you never carry these to the perfection you very laudably aim at, the knowledge you will thus acquire cannot fail to render you a useful and amiable member of society. With respect to the idylls of which you have favoured me with copies, they seem to me to have all the merits, and most of the faults, of juvenile compositions. They are fanciful, tender, and elegant, and exhibit both command of language and luxuriance of imagination.

"On the other hand, they are a little too wordy, and there is too much the air, to make the most of everything: too many epithets, and too laboured an attempt to describe minute circumstances. There is a perspective in poetry, as well as in painting, by which I mean the art of keeping your landscape, with its attributes, in harmony with your principal figures, and reserving your force of detailed expression for what you mean shall be the most prominent in your picture. This I think you sin a little against. Upon the whole, I think your specimen augurs very favourably of your talents, and that you have not any cause for the apprehensive dejection you have experienced, and which I confess I do not think the worst symptom of your powers: since it is a frequent attribute of genius to distrust its own powers. But I do not greatly admire your model. Gesner's 'Arcadia' is too ideal for my taste and sympathy, or perhaps I am too old to relish it. Besides, I dislike the measured prose, which has all the stiffness and pedantry of blank verse, without its rhythm and harmony. I think you have a greater chance of making more progress by chusing a more severe and classical model. But, above all, be in no hurry to publish. A name in poetry is soon lost, but it is very difficult to regain it.

"I hope you will receive the length of this letter as a proof how sincere I am in my desire of being useful to you. If it is less romantic than you may have expected, impute it to my being past the meridian of life, while you are probably in its dawn. I shall be happy if any part of it can be useful to you.

"I remain, sir,

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"To PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, ESQ."

CHAPTER VI

OUR pleasant visit to Abbotsford came to an end at last. We found in Walter Scott a generous and instructive host, from whose pleasant society we were very sorry to part. At about noon we forded the Tweed under heavy and threatening clouds. Muddy streams descended from the mountains, and for a time ran side by side with the clear Gala water. When at last they mingled, the rush was impetuous. At a mill, whose name I know not, the buttresses of a bridge arrested the current and flooded the roadway far and wide. Barndoor fowls sat shrieking on the top of a cart standing in the centre of the flood.

I hear from Mr. William Clerk, who remained at Abbotsford, that we were very lucky in starting when we did, as at three o'clock the Tweed was not fordable, and its waters dashed along with tremendous force. Although these sudden floods heighten the beauty of mountain scenery, they bring havoc and often ruin to the poor farmers.

We reached Pennycuik in a dense fog, which continued the whole of the following day. These fogs are frequent on this coast; the east wind brings them from the sea.

The scene of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd"¹ lies in a glen a few miles from Pennycuik. But, as a visit meant four hours' walk up a mountain, and

¹ Ramsay's pastoral, "The Gentle Shepherd," was published in 1725. It is the only production of his that has any claim to remembrance.

thence into a stifling valley, I did not feel equal to the task.

We went to Dalkeith. The house resembles a French château, and is situated in a beautiful English park. There are about fifty miles of made walks in the grounds, and the north and south portions of the Esk join in the park. The house stands close to the village of Dalkeith, though hidden from it by high trees and shrubs. The broad paved streets of Dalkeith, its fountains, the dress of its people, the dirt, the signs at the house doors, and the height of the stone houses reminded me most strongly of a foreign town. This may be owing to the close intercourse between the people of Scotland and those of France at the period when Dalkeith was built. In those days France was relatively much closer to Scotland than to England.

We went on to Rosslyn Castle, with its romantic banks and stream. We then went up to classic Hawthornden, and, by following the dry bed of the now narrow stream, we had a pleasant scramble. The castle is a complete, but not a very picturesque ruin. A tower has lately fallen; this has much impaired its beauty. While in the chapel I thought of Rosabelle;¹ but even more of my friend the late Lady Rosslyn, who is buried here, without a stone to mark the spot!

We descended into the vaults of the castle, where, presumably, its former occupants passed the greater part of their lives, as three stories have been cut out of the rock. These vaults were now fragrant with the aroma of strawberries, which grow in abundance in these parts. It is the custom to make excursions from Edinburgh to Rosslyn to eat strawberries—a fruit which even the poorest mechanic in Edinburgh seldom denies himself.

¹ See Harold's Lay in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto VI.

We approached Edinburgh over the hill from whence Marmion saw the Scottish host encamped. The castle still frowns as in those romantic times, and I could see in my mind's eye the scene so eloquently described by Walter Scott. We ordered the post-boys to stop at the Hare Stone. The Chief of the Clerk clan holds the lands of Pennycuick on condition that he blows a bugle on this stone whenever the King approaches Edinburgh. There are many tenures of this kind in Scotland. Some lands in the Highlands are held on condition of producing at the King's pleasure a snowball any day in the year. This condition can be easily fulfilled, as even after these two hot summers we found plenty of snow on Cairngorm and on other Highland hills.

On arrival at the Hare Stone I gazed in rapture on this truly romantic city, where Art has proved a true sister to Nature, both having combined to adorn this unrivalled capital. The day was bright, clear, and still. The islands of Inchkeith and Inchcolm floated on the blue Firth, which was decked by many a sparkling sail. The opposite coast, and those Highland hills in their purple glow, led my imagination into their misty and classic dells. The Castle, Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Craigs, conjured up fairy visions of historic, classic, and poetic interest, all equally absorbing. As in a vision, I saw one form succeeding another—the unfortunate Mary, the poetic Marmion, and the fascinating Effie Deans. Then a veil seemed to fall over my eyes, and all my visions were dispelled by our rapid descent into the gray suburbs of that modern town which has grown round the base of the ancient castle.

I shall always consider it one of the happiest incidents of my travels, that my visit to Abbotsford should have enabled me to make the acquaintance of Mr. William Clerk. He is a person who unites with

the deepest research and extensive reading a wonderful memory. He came on the day after our arrival in Edinburgh, and kindly undertook to act as our guide. He has a fund of anecdote, a clear enunciation, and a superstitious reverence for the Jacobite cause—a feeling so indispensable to a complete enjoyment of this dear Eden.

At the Castle we saw the regalia, which, after so many years, is again brought to light. Mr. William Clerk was one of the Commissioners appointed by the Government to superintend the opening of the chest. He gave me an account of the proceedings, which had been written by Walter Scott. The regalia is really magnificent, and of great antiquity. The circlet of the crown has been worn by Robert the Bruce.

We visited the apartment in which James I. (of England) was born—a room which would, in modern parlance, be designated a "light closet." Mary seems to have had a predilection for the smallest room she could find.

It would, in my opinion, be very wrong indeed to attach criminality to the fact that Mary supped with Rizzio in the smallest closet in Holyrood House; one should compare it with the room which the unfortunate Queen chose for her confinement. It is obvious that no inference either way could with justice be drawn from the dimensions of her supper-room.

It is, I think, easy to account for this peculiarity in a woman whose captivating manners show that she much disliked the stiff ceremonials of the age in which she lived. The small size of her apartment not only contributed to warmth and comfort, but must have precluded those tiresome ceremonies by which, in those days, every sovereign prince was surrounded.

On our return from the Castle we were able to form a good idea of the attack upon the Tolbooth

which the author of "Waverley" has described. That spot is now a heap of ruins. A new façade is to be added to the old church, on the side where the Tolbooth formerly stood. We visited a house in the Low Gate, which is fourteen stories high, and is let out in tenements. We visited the Parliament House, a venerable pile with an exquisite old roof, something in the style of Westminster Hall. Like that edifice, it is also surrounded by the Courts of Justice.

A special cause, in the High Court of Justiciary, gave me an opportunity of hearing Mr. Jeffrey¹ plead. Lord Kames, a very original character, and two other judges sat on the bench. It was a case of arson, and Mr. Jeffrey was counsel for the prisoner. With Jeffrey's usual ability he succeeded in obtaining a verdict from the jury which, according to general opinion, had more mercy than justice *au fond*.

We went over the Advocates' Library, an institution of great utility, as books may be borrowed from it. This is a great boon, as the circulating libraries in Edinburgh contain only trashy novels. The literary treasures in this library are concealed in a number of small, dirty rooms. I understand that two magnificent apartments are now being built, into which they are to be moved next year. I saw the Solemn League and Covenant, with the original signatures attached. That of King James occupies an immense space, while the signatures of Knox and others are placed at an awful and a respectful distance. Those names seemed to be something like a mockery of their king, being attached to the instrument that overturned his throne!

The University buildings are now proceeding rapidly. They are situated on the site of the cele-

¹ Francis, afterwards Lord, Jeffrey, was born in 1773. He was called to the Scottish Bar when in his twenty-second year. In 1803 he became editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. He became Lord Advocate for Scotland in 1830, and was member for Edinburgh after the Reform Bill in 1832. Jeffrey was appointed Judge of the Court of Session in 1834, and held that position at the time of his death, in 1850.

brated Kirk of Field ; on the exact spot where Darnley lost his life. A portion of the wall, bearing marks of fire, still stands ; but the progress which the workmen are making must soon obliterate the last vestige of a spot which has given rise to so much discussion. For my part, I find Chandler so dull an historian that his summing up in favour of Mary's innocence convinces me, and ought to be generally received. So dull a mind cannot harbour even a spark of romance.

Every Scotsman is an indefatigable and swift pedestrian. I, therefore, returned home delighted, but with aching feet. While we were at dinner I received a note from Sir George Mackenzie, author of the "Travels in Iceland," inviting us to see the sun set from the Calton in the camera obscura. He also offered to show us the Observatory, of which he is a director. This invitation brushed away all my fatigue ; so after dinner we sallied forth.

The Calton presents a totally different view of Edinburgh. From its summit the straight streets, the Grecian buildings, the white freestone, and the crags of Arthur's Seat give an impression of elegance and taste nowhere to be seen but in this modern Athens. Although I admired the new Observatory, I cannot say much for Nelson's monument, which, to my mind, is in the worst taste. It is exactly like an opera-glass drawn out on a square base, with nothing to remind one of the hero except the stern of a ship over the entrance, which leads to a *restaurateur à la française*.

At the close of the last war there was such a scarcity of employment for the poor that by voluntary subscription walks were cut, upon the plan of the Simplon, to the top of the Calton Hill. These walks are much frequented during the evening by young people of both sexes. I have been much struck by the absence of beauty among the middle classes in Scotland. In Hyde Park, on a Sunday morning, you may meet in

half an hour any number of extremely pretty girls; whereas during the whole time I was in Edinburgh I never saw one. The good looks of the peasantry are completely destroyed by exposure to weather, which, as they wear no bonnets, has a tendency to contract the forehead and to give them a peculiar *grin*.

In my opinion, the walk up the Calton ranks next in beauty to that of the Monte Pincio at Rome.

The day had been uncommonly beautiful, but a haze, very usual on the Forth in fine weather, prevented the setting sun from being reflected in the camera obscura with that flood of living gold which we had expected. However, it was most lovely, and not to be surpassed in Nature, for the gold-tinged clouds were more picturesque than a blaze of light. As we left the Calton Hill a brown tint fell like a veil over the whole landscape.

As we passed the theatre we decided to enter, and hear Miss Stephens sing Scotch ballads to a Scottish audience. Much to our surprise we found the theatre so empty that we obtained seats in the front row. This led to some conversation afterwards relative to the sobriety in the search for amusement which is so characteristic of the people of Edinburgh. Some years ago Catalani gave a concert here. Every place was crowded, and she reaped a rich harvest. The next year she was tempted to come again, and the contrast was most striking; no one who had heard her before went again. When asked the reason, they replied that they had heard her. There was no satire in this, for the same thing occurred with Miss O'Neill. I saw her play, literally, to empty benches, and was able to obtain a seat in the front row. This is the more remarkable, as at her first visit the pressure was so great that people were fainting. All the boxes had been taken previous to her arrival in Edinburgh.

I never admired Miss Stephens so much as on this

occasion.¹ The small theatre was favourable to her articulation, and I did not lose a word of that pathetic ballad "Auld Robin Gray," which was rapturously *encored*, and no wonder, for she sings it with a degree of pathos difficult to describe. There was not a note, nor an intonation, which did not express in its fullest sense the pure feelings and sentiments of that most exquisite piece of poetry. I have always been of opinion that "Auld Robin Gray" affords the best example of female virtue, based on principle and sensibility, to be found in the English language. In a pure mind, like Lady Anne Lindsay's, the spear of Ithuriel would instantly dissipate the sophism of Rousseau, and depict in their true colours and in their natural deformity the vaunted perfections of his Héloïse.

I have held a long and interesting conversation with Mr. William Clerk on the supposed authorship of the Scotch Novels. Mr. Clerk is quite convinced that their author is none other than Mr. Walter Scott. He gave me proofs which seem to be conclusive. He has also given a good reason why Scott does not wish to own the authorship—although among his most intimate friends he does not absolutely deny it. Mr. Clerk says it can be proved that there is scarcely a character in any of these novels which is not a portrait drawn from one or other of Scott's acquaintance, and that many of the stories were told to him by people still living.

Mr. Scott is gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory, and naturally retains every word and every incident that has struck his fancy. He has been known to repeat, after many years, word for word, a conversation that impressed him, and this without having made a single note. It is this wonderful

¹ Catherine Stephens, born 1794, a celebrated singer and actress, realised £30,000 by her voice; she brought up and supported with it a very large family of her kindred. She married Lord Essex in 1838, and died in 1882.

faculty that has enabled him to make use of materials without acknowledgment, which he could not make without considerable embarrassment. Jonathan Oldbuck in "The Antiquary" is, in many respects, an exact representation of Mr. Clerk's father; and the incident relative to the examination of the Roman Camp, the peasant saying that he had dug out, what Mr. Clerk fancied was the Prætorium, actually happened in real life.

When "Waverley" first appeared, Mr. Clerk thought it very strange that all the particulars of Waverley's ride to Bradwardine were familiar to him—he seemed to have heard it all before. Then he remembered that Walter Scott and he had taken that road together. This aroused a suspicion which grew apace. He said to himself, "If this book was written by Scott, a certain incident is sure to be mentioned." On turning over the pages he found it! It seems that Scott and Mr. Clerk were once riding a long distance together, and were parched with thirst. They saw no signs of a house where they could obtain even a drink of water, and Mr. Clerk exclaimed, "Oh, what would I not give to see a Lion predominating over a Punch-bowl!" That is, of course, the common sign of a Scottish alehouse. The expression "predominating" tickled Scott's fancy, and he exclaimed, "Aye, aye—*predominating*!" This he repeated several times, with a chuckle, before they reached home. The author of "Waverley" made use of the expression. "It is at Bradwardine that the Bears are always '*predominating*.'"

The original of Dandie Dinmont in "Guy Mannering" is a Border farmer named Davidson, whose dogs are named "Pepper," "Mustard," "Dumpling," etc. One day this farmer said to Mr. Clerk, "Mr. Scott has done the dogs well; but it is not like *me*, I fancy."

Not a doubt seems to exist in these parts that Scott is the author of the novels. There was some idea

that Scott's brother had written them; but it is generally believed that he is not clever enough.

Mr. William Clerk has supplied me with the following account of Scott's first attempt at poetry:

"There is a club of barristers at Edinburgh, to which both Scott and I belonged. One of the members was an ugly, strange, and humorous man named Captain Adam Fergusson, who is still admired for his wit by the whole set. But as his wit generally exudes from the whiskey-punch, I confess that I cannot taste his coarse jests. However, he is a brave officer, who served all through the Spanish campaigns and also at Waterloo.

"One day there was some joke against this man; and Scott, who was then only twenty-three years of age, determined to write some comic verses upon it, I was fired by the same ambition, so we both set to work. After many fruitless attempts to produce anything worthy of the occasion, Walter Scott exclaimed: 'Well, it is clear, Clerk, that neither you nor I were born poets.' This will show you, my lady, that at three-and-twenty Scott had not written a line of poetry.

"Not very long afterwards the idea of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' came into Scott's mind, and he dashed off a few lines every night, which he showed next morning to the young men of the club, who encouraged him to proceed. Without apparent effort Scott wrote his lines with great rapidity, and scarcely ever made corrections. This wonderful facility still continues, and you may be sure that his prose works are written with a running pen. Strange to say, Scott never appears to be occupied, and we have never been able to discover the time when he writes. He is always ready for society, for excursions on horseback, or for any other diversion. He is indeed a wonderful man, whose literary powers are enhanced by the fact that whatever he hears or reads never

escapes him. In my humble opinion this, in a measure, accounts for the faults of the Waverley Novels, as well as for their perfections."

From LADY SHELLEY to SIR WALTER SCOTT

"KINRARA COTTAGE, *August 16, 1819.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I cannot perhaps more completely fulfil your wishes than by sending to you Colonel Murray's original Treatise—as he calls it—of Cornet, which will, I hope, fully reply to all the enquiries you made during our most agreeable visit to Abbotsford. I refer you to his letter.

"I hope that you will allow me to take advantage of this opportunity to express the very great pleasure which we have derived from our tour in Scotland. That pleasure is in a great measure due to the romantic interest given to every mountain and glen that you have mentioned, either in verse, in conversation, or in prose.

"To speak the truth, those parts of Scotland which have not been celebrated in song have but small attraction for me. Excepting your own romantic town and the Pass of Killiecrankie, I have seen very little that will tempt me farther north than Abbotsford.

"In the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, as seen through your magic glass, I wished to have been born in some Highland glen before the '45,' and to have lived, fought, aye, and even to have died, for Prince Charlie! But I must confess to you that the scenery of Scotland is, in general, too tame to satisfy my taste for romantic grandeur. Strange to say, the weather during the whole of our tour has been too fine. The rivers were all dried up, and there were no floods; there was not even a mist to veil the monotonous roundness of those mountain summits which, unheathered and untimbered, looked no better than pasture-fields for sheep. A cloudless blue sky could not, of course, throw even a shadow upon the hills to break their wearying uniformity. I was disappointed also in the natives of the Highlands—particularly the Western Highlands—who all speak English, and no longer claim allegiance to a chief, the monarch of their clan.

"Our present resting-place is much more feudal, and the Cock of the North keeps up, in a great degree, the open-handed hospitality and chief-like State of ancient days.

"The banks of the Spey are very picturesque, and I am enchanted with this place and its society. Lady Huntly has the true spirit of a chieftainess; she plays the music divinely, and recites with much animation those old Jacobite poems and songs which I should so much like to copy and send to you. There is one relating to the House of Airlie, which she has promised me that she will recite to you, if ever she has the opportunity to do so.

"I heard great reproaches at Dunkeld, where we passed some days, because you have not celebrated the fine possessions of the Duke of Athole. The Duchess expressed a wish that you would visit them. Surely a poem on the subject of your hero, Dundee, would find proper inspiration in the Pass of Killiecrankie.

"Having thus trodden upon forbidden ground, I must express my delight that the sarcasms which Dr. Johnson directed against Scotland have been dissipated, and a better feeling engendered between Englishmen and Scotsmen, by the author of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' With what honest pride might we not claim kinship with one of those clansmen you have immortalised in song! It is thus that I venture to express in writing what I would not say in conversation; I beg you to forgive me.

"Our stay here is prolonged by the expected arrival of Prince Leopold; but we shall certainly be in Edinburgh before the end of the month, and we look forward, with very great pleasure, to meeting your friend Mr. W. Clerk.

"Lord Huntly yesterday introduced me to an old man of eighty-six, who perfectly remembers the memorable year 1745, and whose father marched with Prince Charlie!

"The conversation turned upon the great possessions of Lord Huntly, and the parties sent after the 'muir fowl.' The old man exclaimed: 'Troth, my Lord, an ye were maer a loyal subject of the King's, ye might be unco' formidable to his Majesty's Government.'

"By the bye—I can quite understand your being in love with Die Vernon. It is the first time the unknown writer has succeeded in delineating a female character. Most of his heroines are insipid. Flora M'Ivor, the heroine of Waverley, is an actress; while Die Vernon—an offspring of the same fancy—is most attractive, and does not appear to me to be, as you say, unnatural. She unites marked independence of thought with the softer feelings of a true woman. The principal fault of the book—to my mind—is that Die becomes a common sort of married body, whose husband outlives her, to tell his story comfortably at his own fireside! He does not seem to have valued her as much as he ought to have done; and Die fell in love, not by contrasting her lover's qualities with others, for there was no choice, but from accidental circumstances, and with a man who was in every way inferior to her. She seems to have submitted tamely, and with indifference, to their separation in the Highlands, when a little exertion would have brought him to her feet. If their situations had been reversed, would not Die have liberated him?

"It is no argument to say that all this is in accordance with human nature. A novel, like poetry, should have for its hero a person superior to the common herd of men—one who evinces a higher tone of feeling. The same objection may be made to all Jane Austen's novels, and also to most of Crabbe's poetry. Surely works of imagination should raise us above our everyday feelings, and excite in us those *élans passagères* of virtue and sensibility which are exquisite and ennobling, and which, if they were not evanescent, would exalt our poor humanity in the scale of being.

"Believe me always

"Yours most sincerely,

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

CHAPTER VII

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATHFIELD SAYE,¹ *September 14, 1819.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Mr. Wyatt gave me yesterday your letter of the 10th, for which I am much obliged to you, and I will certainly take an early opportunity of waiting upon you. I don't think I am more than fifty miles from Maresfield.

"I am going to-morrow to London to attend the Cabinet, and thence to Cirencester for a day; and thence to see an estate of mine in Somersetshire, which I have never seen; and thence to Plymouth. I shall be back in the end of next week, and after the first days of October I hope to be able to wait upon you. You shall come to me afterwards whenever you please.

"I like your Lancashire politics; but you are too much interested in the tranquillity of that county to be in *Opposition* on that score. If our wise laws allow 60,000 people to assemble to deliberate, what Government can prevent it? If they allow secret societies, having for their professed object the overthrow of the Establishments, the forging of pikes, and the training of the people to the use of them for the same object, I am sure there is no Opposition member's wife, however interested in the tranquillity of the part of the country in which these practices prevail, who would wish the Government to overstep

¹ The Duke wrote Statfield Saye and frequently Stratfield Saye, but never at this period as it is now written. In the letters published by Lord Stanhope the form used in 1838 was Strathfield; but in a letter written to Lady Shelley, dated March 30, 1846, the Duke spells it Stratfield.

the law in order to prevent the people from the exercise of these valuable and useful privileges. Then every man who attends one of these meetings—whether for the purpose of deliberation or crime, or for that of secret conspiracy—thinks, and boasts, that he is performing a public duty; and it would be a sin to deprive the people of this gratification.

"In short, matters appear to be going on as well as possible in Lancashire.

"Remember me kindly to Sir John, and believe me,

"My dear Lady Shelley,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

October 10, 1819.—The Duke of Wellington had long promised to visit us at Maresfield. But his prolonged tour into the West of England, his visit to Plymouth and his estate of Wellington, which he had never seen, deprived me of all hope of his being able to fulfil his promise.

I cannot describe the mixture of joy and anxiety that I felt when I received his letter telling me that he was coming the next day. As the notice was too short for me to secure any one to meet him, I was afraid that he would be bored to death here; and, if that were so, I would rather that he did not come at all. But I determined to make a great effort to please him, and to make his visit agreeable; all the rest I left in the hands of God.

I told my steward to give notice to the country people of the Duke's visit. At four o'clock forty farmers on horseback assembled in Ashdown Forest, and escorted the Duke's carriage. For three miles along the road the crowd was so dense that there was barely room for the carriage to pass. At about a mile from the house the people took the horses from the carriage and dragged it all the way up and down hill. At five o'clock the Duke's approach was visible from the house. The day was lovely, and remarkably hot for the time of year. The ther-

nometer stood at 70°, and the young women wore their summer dresses.

As the carriage advanced the crowd broke away, and jumped over the iron railings, ran down the green lawn, and greeted the Duke on his arrival with three hearty British cheers!

I never could hear those sounds unmoved, and on this occasion I was so much affected that I very nearly fainted! But when the Duke entered the house, and I saw his smiling, familiar countenance, my courage came back; and when I expressed regret that we had none of his friends to meet him, and he replied, "So much the better—I come to see you," I felt completely at my ease. My nervous headache vanished, and I was alive only to the happiness and the honour of receiving under my own roof the great hero and the saviour of my country.

I was delighted when the Duke admired the library, as it gave me an opportunity to confirm his good opinion of Wyatt.¹

Mr. and Mrs. Law, Major Dalbiac, and Major Synge came to dinner. The latter, who had been Sir D. Pack's² aide-de-camp, was the only one known to the Duke, but he greeted them all with a kindness, which showed how much disposed he was to please and to be pleased.

I dreaded these introductions, as I had often seen him so reserved with strangers, and had felt that if he were so in a small party it would be dreadful. I never saw him so agreeable.

.

During dinner many military matters were discussed; among others, the battles of Toulouse and

¹ Wyatt built the library at Maresfield, in 1816.

² Major-General Sir Denis Pack was one of the heroes of Quatre Bras. He commanded a brigade of Picton's Division at Waterloo. He died in 1823.

Orthes. A plan of the battlefield of Toulouse the Duke drew with a pencil on a bit of paper, which I have kept. He drew a plan of the battle of Orthes, on the knee of his breeches, with an eagerness and intentness which were quite delightful.

The Duke mentioned that owing to his having been struck by a spent ball at that battle his troops were prevented from carrying some heights that evening. It was owing to that accident that a day was lost in the advance. But this did not affect his battle of Toulouse, which could not have taken place earlier, as he was in any event obliged to wait the return of a detachment which he had sent to Bayonne.

After dinner I showed the Duke M. de Jouy's account of the battle in "*L'Hermite en Provence*." As he returned the book to me he said: "All a lie. The French were much superior to us in force."

I spoke to the Duke as to the conduct of the Manchester magistrates. He approves of their action, except in reading the Riot Act. This alone, he says, can injure their cause. I then playfully twitted the great man about his having (according to rumour) been the person who recommended the letter of thanks. The Duke neither denied nor avowed, but vindicated that letter, and added: "Unless the magistrates had been supported in this instance, other magistrates on future occasions would not act at all; and then what a state the country would be in!"

It would not perhaps be amiss if the Editor were here to break in upon Lady Shelley's diary, and to offer a few explanatory words by way of elucidating the text.

On August 9, 1819, some Manchester demagogues organised a public meeting to discuss the best means of obtaining a radical reform of the House of Commons, and urging the propriety of unrepresented inhabitants of Manchester electing some one to re-



MARESFIELD PARK, SHEWING THE WING BUILT BY WYATT.

From a Sketch in the possession of H.S.H. Prince Münster von Derneburg.

present them in Parliament. They also demanded the adoption of Major Cartwright's Bill. An assemblage of this kind was, in those days, an illegal proceeding, which amounted to an act of treason. The Manchester magistrates, in the exercise of their duty, forthwith issued a proclamation prohibiting the proposed meeting. This was bitterly resented by the demagogues, who determined to hold their meeting notwithstanding all orders to the contrary. The date of the meeting was postponed from August 9 to 16, so as to give the agitators more time to overawe authority. When the meeting took place about a hundred thousand persons assembled. They had come from all parts of the neighbourhood, and marched to St. Peter's Fields with military precision, bearing banners with the words "Equal Representation or Death," and in some cases this inscription was surmounted by the Cap of Liberty. Bands of music preceded the various detachments, and most of the people carried bludgeons. When they were assembled the mob hurled defiance both at the magistrates and the Yeomanry in the distance. It looked at first like a peaceful meeting, and the speeches of Orator Hunt and other leaders were both cautious and mild. Whatever they did in deeds they were determined not to offend in words. A contemporary has stated that the speeches amounted to this: "Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to mutiny." According to Bamford's¹ petition, the purpose of all this military array was "to confer cheerfulness and hilarity on the people." However that might be, the assemblage was not only illegal, but it caused terror to the people of Manchester, who could not regard the presence of a concourse of strangers in the heart of their wealthy city with

¹ Samuel Bamford (1788—1872), a weaver, was unjustly imprisoned for connection with this meeting, and petitioned Parliament for restoration to liberty. He was successful, and obtained the post of messenger at Somerset House.

equanimity. We are told that numbers of the most respectable householders voluntarily made oath before the magistrates that they considered the peace of the city endangered. It would, perhaps, have been wiser if the magistrates had waited until some actual misdemeanour occurred before reading the Riot Act, but it must be remembered that our judgment has been formed by an experience which could not have been theirs. Strongly impressed by the knowledge that the law forbade the holding of assemblies calculated to terrify the neighbourhood, the magistrates ordered the ringleaders to be arrested. They hoped that by removing their leaders the crowd would peacefully disperse. The mob, however, was not in so reasonable a mood. It resisted the arrest of the leaders with brickbats and bludgeons. The Yeomanry were then reluctantly ordered to support the civil force. This made matters worse; several yeomen were knocked off their horses, and one of them was killed. Fortunately a detachment of Dragoons came upon the scene, and turned the scale. Further resistance being useless, the crowd dispersed, but not until eleven men, women, and children had been killed, and about six hundred persons wounded. This untoward event made a great impression, and stirred up evil passions. The Government was bitterly assailed for having permitted the employment of military force against people who wanted to have matters all their own way. But the Ministers were firm; at all events, they attempted to uphold the reputation and authority of the Manchester magistrates by publicly conveying to them in the form of a letter the expression of the royal approbation. Though the matter did not end there, enough has been said to give a general idea of the subject of Lady Shelley's conversation with the Duke of Wellington.

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The following unsigned letter was probably written

by Mrs. Arbuthnot, and refers to the Manchester reform meeting :

"CHESTER, *September 5, 1819.*

"I passed through Manchester on Monday, and during the hour that I remained there Hunt¹ made his entry from Lancaster, having been liberated on bail. If this man always made as sorry an appearance as on that occasion he would not be formidable. I think his whole escort was not in number above two hundred and fifty, and not above one-third of them grown men. Perhaps half a dozen were at the trouble of huzza-ing, and three or four only with 'Hunt and Liberty' stuck in their hats. Hunt was in a post-chaise drawn by men, and two gigs followed.

"Harrison, the Methodist preacher, is to be tried here on Tuesday, not on the indictment in which he is joined with Mr. C. Wolseley—that remains for Quarter Sessions—but for a later instance of sedition preached at his chapel. I wish all cases of treason and sedition were tried in the country. Those who compose a jury here feel the danger of these offences, and the insecurity in which their property is placed by these turbulent proceedings.

"The proceedings at Manchester have been greatly exaggerated. As to the statements of damage inflicted by the military, they are almost wholly false. Nearly all the personal injuries were caused by pressure of the mob ; and the few instances in which the Yeomanry used their weapons were made necessary for self-defence. The wisdom of the magistrates in ordering the Yeomanry to advance and assist the constables, first in taking Hunt, and secondly in dispersing the mob, is open to a difference of opinion. So far as their justification is supposed to rest on the reading of the Riot Act it fails, for the reading of it with so little publicity amounts to no reading at all—so far as the *consequences* of its being read are involved.

"No man could be convicted of felony for remaining

¹ Henry Hunt (1773—1835), commonly called "Orator" Hunt. In the Manchester reform meeting he took the chair. In 1831 Hunt was returned for Preston. He spoke against the Reform Bill in the House, and said it was a delusion, and would not make the people's food cheaper. Greville has described Hunt as "like a country gentleman of the old school—very civil and good-humoured, and respectful to the House, but a-very dull speaker."

there after the expiration of an hour, when the Act was only read from a window to a mob of forty or fifty thousand, and no steps taken to make the fact of its having been read known by placards or otherwise.

"The magistrates' case must rest on other grounds; and it appears to me most clear that those whose duty it was to maintain the peace of that town would have been highly culpable if they had not by force dispersed an assemblage of such dimensions and character, composed of bodies marched to the ground in regular disciplined divisions, bearing the banners of their respective townships and districts. Common sense pronounces such an assembly to be pregnant with violence and mischief; and although it is true that, to the moment of their dispersion, no tumult had occurred, it was so highly probable—indeed, almost certain—that breaches of the peace must result. It therefore became the duty of the police of Manchester to prevent a breach of the peace, and not to wait till it arose and then to take action.

"The only question is, whether the assistance of the military was necessary for this object. As the experiment of effecting it without them was not made, one cannot pronounce on this question. I regret that the attempt was not made first to apprehend Hunt by the constables alone; and, if that had succeeded, to have read the Riot Act publicly, and in many parts of the ground at the same time. Perhaps the best plan would have been to have read it in the morning, before the great numbers had assembled, and to have given a continuing notice of it.

"I wish Parliament was now sitting, that some Act might be passed relative to the training and meeting for the purpose of it. At sunrise every morning, in the neighbourhood of any manufacturing town, may be seen a regular drill going on of many thousands, practising all the operations of disciplined troops excepting the fire-arms. To what extent the manufacture of pikes has proceeded I do not know. That instrument consists of three parts screwing into each other—like a gun-cleaner. The pike-head and one portion of the staff are carried in a side pocket; the other part in the hand as a walking-stick. The parts are put together in a minute."

* * * * *

Thus did we talk until midnight; and I never saw the Duke so happy or more animated. He gave us a description of the Plymouth breakwater, the base of which is 600 feet and the top 30 feet. It is kept together by its own weight, without either mortar or cement. The Duke did not go down in the diving-bell, as he was told by the person in charge that it often most painfully affects the hearing. That officer told the Duke that he himself is compelled to be frequently blooded, without which precaution, he said, "it is common for the ears to bleed, owing to the pressure of the air."

Next morning I awoke with the rising sun—indeed I had scarcely slept all night. It was a heavenly morning. The library windows facing the terrace were wide open. The fountain was playing, and the birds were singing as in June. While waiting for breakfast, we strolled round the flower garden. My children joined us there, and the Duke caressed them as much as the fondest mother could desire.

After breakfast we went all over the house, and I showed the Duke the cup out of which he drank his coffee on the morning of Waterloo. At noon, after Shelley and the party had set off for the shooting, I began to breathe more freely, and a sense of real happiness stole over me. I felt that the visit was a real success, and that all was going on well.

At two o'clock I went out to join the shooters. They told me that after I came the Duke shot far better than he had done in the morning. Bad was the best, however; for he had contrived to empty two powder horns and a half, with very little to show for it.

If truth be told, the hero of Waterloo was a very wild shot. After wounding a retriever early in the day, and, later on, peppering the keeper's gaiters, he inadvertently sprinkled the bare arms of an old woman who chanced to be washing clothes at her cottage window!

I was attracted by her screams, and the fearful

ejaculations caused by pain and fear. I took in the situation at a glance, and went to the cottage door.

"I'm wounded, Milady!" she cried.

"My good woman!" said I, "this ought to be the proudest moment of your life. You have had the distinction of being shot by the great Duke of Wellington!"

"Oh! La!" exclaimed the old woman, as she glanced towards the Duke with eyes full of tears, not knowing whether to be proud or angry. Then suddenly her face was wreathed in smiles, as the contrite Duke slipped a golden coin into her trembling hand!

It was a scene worthy of a play.

[It was on one of these occasions that my mother—then about ten years of age—after watching the Duke's proceedings for some time, became so frightened that she burst into tears.

"What's this, Fanny?" exclaimed Lady Shelley. "Fear, in the presence of the hero of Waterloo! Fie! Stand close behind the Duke of Wellington: *he* will protect you."

My mother, who told me the story, was then too young to realise that it was probably the only safe place.—Editor.]

I never saw anything so pretty as the *Chasse* that day. The whole country round had been driven, and the park was full of game. Major Synge acted as loader to the Duke, who walked through all the thickest parts of the coverts with an eagerness that increased as the day wore on. When he set out in the morning, he said: "Don't let us go out for above an hour or two;" but as the day wore on he enjoyed himself so much that he was sorry when it grew too dark to shoot.

I had invited all the neighbourhood to tea, which, naturally, gave great pleasure, and did not bore the Duke at all. Our dinner that evening was so pleasant,

that it was prolonged until ten o'clock. We then had music until we retired for the night.

Next morning brought the sad news of the death of the Duke of Richmond,¹ which we read with a mournful interest, and not without tears. The Duke looked over my shoulder as I read the account, and as my tears fell on the paper I perceived that he also was much affected.²

While we walked on the terrace the Duke told me that he had been appointed Governor of Plymouth. He said: "I was certainly born with Fortunatus' Cap on. I never asked for this appointment. Soon after the Battle of Waterloo the Duke of York promised me the first Government worth having. Soon after Plymouth became vacant, and the Duke of York reminded me of his promise, at the same time saying that, though it had been promised to me, the Government were very anxious, on account of the embarrassed state of the Duke of Richmond's affairs, to give that appointment to him. Of course I immediately gave up my claim; and now, the Duke of York has very handsomely remembered his promise." The Duke then told me that he would be obliged to go to town to-morrow, to thank the Prince Regent. He would otherwise have certainly stayed longer—he said he was in duty bound to go. I could only express my delight at having had him here so long, and my regret at his departure.

The party went out shooting again. The heat was so great that they could scarcely go on; the thermometer being above 75° in the shade.

At the luncheon hour I mounted my pony and joined

¹ Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond—a General in the Army—was born in 1764. It will be remembered that the Duchess of Richmond gave that historic ball at Brussels on the eve of Quatre Bras. The Duke of Richmond, whose son Lord March was on the staff of the Duke of Wellington, was present as a spectator at the Battle of Waterloo. At the time of his death the Duke was Governor-General of British North America. He was buried at Quebec.

² The Duke of Wellington could not have given a stronger proof of friendship, than he gave in adopting Lord Arthur, the Duke of Richmond's youngest boy. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

the shooters. Afterwards the heat became less intense, and the Duke of Wellington shot remarkably well. We stayed out till quite dark, and then came back to a pleasant dinner. The Duke outshone himself, and was more agreeable than ever. We did not begin music until midnight, then Mrs. Paruther played divinely. The whole party seemed inspired by the Duke's real love for music, and his apparent happiness.

Next day, at noon, the Duke left us. How tame is this description of the three happy days he spent with us! I shall try to remember, and to write down, some of his conversations.

Last night, while ruminating—as is my wont—on what may happen to us after death, an idea occurred to me. I had been reading Darwin's¹ observations on ocular spectra, where he says that no cavern, however deep, is wholly impervious to rays of light; and that even in what we call total darkness the sensorial power of the eye can gradually distinguish objects. He cites an instance of a man confined in the prisons of the Inquisition, who declared that for many months he had been unable to pierce the darkness of his cell; but that long before his release he had been able to distinguish reptiles that robbed him of his scanty food. If, therefore, there is no such thing as total darkness in this world, we may imagine how terrible would be the punishment for our sins if Hell were a sphere totally devoid of light! I cannot conceive anything more awful than a densely populated globe, travelling with immeasurable rapidity through the void, wrapt in Cimmerian darkness, for ever and ever. In that terrible condition the lost would be eternally meditating on their transgressions, tortured by a burning conscience that had become insupportable through the annihilation of hope! Oh! God! have mercy upon us.

¹ Dr. Erasmus Darwin (1731—1802) author of "*Zoonomia*," published in 1794, and other works dealing with the theory of evolution.

CHAPTER VIII

I HAVE received a sad letter, giving a full account of the Duke of Richmond's death :

"You have doubtless heard all that we know about the Duke's death. Hydrophobia was, beyond all doubt, the cause. He had been bitten by a fox six weeks before. The fox had died in a fit two days after.

"Nothing can exceed the magnanimity and fortitude displayed by the Duke from the moment he was aware of the nature of his malady. He well knew that there was no hope of a cure, or even delay in its fatal termination ; but he carefully concealed this from those who were with him. When at Perth he complained of not feeling well ; but desired that a large party should be asked to dinner. When the hour arrived, he said that he did not feel quite well enough to sit at table, and had his dinner sent up to his room. He did not eat much, and drank nothing. In the evening he desired his servant to bring him a glass of good negus ; and said that he would take it, and go to bed.

"When the man brought it to him, the Duke looked at it, shuddered, and turned away. Then, recollecting himself, he said : ' I daresay it is very good, my good Baptiste, but I have changed my mind. Take it away, and bring me pen, ink, and paper.'

"He wrote a letter to Lady Mary Lennox, and gave it to Baptiste, saying : ' The moment you arrive, give this to Lady Mary ' ; and seeing the man look surprised he added : ' I know that I shall arrive at the same time ; but I may not give it to her myself—do you therefore take care of it.'

"Some time after the Duke said to his servant: 'When I am to wash, in the morning, do not bring me water; but dip a towel in water, and bring it to me squeezed dry.'

"I mention this, to show you that he was perfectly aware of his situation, and heroically concealed it.

"The Duke proceeded on his journey with increasing spasms in his throat and shoulder. While walking through a swamp, Major Bowles, who was close to him, stepped into some water and made a slight splash. The Duke sprang aside quickly, and exclaimed: 'Bowles, what connexion can your treading in water have with my shoulder? Yet it gave me a dreadful spasm.'

"On reaching the first resting-place, the Duke asked Baptiste for the letter he had given to him; and added considerably to it. He then gave it to Major Bowles, with the same injunction as to immediate delivery. Major Bowles smiled and said: 'Your Grace will arrive as soon as I do; pray will you not give it yourself?'

"'I am not so sure of that, little Major,' replied the Duke. 'I may arrive *as soon* as you do, and yet not deliver it myself, so keep it. I wish Lady Mary to have it *a few minutes before I arrive where she is.*'

"On reaching a ravine his spasms increased, and the party experienced so much difficulty in getting the Duke across it that they feared a brain fever was coming on. They never once suspected the real cause. Many interesting things happened on the route, a narration of which would swell my letter to a tedious length, so I will spare you. At last a river was reached, and a boat was procured to take the party down for about seven miles, where they would meet horses that Colonel Cockburn and Major Bourke (who had walked on through the woods) were to have ready for them.

"On coming up to the boat the Duke asked if there was no other possible way to get him down. They told him that there was no other way except on foot, to which he was not equal. He appeared to be much agitated, and very reluctant to enter the boat. At last he said: 'Tie a handkerchief over my eyes, and lead me to the boat, for I cannot get into it by myself.' This was done, and the Duke threw himself flat on

his face and clutched the sides of the boat. As the boat was pushed off Major Bourke's suspicions were aroused, and he whispered to Colonel Cockburn that it must be a case of hydrophobia!

"They were exceedingly horrified at the thought of what might happen before they reached Montreal. Before they had proceeded twenty yards the splashing of the water disturbed by the oars caused the Duke violent agitation. He kept on crying out: 'Take me on shore instantly, or I shall die!'

"They put back at once; and the moment the Duke set foot on land, he broke away from them and fled through the woods—leaping over fences and other obstacles with all the agility and strength of a hunted animal flying for its life!

"The Duke's terrified attendants, after they had lost sight of him, were in great distress. They followed as quickly as they could; and at last caught sight of the Duke flying before them like a madman, without his hat, and covered with mud. With great difficulty they managed to keep up with him; and saw him enter a barn with a rush, and throw himself upon some straw. He cried out: 'Here Charles Lennox meets his fate.'

"During the remainder of that day he had fitful rest, broken by violent spasms in his throat. He refused absolutely to go to the farmhouse, fearful of meeting a river, or water in some other form.

"During moments of delirium he fancied himself with the Duke of Wellington in battle; he cheered on his men, rallied them, etc., with all the fire and impetuosity of a hero bent on victory. He then seemed to think that he was fighting in defence of Quebec; that he had been wounded, and was dying. He expressed a wish to be buried under the ramparts.

"Then the scene would change, and the cause of his suffering would come into his mind: 'I beg that you will take that nasty beast out of the room! Will nobody throw the animal overboard? Pray, buy him from the man—pay him well—and throw the nasty animal overboard!'

"Major Bowles, who held in his arms a favourite dog of the Duke's—the dog in whose defence from the fox the Duke was bitten—exclaimed: 'Here is the animal; I will take him away and destroy him.'

The Duke looked up, and, recognising 'Blucher,' said: 'No, no, not my faithful Blucher! give him to me'—and he kept the dog by him until he died.

"When composed, the Duke was heard to say, in a low voice: 'Richmond! for shame; is this your courage?' and then: 'Charles Lennox, rouse yourself; you have faced death before.' He then spoke of his family—of Lady Mary, as his pride, his comfort, his darling child—and also in the highest terms of Lord March.

"At eventide they persuaded the Duke to allow them to carry him to a small house that was near, where a small bed had been prepared for him. There he passed the night in delirium, in agony, with occasional interludes of comparative composure. But he was always frothing at the mouth.

"At last an army surgeon from Richmond arrived. But nothing could be done. All his intervals of ease were spent in giving Major Bowles directions relative to his family; and in touching appeals to God for pardon, and for resignation and courage.

"At about eight o'clock the next morning, after a brief repose from intense agony, which he supported like a Christian hero, he died without a struggle. His death, so rapid, so unexpected, produced a feeling of consternation and distress better imagined than described. So harrowing had been the events of the three preceding days, that the Duke's attendants could scarcely realise them; and the task which lay before them was too painful to be thought of. And yet there was no time for indulging in grief. A coffin was made with such materials as they could procure—the body was already in such a condition as to admit of no delay—and in eight hours after the Duke's death they placed the remains of that illustrious soldier, their beloved patron and friend, in the same boat from which he had flown on the previous day! With aching hearts the faithful little band conveyed the Duke of Richmond's body to Montreal."

LADY SHELLEY *to the* DUKE OF WELLINGTON"CHEVELEY, *October 28, 1819.*

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"Forgive my troubling you with a few lines.¹ I have two or three things to say to you, apart from the wish to express how excessively happy your visit made me. I write, then, to tell you the day of the last Newmarket Meeting, in hopes that, as you mean to visit Apethorpe at the end of this month, you may be tempted to come here afterwards, as it is only fifty miles distant. The Meeting begins on November 1, and will last till the 6th. This, to my great sorrow, will prevent our visit to Stratfield Saye, as you go to town on the 8th.

"Should you decide upon coming to Newmarket, you would, I have no doubt, receive an invitation to this place; though if you prefer being at Newmarket we shall have rooms there certainly, and should be only too happy to receive you. Indeed, that alone would console me for not seeing you *chez vous*, as we had hoped to do.

"The Duke of York came here from Apethorpe on Sunday last, and I must tell you that everything most agreeable to you—from a social point of view—was assembled there; though nothing could be worse than the shooting. Even the Duke of York did not kill above eight head. There is, however, plenty of game, and I daresay the sport will be better later in the year. In that case you will have been rewarded for the kindness which prompted your visit to Maresfield. Had you not come I should have been terribly disappointed, and my disappointment would have been shared by the whole neighbourhood. Unless you could see into my soul, it would be impossible for you to understand the happiness I felt at receiving you under my own roof, and the unspeakable delight with which I now think over every moment of your stay.

"I have had the pheasant stuffed that you killed, and have added it to other souvenirs which ornament my dressing-room. I forgot to show you, among my other treasures, the chair on which you sat the first time you dined with us, in 1814. Don't laugh too

¹ Lady Shelley was enclosing a letter from the Duchess of Rutland inviting the Duke of Wellington to Cheveley.

much at my chivalrous attachment, or think the rational portion of my letter unworthy of a reply. When your plans are fixed, let me know if you can come to see the 'certainties' of Newmarket.

"One of these 'certainties' came off yesterday. Shelley was so sure of being beat in his match, that he paid forfeit—to my great regret.

"The Duke of York is gone to town to-day, having received a subpœna in the Court of King's Bench, in the trial of Colonel Holmes. He returns here on Thursday.

"We go to Euston on Sunday—the Duke of Grafton's, where, alas! the Duke of Gloucester has also fixed to go on Monday, and the Duke of York on the following Thursday. All these Royalties are *de trop*; though the only objection to the Duke of York is that the gentlemen do not leave the dinner-table until eleven o'clock!

"Believe me

"Ever your attached

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"HOUGHTON, *October 31, 1819.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I received your letter enclosing one from the Duchess of Rutland to desire you to invite me to Cheveley; and I beg you will tell her how very much obliged to her I am, but that I am under the necessity of being in London to-morrow morning, and am much concerned that I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon her.

"I have been at Blickling,¹ and for two days here. We had one day's very good shooting at the former, and I killed fifty-one head, of which half were pheasants and partridges, and I think that Shelley would have been very well satisfied with his scholar.

"The day was very bad here yesterday, and we did not see much game. Indeed, I found that both here and at Blickling there were not so many pheasants

¹ Blickling Hall, near Aylsham, in Norfolk; then the property of the sixth Marquis of Lothian, who had married the eldest daughter of John Earl of Buckinghamshire.

as usual, and that the leaves were still so thick in the woods that they could not be got to rise.

"The Duke of York has been here, but was gone before I arrived.

"I propose to return to Stratfield Saye on Tuesday, and remain till Monday the 8th, when I am to be in town. I should be very glad if you would come in that week; but if you cannot come till afterwards, I will contrive to get away for a day or two, and have a party down to meet you, either before the meeting of Parliament—or afterwards.

"I am delighted with this house. I take this note with me, and leave it for you at Newmarket.

"Believe me

"Yours ever sincerely,

"WELLINGTON.

"P.S.—I hope the Widow¹ was well when you heard of her."

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *November 2, 1819.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I returned home last night as soon as I found the meeting of the Radicals so very contemptible, as it was.

"I want to say a word to you about coming here. I understand that you will be in London on the 8th or 9th, on your way home; and it occurs to me that you might be able to come here in the end of that week, in which case it is very possible I may have it in my power to return here to receive you. What do you say to a *provisional* engagement to me for Friday, 12th, in case I should be able to get out of town, which I shall be able to state positively when I shall see you in London on Tuesday? *Black Cap*² says she will come if she can.

"Believe me

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

¹ It has not been possible to trace the identity of "the widow" frequently alluded to in the Duke's letters.

² Probably Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"LONDON, *November 11*, 1819.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"It is agreed that you are not *a sensible Woman*, and that you are moreover a *Charlatanne* and a boaster.

"I shall not be able to reach Stratfield Saye to-morrow night till twelve o'clock; but I have told the Duchess that you and your Commanding officer would be there at dinner; but I have desired her not to wait for you longer than half-past seven, in case *he* should determine not to go till Saturday.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

CHAPTER IX

November 23, 1819.—I have ended this year, as I began it, with a trip to London. We came up last night, in order that I might go and see the Prince Regent open Parliament—a ceremony which, owing to the state of public feeling and the violent behaviour of the mob during the Lord Mayor's election, was expected to be a signal for tumult and disorder.

As I passed through the Green Park, I saw a huge crowd of people who had assembled to view the procession. We arrived at the House of Lords just in time to get places on the peeresses' seats, all the others being already occupied. The Duke of Wellington had given us tickets.

The Regent "performed" remarkably well. He read his speech with great energy and in a distinct tone of voice. He wore a military cocked hat. His crown was carried by one of the lords, and the sword of state was borne by the Duke of Wellington.

While waiting for the entrance of the Commons the Regent kept on nodding familiarly to different people. He whispered to the Duke of Wellington that he had been both pelted and hissed by the mob. This statement the Duke does not believe. I can answer for it that the Regent was much hissed on his return.

After the ceremony was over, the Duke took us home in his carriage. Before leaving the House of Lords we talked a great deal to the Duke of York,

who looked remarkably well. As he entered his carriage he was very much cheered by the populace.

I may mention that, as there was some delay in bringing up the Duke of Wellington's carriage, he said he would take us through the crowd to it. This shows how little he fears the mob. As a matter of fact the Duke was very much cheered.

Mr. Plunket¹ is come over, from the Opposition to the side of the Ministers. When he sailed from Ireland, and was compelled by a contrary wind to put back into port, he remarked drily: "It is astonishing how difficult I find it to get over to the other side."

An adjourned debate at four o'clock in the morning on the Manchester business. Plunket spoke admirably. He and others made out so good a case for the Ministers, that even the Opposition saw the necessity for strengthening the hands of the Government. It was admitted on both sides of the House that the Press is corrupting the people.

At first it was thought that there would be no division, as more than a hundred members were in favour of tacking on to the Address an amendment for Parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the Manchester magistrates. But when the debate closed, party animosity prevailed over reason; and one hundred and fifty members voted against the Government. This was of no use, however, as three hundred and eighty supported it.

Lord Stanley told me that he had not made up his mind which way he would vote when the Speaker put the question. "Rothiemurchus" Grant said that Shelley was quite right in his vote, and that he agreed with

¹ William C. Plunket was born in 1764, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1787. He was a member of the Irish Parliament in 1798, and opposed the Act of Union. He subsequently sat in the House of Commons as a follower of Lord Grenville. In 1820 he succeeded Grattan as foremost champion of Catholic Emancipation. He does not seem to have satisfied either party. As Chief Justice of the Irish Common Pleas, he was created Baron Plunket in 1827. He died in retirement in 1854.

him, but that he was against giving any power whatever to such bad Ministers. Only four of the regular Opposition voted with the Government. Lord Morpeth and William Howard did not vote at all.

Party politics have become more violent than ever they were. I feel convinced that when a man possessing great talent has to give his vote, he ought to take up a position from which nothing could shake him. He might legitimately support any harmless measure that his party brings forward—whether he approved of it or not—but on a great constitutional question it appears to me to be but a mean, place-hunting spirit that animates the so-called Whigs.

When Fox and Pitt were alive, the whole country was enrolled under their respective banners. Their superior talents and commanding personalities justified humbler individuals in surrendering their own judgments and placing their votes at the disposal of these mighty minds. But at the present time, when there is not, on either side of the House, a man universally acknowledged as leader; and when, in this oligarchy, one side wishes to drive the Ministers from office, while the other is determined to keep them in power, what honourable man could, with a clear conscience, surrender his judgment to that political mannikin who may claim to be his leader?

It becomes every day more evident that the Tory party is increasing in strength, and is fast becoming popular with the nation. The numerical difference in the voting, between great and small questions, is a proof of this. On small questions the Ministers are often so hard pressed as to be continually in what is virtually a minority; and sometimes, when numerically defeated, they do not think it necessary to resign. On any great—that is to say popular—question, where violence and acrimony are displayed by the Opposition, an accession of the “Independent” vote immediately produces an overwhelming majority.

After reading official letters from the disturbed districts, I am sure that to make any terms with these Reformers is to encourage them in the rebellion which they are so ready to begin.

Alas! Lord Fitzwilliam has darkened the close of a long and honourable life, by the fatal step which (through love of power) Lord Grey induced him to take.¹ The only excuse that the Opposition can find for him is, that he went to the York meeting as a mediator! But, what a fiasco! He could only obtain a hearing from the very dregs of society. He was acclaimed by the Radicals, who inscribed his name on a flag, embellished with the names of the Yorkshire Reformers!

I am told, on excellent authority, that Lord Fitzwilliam at first refused to comply with the wishes of Lord Grey, but was eventually won over. This is most unfortunate, not only for his reputation, but also for the dignity of his old age.

All accounts from Manchester confirm my opinion that Ministers made a mistake in so impetuously thanking the magistrates, a step which not only made Ministers unpopular with the people, but also exposed them to Opposition rancour. If that letter of thanks had not been written, we should have heard little of the field of Peterloo, and there would have been no excuse for these numerous meetings. Personally, I think that the Manchester magistrates were to blame for not having read the Riot Act earlier in the day; but this may have been but an error in judgment. They were presumably determined to arrest the demagogues while performing a treasonable act, in order to put a stop to their harangues in future. On the whole, I

¹ Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding, took the chair at a large meeting, composed of the wealthy and landowning classes as well as of poorer people. The assemblage, which numbered 20,000, expressed no opinion on the occurrences at Manchester, but demanded an inquiry. For this act Lord Fitzwilliam was dismissed from the Lieutenancy.

think that the magistrates did their best, according to their lights.

Poor Cannell, the special constable who was killed two days after the Manchester riot, had been a soldier in the Coldstream Guards under Colonel Fremantle. The mob literally tore him limb from limb, only because on the previous day he had accepted the office of special constable!

On Saturday the Duke of Wellington had a bad fall while out hunting. He was stunned, and, though they did not bleed him, is now better. We dined at Lord Westmorland's yesterday to meet Wellington, and went afterwards to the Duke of York's box at Covent Garden, to see "A Short Reign and a Merry One," which is one of the most lively, pretty pieces I have seen for a long time. We all laughed heartily, and the Duke enjoyed it particularly. The subject is the return of Stanislaus, King of Poland, from Paris to Warsaw. Troops had been placed on the frontier to prevent his return, and to overawe the Diet of Poland. His friend, the Chevalier de Maurange, is sent into Brittany to personate him; and is waited upon by the *États*, and all the great people of the country. The Treasurer of the States, a fool of course, gives rise to plenty of hits against little Vansittart, our Chancellor of the Exchequer. The incidents between the Chevalier's former mistress, who thinks that she has discovered her lover in the supposed King of Poland, and yet is kept in doubt by his assumed reserve, which however is discarded when the Chevalier is thrown off his guard by a fit of jealousy, are well drawn and acted, and the interest is kept up to the last moment. The play ends by the arrival of a despatch announcing the return of Stanislaus to Warsaw, and the settlement of a large pension upon the Chevalier for his successful impersonation of Royalty.

Bankes is all for *economy*, and yet for severity in the Game Laws, and for arbitrary power in every way.

Canning said the other day, that Bankes' ideal Government would be a *cheap* tyranny.

"The Political House that Jack built" is the best, and yet the most dangerous satire ever written; its sale has been prodigious. It went through twenty editions in a month. Its author is supposed to be Hone.¹

At Mr. Peel's dinner yesterday, I was the only woman present. The party comprised Vesey Fitzgerald, Grant, Huskisson, Becket, Lord Westmorland, and Sir George Warrender. Of course politics were much discussed, though we are all on the same side on this all-important question against the Radicals.

"LONDON, *December 3, 1819.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received your note regarding your nephew. We have no office vacant in Jamaica, excepting that of Clerk of the Cheque, an officer of importance in the business of the Ordnance; and it would not answer to appoint to it either a very young man, not experienced in business, or one not likely to remain in the Ordnance. Besides, this office is not worth less than £300 per annum.

"From this statement you will see that it would not answer for a person to hold it till he will become an ensign. Indeed, as all our offices are of business, I don't see what I could appoint your nephew to. We have a clerkship, £90 a year, vacant at Bermuda; but your nephew would there be as far from Jamaica—in reference to the difficulty of reaching the latter island—as he would be in England. Besides the *radical* objection of giving him an office of real business to be held only for the period that will suit his convenience.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON.

"P.S. I am going down to-night, and will speak to my coachman about Dr. Pemberton's horses."

¹ William Hone, an author and bookseller, was born in 1780. He published "John Wilkes's Catechism," and many political satires, including "The Political House that Jack built," which was illustrated by Cruikshank.

December 16, 1819.—Peel has just told me the following story of Plunket. After his reconciliation with Castlereagh, which came about through Castlereagh's promise (made much against the grain) to support a Bill in the interests of the Irish, Plunket returned to Ireland. A friend, who met him on landing, casually remarked that Lord Castlereagh had gained a great accession of character. Plunket replied, "Indeed he has, and I have no doubt that he will spend it too."

I have just heard the following about Bonaparte. On a certain occasion, prior to the unfortunate campaign in Russia, when everything was ready for signing a treaty of peace with the Northern Powers, Maret,¹ by an indiscretion, decided the destiny both of France and of Napoleon. After the other signatures had been affixed to the document, and Napoleon held in his hand the pen with which he was to sign his name, Maret said, "On previous occasions, sire, it was your Majesty that gave peace; now the Powers return the gift."

At these words Napoleon turned deadly pale, and impetuously threw his pen on the table. Prayers were unavailing; Maret almost wept, but Napoleon had made up his mind; with a shrug of the shoulders he walked out of the room.

December 18.—Last night we attended the grand ball given by the Duc de San Carlos. At ten o'clock this morning we breakfasted with the Duke of Wellington. He showed us the china which he has just received as a present from the King of Prussia. He also showed us a dessert service which has been given to him by the Elector of Saxony.

After breakfast we proceeded to Maresfield, to prepare for our Christmas party.

¹ Hughes Bernard Maret, afterwards Duc de Bassano, was born in 1763. He was a shorthand writer much attached to Napoleon, whom he served faithfully. There was scarcely a diplomatic act of the Emperor's, from the 18th Brumaire to the battle of Waterloo, with which he was not associated.

CHAPTER X

January 7, 1820.—Mrs. Hinchliffe, the widow of Dr. John Hinchliffe, formerly Bishop of Peterborough, who died many years ago, gave me the following verses, which were addressed to her in 1775 by her clever husband :

“When I was young, in days of yore,
Some twenty years ago and more,
I read a learned Abbé's book
Wherein he wisely undertook
By certain rules of art to trace
The language of the feather'd race,
And then, in his own vulgar tongue,
Tell all each bird had said or sung.
Whate'er the bat at parting day
Half mutt'ring did but seem to say,
Whate'er the owl at midnight hour
Whisper'd behind her ivy tower,
Was to our Abbé known as soon
As to the confidential moon.
No sooner did he spy a sparrow,
Perch'd on the handle of a barrow,
Bustle about, and make a pother
T'accost his mate (who sate on t'other),
Than he would instantly relate
The subject-matter of debate.
Let the lark wing his morning flight
Beyond the stretch of human sight,
Still could he trace each varying note
That filled or closed his little throat.
While after supper, far on high
Crow after crow was seen to fly
And point to some still-distant wood
As if those near were not as good ;

He, from beginning of their flight
 Till they were perch'd, and all was right,
 Knew just as well as if he'd seen 'em,
 The compliments that passed between 'em.
 If two fat geese, together walking
 Along a stubble, were but talking,
 And seemed to say in common chat
 'Here, you take this, and I'll take that,'
 Tho' all was whisper'd, cheek by jowl,
 Our learned Abbé knew the whole
 And could repeat the conversation }
 Without the slightest variation, }
 Or give it in a French translation. }
 Did ravens croak, or blackbirds whistle,
 Or linnets chirp upon a thistle ;
 Did turkeys gobble—partridge call, }
 Or peacock scream along the wall, }
 Our author could explain it all. }
 And tho' from foreign climes they came
 The meaning still he found the same ;
 And all they said was, 'Je vous aime.'

Thus, whether I in artless strain
 Repeat it o'er and o'er again,
 Or vary it a thousand ways
 Thro' all the change of courtly phrase,
 The burden of my song's the same,
 And all I mean is, *Je vous aime !*"

' BATH, *April 29, 1775.*

The paper is dulled by the tinge of time ; and on
 the reverse side the loving hand herself had traced :
 "Written to me from the Bishop, 1775."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *December 26, 1819.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"According to your desire, I took what I thought
 a favourable opportunity to ask the permission which
 you desired I should ask ; but I am sorry to tell you
 that I was mistaken, and that the permission was
peremptorily refused.

"The truth was that our temper was a little dis-
 turbed at the moment, about something I had said
 about women and children, and in consequence of
 my riding slower down hill than was liked!!

"I am very sorry, therefore, that I cannot wait upon you on Tuesday, but I will endeavour to do so at a later period.

"I don't see why the journey into Hertfordshire is to alter the Widow's *unhappy* state. I believe you are mistaken upon that point. Remember me kindly to Sir John, and believe me

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *December* 30, 1819.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have taken advantage of a favourable moment, and have obtained *permission* to go to Maresfield to-morrow, when I will wait upon you at dinner.

"Pray don't think it necessary to have anybody to meet me, as I shall be very happy with you and Shelley alone.

"I must go to Stratfield Saye on Sunday,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *January* 14, 1820.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am going into Suffolk and Norfolk on Sunday for a few days, and propose to be back by the end of the month; and if you and Shelley would come on the 29th to Stratfield Saye, which is Saturday, I would endeavour to get for him a day's shooting at Long Wellesley's on February 1. Write me a line, and let me know.

"You did not tell me a word about your new Almack's. But you have not got worthy associates. I think you might have chosen better out of the 'Old Hundred,' as Lady Caroline Lamb calls them. Everybody at Apethorpe intended to apply to you to be put on your list.

"I have been shooting pretty well lately. I killed twenty-seven head at Woburn; and the Duke of York, with his five guns, only killed thirty-five!

"Bring the gamekeeper with you on the 29th.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

"GUNTON, *January 22, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received yours of the 16th, and I write to tell you that I expect you on Saturday next, which will be, I believe, the 29th. I propose to leave this on Thursday, and to be at home myself on Friday night. The longer you will stay with me the better.

"I can tell you that my tyrant¹ was by no means satisfied with you for not having applauded her *good nature* in allowing me to go the last time to Maresfield, and she swore she never would permit me to go again. However, I'll try. In the meantime '*when the cat's away the mice go and play*,' and as she is at her brother's in Lincolnshire, and at her mother's, I have taken leave to ask you to Stratfield Saye, where I hope you will stay as long as you will like it, as I hope not to be called away again for some time.

"We will talk over other matters when we shall meet.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

[George III. died on January 29, 1820, and Parliament was in consequence dissolved. The Duke of Wellington was suddenly summoned to attend a Cabinet Council on the day of the King's death, and was detained in town from day to day. In these circumstances Lady Shelley's visit to Strathfield Saye was postponed. There were two letters prior to the one dated February 1, 1820.]

"LONDON, *February 1, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"It is now half-past five, and I am just returned from the Cabinet. We have to meet again to-morrow morning, and probably again next day. Under these circumstances I cannot pretend to be able to go down

¹ The "tyrant" here referred to was probably Mrs. Arbuthnot, to whom both Lady Shelley and the Duke constantly applied this playful epithet.

to Stratfield Saye, and I must request you to excuse me on account of the circumstances of the case, and to come down at some other time.

"Coleman will of course want to return home; but I beg him to come back as soon as he can, as we must soon commence our operations with *Lady Foley*.¹

"The King is very unwell²; but is better this day than he was yesterday evening, and last night. We must get him well soon, however, or he also will slip through our fingers. His disorder is an inflammation in his chest, for which he has lost a good deal of blood.

"Ever yours most sincerely,
"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *February 12, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Many thanks for the trouble you have taken respecting the Foley family.³

"I will let you know when it is decided at what time Parliament shall be dissolved.

"Black Cap is, in my opinion, quite right not to give me permission to quit her too frequently!!

"Ever yours most sincerely,
"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *February 19, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I did not write to you to tell you that the Dissolution was determined upon, because it was announced in the King's Message to Parliament as soon

¹ Lady Cecilia Fitzgerald, the singularly beautiful daughter of the second Duke of Leinster. She married in 1806 Lord Foley, of Kidderminster, and Witley Court in Worcestershire. The "operations" were probably shooting, as Coleman was Sir John's keeper.

² The King was George IV., whose accession took place only two days before these words were written. Brougham says ("Creevy Papers," vol. i. p. 297), "150 oz. of blood let, have saved George IV.'s life."

³ In consequence of the foolish extravagance of Lord and Lady Foley their children were often in great distress. The Duke probably interested himself on their behalf through Lady Shelley.

as I could inform you of it. In respect to the period I have reason to believe it will be about Monday sennight.

"My *tyrant* did not go down with me to Windsor, but came back with me.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

[We now come to an incident which could not be better described than in the words of Charles Greville, who was Clerk of the Council at the time.

"A plot had been in agitation for some time, the existence of which, the names and numbers of the men concerned, and of all particulars concerning their plans, Government was perfectly well informed. The conspirators arranged to assemble, to the number of from twenty to thirty, at a house in Cato Street, Edgware Road, and were to execute their purpose on the night of February 23, when the whole Cabinet would be at dinner at Lord Harrowby's. Dinner was ordered as usual. Men had been observed watching the house, both in front and rear, during the whole afternoon. It was believed that nine o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the assault to be made. The ministers who were expected at dinner remained at Fife House; and, at eight o'clock, Mr. Birnie with twelve constables was despatched to Cato Street to arrest the conspirators. Thirty-five foot guards were ordered to support the police force.

"The constables arrived at the spot a few minutes before the soldiers, and, suspecting that the conspirators had received intimation of the discovery of their plot, and were in consequence preparing to escape, they did not wait for the soldiers, but went immediately to the house.

"A man, armed with a musket, was standing sentry, whom they secured. They then ascended a narrow staircase which led to the room in which the gang were assembled, and burst the door open. The first man who entered was shot in the head, but was only wounded; he who followed was stabbed by Thistlewood and killed. The conspirators then with their swords put out the lights, and attempted to escape.

By this time the soldiers had arrived. Nine men were taken prisoners; Thistlewood and the rest escaped. But next morning Thistlewood was arrested. It had been planned to attack the Bank of England, and to throw open the gates of Newgate. The heads of the ministers were to have been cut off, and put in a sack which was prepared for that purpose."

The following letter was written by Mrs. Arbuthnot, the wife of the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot,¹ the most confidential friend of the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Arbuthnot was more intimately connected with the principal persons and events of his time than any other man. He became, successively, the trusted adherent and intimate friend of Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington. Everybody in the politics of his time relied upon and trusted him, and, according to Greville, he passed his whole life in an atmosphere of political transactions and secrets.

Mrs. Arbuthnot, "a very prudent and silent woman," according to Greville, lived to the last hour of her life in the most intimate friendship with the Duke of Wellington, and is the person frequently alluded to in the Duke's letters as "Black Cap," "Tyrant," and other playful epithets bestowed upon her by Lady Shelley.]

"DOWNING STREET, *Thursday, February 24, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I cannot write to you to-day in a style of *badinage* about 'the tyrant and her slave,' for, in truth, I have had such a fright about him and all those I love best almost in the world, that I am now

¹ Charles Arbuthnot was born two years before the Duke of Wellington. In 1793 he was a précis writer at the Foreign Office. In 1795 he entered Parliament as member for East Looe. He was sent as ambassador to Constantinople in 1804, and re-entered Parliament in 1809 as member for Eye and Orford, and afterwards St. Germans in Cornwall. He died at Apsley House in 1850.

in a shake when I think of it. You will see in the newspapers that there has been a plot to murder the Ministers, and last night was the time fixed on for the perpetrating this frightful deed. Luckily Lord Sidmouth has more headpiece than the Radicals give him credit for, and the wretches were taken at their place of *rendezvous*. The Cabinet were to have dined at Lord Harrowby's, and the plan was for the conspirators, thirty in number, to have knocked at the door, forced their way in, and murdered everybody! You will see it all in the papers, and I am sure you will join me in thanking God such a plot has failed. One never feels the value of anything until the possibility of losing it has been forced upon one; and really, this morning, when I thought of the *possibility* of the Duke having been murdered, it made me quite sick. And my dear Lord Castlereagh, whom I love so much! he and the Duke were the principal objects of the conspirators. I don't believe you know Lord C. as well as I do; he is the best, the most excellent creature that ever lived, and does not deserve that any human being should lift a hand against him. Don't be shocked at my expressing myself so warmly, but really, out of my own immediate family, they are the two men I love best in the world. I feel pleasure too in writing to *you* upon this, for I know you feel towards the Duke as I do, so I am sure you will join with me in feeling shame and humiliation that a body of *Englishmen* should be found capable of imagining such a crime. I execrated the whole French nation the other day for the murder of the Duc de Berri, but what was *he* to France compared to what the Duke of Wellington is to us! The Duke assures me that having caught so many of the ringleaders will knock up the whole plot, and that they are now safe. I hope it is so, and that they will all have the *elevation* they so richly deserve. You desired me to send you news, and I am sure I comply with your request, and there is none other now worth thinking of. I was at Almack's last night, little dreaming what was going on! It was very bad—not more than forty people there, and looking black and *triste* to the greatest degree. I was obliged to *flirt* all the evening with Lord Ancrum. Do you know him? He is one of the pleasantest people, I think, in London, and if you

seduce my present slave, I think I shall throw my chains over him; however, I am not afraid of you, and shall be very glad when you have closed your account of tea and sugar with the Lewes people, and come to London. I heard this horrid story in a vague manner at the ball, and Lady Castlereagh and I *joked* about it, thinking it was a mere report. It really makes my blood freeze when I think what *might* have followed our *jokes*! I can think of nothing else.

“ Believe me ever,

“ My dear Lady Shelley,

“ Most sincerely yours,

“ H. A.”

“ MARESFIELD PARK, UCKFIELD, *February 25, 1820.*

“ MY DEAR DUKE,

“ Although it is not possible for words to describe what I feel, yet you must indulge me while I express my thankfulness for your escape, and my congratulations on the discovery of a plot which, while inimical to the welfare of this country, would have blighted the happiness of all those to whom your life is so precious—and that I am of that number you cannot doubt.

“ I cannot, even now, think of its accomplishment without a shudder. Mrs. Arbuthnot has most kindly repeated to me your assurance that, the ringleaders of the plot being taken, all danger has ceased. But, my dear Duke, I entreat you to confirm that statement; for, in my solitude, distance magnifies the danger, and augments my fears. Even while in my prayers I commend you to the protection of Providence, I can think of nothing but assassination. While trusting in that Providence which has hitherto so signally watched over you, I am haunted by the blue-devils, which nothing but a line from you can disperse.

“ Believe me ever

“ Your attached

“ FRANCES SHELLEY.”

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *February 26, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I think you ought to be excessively obliged to *La Tyranna* for her excessive good nature in writing to you. I presume upon it also, in venturing to write without leave!!

"You may rely upon it, there is no danger, and that we shall hang as many of those miscreants as we please.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *March 18, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I received your two notes, and I sent to Mr. Wagner that enclosed in the first. I am astonished that you don't send your second son to the Charter House, which I believe is the best school of them all.

"I am returning this day to Stratfield Saye, where I shall remain till called to Town again; and I will have the pheasants taken care of.

"Your Ladies Foley appear to be *sensible persons*. *La Tyranna* is in great style.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

"MARESFIELD PARK, *March 20, 1820.*

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"You must let me give you my reasons for sending Frederick to Eton, when I perfectly agree with you that the Charter House is the best school of all. He is to be a sailor, and is entered at the Naval Academy, where he must go—or else to sea—at twelve or thirteen. On mentioning this to Mr. Russell, the Head Master of the Charter House, he strongly advised me not to send him there, as he would only be losing time in the lower classes without reaping any benefit from the upper ones, which it is not possible to get into under three or four years.

"Frederick is a shy, amiable, industrious boy, not wanting in abilities, but a little cowed—if you know what I mean—by the superiority of his elder brother, which I think a year at Eton will remove; and the independence he will acquire there will be of use to him before he goes to sea. From what I know of his steadiness, I hope he will acquire independence without getting into extravagant ways, of which I so disapprove, at Eton.

"Have you read O'Meara's book, said to have been inspired by Bonaparte? It has made me very angry, as if it is not contradicted from authentic sources, parts of it may become matters of *history*. I mean all he says of the *surprise* of the Battle of Waterloo, when repeated by the ignorant or the malicious.

"Believe me ever

"Your attached

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *March 22, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I believe you are quite right about your boy. At all events you are right to follow the advice of Mr. Russell. I confess, however, that I have known so many instances of boys going through Eton without learning anything, that I should not like to send one there without a private tutor who should force him to learn something.

"I should like to read your observations on Bonaparte's book. Parts of it are admirable. All the first part, in which he describes the strength and condition of the army when he arrived in France, and the efforts which he made to restore it to its former organisation and discipline, is excellent—as well as some of his reasoning upon the different plans of action for himself and the Allies. But, as soon as he enters Belgium he begins to lie; and one page surpasses the other. The way to answer his book would be to compare the different parts of it with each other, and with the publications of other French officers who have written upon the same subject, particularly Ney, Grouchy, Gourgaud, and Fleury I think it is, and with some notorious facts known to and acknowledged by the whole world. Then delete all these contradicted

statements out of the book, and see what would remain.

"I didn't think it would answer for me to take the field against him as an author. At all events you know I dare not do so without the permission of my *Tyranne*, who will insist upon knowing why, before she gives it.

"As for the charge of being surprised, it is like everything else. But, supposing I *was* surprised: I won the battle; and what could you have had more, even if I had not been surprised?

"Ever yours most sincerely,
"W."¹

"LONDON, *August 11*, 1820.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I was in hopes that I should be able to go to Lewes this day till a late hour last night, which is the reason that I did not write to you by yesterday's post. It is absolutely impossible for me to leave town till late this evening, even if I should be able to do so at all this day. I hope, therefore, that you will excuse me; and I will endeavour to accompany you to Lewes upon some other occasion. I have certainly shown my zeal in the cause, by having crossed the country above seventy miles, knowing that I should be obliged to go to town next morning.

"I enclose a note for my groom directing him to return the way he came; and I shall be much obliged to you if you will *order* Shelley to desire my game-keeper to return the way he came, to Stratfield Saye.

"There is nothing new, except an admirable answer, in the 'Morning Chronicle,' to Lord John Russell. I think it written by Tierney. It has all the *honesty* of his style.

"Ever yours, my dear Lady Shelley,
"Most sincerely,
"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *October 4*, 1820.

"Many thanks, my dear Lady Shelley, for your remembrance of me, and your invitation to go to

¹ The envelope, in which this letter was enclosed, is addressed, in the Duke's hand, to: "The Lady Shelley, Maresfield Park, Sussex" (By London), and bears the superscription "Hartford Bridge—March twenty-second, 1820."

Maresfield; of which I should have availed myself, only that I was at Woodford and Apethorpe in the last week. The *Tyranna* was there; and I was bullied as usual; and did not shoot over well. Indeed, I have had a bad cold, and have been poorly for some time past; and I think that a trip to Maresfield would do me more good than anything else.

"The mob are too contemptible to be thought about for a moment! About thirty of them ran away from me in the Park this morning, because I pulled up my horse when they were *hooting*!

"They thought I was going to fall upon them, and give them what they deserved! I really believe they will cheer Bergami¹ if he should come over!!!

"Ever yours most sincerely,
"WELLINGTON."

From MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *Saturday, October 20, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"The slave (poor creature!) has asked my leave to invite you to dinner next Saturday, and, in order to bribe me into compliance, has invited me to meet you and keep watch, in order to prevent any attacks being made upon my legitimate authority. I have been very magnanimous about it, and I beg you will return me your best thanks. I have given permission, and no doubt you will receive intimation thereof to-day from His Grace. This is the more amiable in me, as I think possibly I may not be of the party, and consequently you will have the ground clear, and all will go your own way. If this wearisome trial is over (of which some faint hopes are given)² I shall be gone into the country; under any other circumstances I would tell you I am very sorry to miss seeing you, but I have been in London so much this autumn and am so intellectually bored with it that the presence of an angel would not make me wish to remain one day longer than I can help. It is impossible to tell you how dull and detestable London is. I cannot tell you

¹ Bartolommeo Bergami, Queen Caroline's courier.

² The trial of Queen Caroline and subsequent debates in the House of Lords continued until November 10.

what is likely to happen about the Bill, opinions vary every day, but as to the Queen's guilt that is no longer the question. I believe it has been considered settled ever since the evidence of Hownam,¹ and Flynn² of fainting memory, and cannot possibly be unsettled, unless Mr. Brougham proves those two worthies to have been bribed by the Milan Commission. The only society I get is riding every day in the Mall, and meeting all the Lords and Dandies who attend, by which means I get *lots* of gossip. Georgiana Fane is in town, and rides with me. I have no news to tell you, so adieu. I envy you, being in the country, and am ever

"Yours most kindly,
"H. A.

"I wish you joy of winning the Garden Stakes (was it not ?) at Newmarket."

"LONDON, *October 21*, 1820.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I took advantage of a moment of sweet temper, and asked permission yesterday of *La Tyranna* to give you *à diner* on Saturday the 28th, to which she consented; and I will make arrangements accordingly. God bless you. I have not time now to answer the other parts of your letter; but I will do so as soon as I can.

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"W."

"LONDON, *November 10*, 1820.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received your letter of the 9th. You'll see how we have finished our Bill.³ The truth is that

¹ Lieutenant Hownam, who gave strong evidence against the Queen.

² Captain Flynn of the Polacre, who gave evidence against the Queen, fainted, and had to be carried out. Their evidence, which was at first (October 10) considered conclusive, broke down under Brougham's cross-examination. The facts were not disputed, but the inference was.

³ A Bill introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Liverpool "to deprive H.M. Queen Caroline of the title, prerogative rights, privileges, and exemptions of Queen Consort of the realm." The "second reading" was carried by 123

we could not have moved it another stage; and I believe the conclusion of it will give general satisfaction.

"I don't know what day I shall go abroad. *The Tyranna* went off the night you dined with me; and has not come back again. God bless you.

"Believe me ever yours most sincerely,
"WELLINGTON."

The above letter is addressed to Lady Shelley, at Cheveley, Newmarket.

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *December 15, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am very much afraid that I shall not be able to go to you on Monday, as I intended, as the King has fixed on Tuesday to receive the Oxford Address; and on the same day I am to be "sworn in" in Council, as Lord Lieutenant of this county. I ought to attend His Majesty at the former as Gold Stick, and I can do no act as Lord Lieutenant till I have been sworn into office. It is impossible for me to stay with you longer than Wednesday. I must leave this for Cheshire on the 22nd, and yet I don't like to be disappointed of seeing you upon probably the only occasion I shall have before you return to town.

"Let me know by a line, addressed to London, which I may receive Monday morning, whether I may go down to you Tuesday after the Council—stay with you Wednesday—and come away Thursday morning.

"I send you your parcel, which I received this morning from Paris.

"God bless you, ever yours most affectionately,
"W."

"LONDON, *December 18, 1820.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received your note, and I will go down to-morrow directly after the reception of the Address. But I see that three o'clock is the hour fixed, and we

votes to 95. On November 10 the majority was reduced to 9. This induced Lord Liverpool to move that the Bill be read that day six months, which put an end to the Bill.

shall possibly have the Council afterwards, and our Royal Master is not very regular in his hours. I think therefore that you had best go to dinner at your usual hour ; and I will dine either before I set out, or on the road.

" I shall be with you *pour la soirée*. We can then talk over your *protégé*, to whom I have directed your letter.

" Ever yours most affectionately,

" W."

CHAPTER XI

THERE is an undefinable period in human existence—a period when men and women, often in the very prime of life, experience an unaccountable sensation of despair. They imagine that they have absorbed all the pleasures of adolescence, and that they have entered upon that mysterious epoch which Shakespeare described as “the sere, the yellow leaf.” Byron, at thirty-three, sighed to think that he was a veteran; and Shelley, at twenty-nine, declared that he felt older than his father.

The precise period when these strange effects are felt depends much upon temperament. It is probably that moment when, often unconsciously, our illusions elude us, and we for the first time realise the hard facts of life. Lady Shelley reached that phase when, in her thirty-fourth year, she entered in her diary these melancholy words :

“ Since my return from the Continent, in 1818, my life has passed in so uniform a manner—varied only by the common routine of society—that I begin to feel youth, with all its agitating hopes and fears, its quick feelings of pain or pleasure, to be gone for ever. I am sinking, slowly but surely, into the evening of life, when pleasure is merely the absence of pain.

“ I feel that nothing can revive the ardent spirit from which my greatest enjoyments have been derived; and that henceforth, instead of being an actor, I must become a spectator in the drama of life. Leaving the

stage to be trodden by younger performers, I must now begin my descent at a steady pace into that shadow where 'the poor player is heard no more.'

"WHERSTEAD, *January 7, 1821.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Don't forget that you come here on Thursday, 11th. I have a very good party to meet you.

"I have been *Tayloring* a little better here lately. I shot 47 yesterday at Mr. Berner's. But I was very bad at Lord Westmorland's and at Belvoir! Remember me to Sir John, and

"Believe me yours most affectionately,
"W."

From the DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *January 11, 1821.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am quite sorry we are deprived of your company, but hope on another occasion to be more fortunate. The last year has been one of agitation; all our pleasure for the different seasons has been destroyed, our friends have tired and annoyed us; we must try to make them what amends we can by cheerful society at home, and I wish on the present occasion that you could have joined us. I am sorry to tell you that our bonny black hen died one day, but not till she had laid a multitude of eggs, and left us a family of black pullets. The black cock is in health and spirits.

"The boys return to Eton in a few days. I am sure, had you seen them, you would have concluded that the only school in the world is Eton. Pray remember me to Sir John, and believe me ever

"Truly yours,
"C. WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *September 21, 1821.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I write to tell you that there is some prospect that the King will go out of town on Saturday, and in

that case we might be able to go to you on Saturday evening, and stay till Tuesday or Wednesday. I will let you know positively to-morrow.

"Shall I bring down Frederick Ponsonby,¹ who was going with me to S. Saye?

"Ever yours affectionately,

"W."

"LONDON, *September 21, 1821.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I was fully in hopes all day that I should have the pleasure of going to you to-morrow. But unfortunately I have received a message from the King which will oblige me to go with him, at least as far as Bruxelles. This will put an end to all chance of my seeing you at present; but I hope to be back soon, when I will certainly go to you, though without the *Tyrant*.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"W."

"LONDON, *October 5, 1821.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I returned from the Continent last night, and am just going to S. Saye.

"If you and Shelley are at home I would propose to go to you on Monday, and stay with you Tuesday and Wednesday. I must be in town on Thursday, to attend the meeting of the Lords Justices. Write me a line by the stage to-morrow, which I shall receive at S. Saye by the post, or the same conveyance on Sunday. If I should not hear from you I shall conclude that you are not at home.

"I would bring Lord Fitzroy Somerset with me, if you will allow it.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"W."

"P.S.—I cannot go after Thursday, as I expect Burghersh, etc., but perhaps you and Shelley would come to me then, till the second October meeting."

¹ Colonel (afterwards Sir) Frederick Ponsonby was the second son of Frederick, Earl of Bessborough. He was born 1783; a distinguished cavalry officer, and was wounded at Waterloo. See vol. i. pp. 182-5.

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *October 14, 1821.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am very much obliged to you for two letters, and I am delighted to find that it was not you who ordered that the letter should be put into the two-penny post. I should certainly have received it in time if it had come to my house in the shape of a parcel. But there is enough upon that subject, the recollection of which excites nothing but regret. I am engaged to my niece, Mrs. Littleton, to meet Lady Granville early in November, and I am not certain on what day. I hope it will not be till towards the 10th or 12th; but I have written to know, and I shall be delighted to receive you on the 4th, if it should be in my power.

"I am going to Woodford¹ on Thursday next, where I hope to find the *Tiranna* in good humour. There is no chance of her coming this way till winter. I think she will have had enough of me in a week, though she sometimes likes to bully me a little longer!

"I think your farmers ought to be satisfied this year. I assure you that there is nobody more anxious than I am to prevent the ports being opened,² as I am certain that that would bring a free, irretrievable ruin! God bless you, dear Lady Shelley.

"Believe me ever yours most affectionately,
"W."

"APETHORPE, *December 30, 1821.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"The Duke of York is here, and I have talked to him about the day at Maresfield, and have told him that you had asked me to meet him there. It is very uncertain when he will go to Brighton, and even whether he will go there at all. I have told him that I shall be ready to attend him at Maresfield any day after the 16th. He is going to-day to Burghley, and I shall meet him at Belvoir on Thursday.

"*La Tiranna* is here, in tolerably good humour, but

¹ Mr. Arbuthnot's.

² There was an agitation among a certain class for Free Trade.

a little capricious! She and I have been beating the Duke¹ at whist! She will be in town, I believe, about the middle of the month; and if you chuse to have her of the party to Maresfield I hope you will not mind turning me out of my room.

"I hope your eyes are quite well?"

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *January 15, 1822.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I received yesterday your note, announcing the Duke of York's intention to be at Maresfield on Monday the 28th. I would not answer it, as I was obliged to come down here in the afternoon, almost immediately after my return from Clerkenwell Sessions House.

"I saw the Tiranna, however, at a propitious moment, and she promised she would write to you, and fix to go down to you on the 27th, at night, which is as well, as I can be back from my visitings in Hertfordshire with the Duke.² We shall thus be a day before the Duke, and shall have time for a scamper about the country. I'll send a horse over for the Tiranna, which she will ride, if the wind should be in the fair quarter on that day!!

"God bless you!

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

"GORHAMBURY, *January 20, 1822.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received your letter in which you tell me that the Duke of York has deferred his visit to you till the 31st. I am not sorry for it, as the usual fate was impending over our intended party for the 27th. The Cabinet is to assemble on the 25th, and we talk of business till the meeting of Parliament; at all events I think it very possible that, for the first three or four days, I could not have got out of town. If you will allow me now to have an option of my days, from the 27th till February 2, I hope to be able

¹ The Duke of York.

² *Ibid.*

to fix upon one which will suit the Arbuthnots as well as me; and I shall not care much about the Duke of York and the shooting, of both of which I shall have plenty this week at Gorhambury and Ashridge.¹ If I can be with you, however, February 1, I will, whether the Tiranna can, or not.

"So you have betrayed me about the *Caprice* at Apethorpe! and she swears she will be revenged! How, I don't know; as it is very difficult for a woman to treat a man worse.

"I am very sorry that I shall not see the play. I should have kept Cecilia² quiet again.

"God bless you!

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON.

"P.S.—I am writing in my carriage."

[After the death of Castlereagh, on August 13, 1822, Canning sent the Duke of Wellington on an embassy to Verona. A French invasion of Spain was then imminent, and the British Government wished it to be understood that its attitude was one of strict neutrality. The Duke's instructions were those which Castlereagh had himself drafted for his own guidance, as British plenipotentiary at the Congress: "Solicitude for the safety of the royal family, observance of our obligations with Portugal, and a rigid abstinence from any interference in the internal affairs of that country."

The following letter was written on his way home. The Duke of Wellington always possessed an extraordinary capacity for business. Not only did he impress the French king and his ministers with the necessity of peace, not only did he exert all his diplomatic talents to induce the Government of Spain to display moderation in its language and conduct, but he also apparently found time to fix his most earnest mind on Lady Shelley's *blouse*!]

¹ Lord Brownlow's.

² Lady Shelley's youngest daughter.

"PARIS, *December 9, 1822.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I received your letter, and you may rely upon my taking the greatest care of your *blouse*, and upon my enjoying all the Tyrant's jokes about it at Maresfield, or elsewhere, whenever she may be so kind as to cut them.

"I did not write to you from Vienna, when I sent you the letter from Monsieur de Caraman. First, I had not obtained leave to do so; and I believe you will agree with me that that is *raison suffisante*, and that I have no occasion to give another. But, secondly, I knew that my letter, if read at all, would have been read only second, and I don't chuse to play second fiddle, even to Monsieur de Caraman!! I wish I had been at Apethorpe with you. I heard of your wars, both from the Tyrant and her ally.

"God bless you; I must finish. I am writing to you in the carriage, going full gallop over the pavement; and I fear that you will be obliged to treat this letter even worse than you would that which you complain that I did *not* write to you, when I sent that from Monsieur de Caraman. I left him quite well; but I think *un peu volage*.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *December 23, 1822.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Your blouse goes to you by the stage to-morrow. But mind! You are to wear it the first time that you dine with me, with the Tiranna!

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *January 5, 1823.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Since I wrote to you yesterday from Apethorpe I have settled with the Duke of York and Prince Leopold that they are to come to Stratfield

Saye on the 15th, to shoot on the 16th and 17th, and I hope that you and Sir John will come, and meet them.

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *January 16, 1823.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"The Tyranna gives me reason to hope that she will come to Stratfield Saye on the 24th, to shoot the 25th and 27th and come to town that evening. I cannot venture to shoot there without my preceptor.¹ Will you come and meet her, Madame de Lieven, Lord and Lady Liverpool, etc.? We all go to Maresfield on the 30th.

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"P.S.—Mind you bring the blouse!"

"LONDON, *February 6, 1823.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"I hope you got the Sherry safe, and that Shelley is better? I will send him a stock to-morrow. I hope you like our speech?²

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"I have requested my Tyrant to be the slave only for one week. But she won't agree! Is not that very unreasonable? Considering that I have been the slave so long!!"

[Apropos of the King's Speech, referred to in the above letter, Creevey, who heard it, wrote to Miss Ord:

"Just heard the King's Speech, and upon my word the part about Spain is much better than I expected. I don't see what Brougham is to do with his amendment after it."

¹ Sir John Shelley, under whose guidance the Duke had sought to attain to greater skill in shooting.

² The King's Speech, delivered February 4.

The first sentence relating to Spain ran as follows :

"Faithful to the principles which his Majesty has promulgated to the world as constituting the rule of his conduct, his Majesty has declined being a party to any proceedings at Verona which could be deemed an interference in the internal concerns of Spain on the part of foreign Powers."]

September 7.—Shelley has received the following letter from Sir James Stuart Dalrymple Elphinstone relative to the origin of Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." It is so interesting an account of family history that I have sent the original letter to Sir Walter, and am keeping a copy.

"September 5, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN,

"... The bride of Baldoon (for such has always been her designation in our family) was the Hon. Janet Dalrymple, eldest daughter of our great-great-grandfather James, Viscount Stair, who was Lord President of the Court of Session in the reign of William and Mary. Janet Dalrymple was sister to the first Earl of Stair, and to our great-grandfather, the Lord President Sir Hugh Dalrymple of North Berwick. She was therefore our great-grand-aunt.

"Janet Dalrymple was deeply attached to Lord Rutherford, to whom she had plighted her troth unknown to her parents. Under the auspices of her mother, a less amiable but far richer suitor appeared in the person of David Dunbar, eldest son of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon. It was in vain that the young lady not only showed her aversion to his addresses, but also told David Dunbar of her attachment to another, and of the solemn engagement she had made. The new suitor was warmly supported by Janet's mother, and would take no refusal. In these circumstances the poor girl was forced into a marriage which she cordially detested.

"The result of this cruel and unnatural sacrifice was nearly, if not exactly, as related by Sir Walter Scott. On the marriage night, soon after the young

couple had been left alone, violent and continuous screams were heard proceeding from the bridal chamber. The door was found to be locked, and, upon being forced open, the bridegroom was found lying on the floor, stabbed and weltering in his blood. In the corner of the large fireplace sat the bride in a state of uncontrollable phrensy. This condition of mind continued, without intermission, until the hour of her death. She did not long survive, and with the exception of the few words, 'Ye hae taen up your bonnie bridegroom,' mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, she never spoke again.

"The natural conclusion drawn from these tragic events—a conclusion which seems to have been assumed by Sir Walter—was that the unhappy and distracted victim, seeing no other means of escape from a fate which she held in abhorrence, had in a fit of desperation inflicted the fatal wound upon her selfish and unfeeling husband. But in justice to the memory of our unhappy relative we may be permitted to regret that Sir Walter Scott had not been informed of a tradition long current in that part of the country where this tragic event took place. From the circumstance that the window of the bridal chamber had been found wide open it is conjectured that her lover, Lord Rutherford, had during the bustle and confusion incidental to the preparation of the marriage feast—perhaps with the connivance of some servant—contrived to conceal himself in the bridal chamber. That he had fought with and severely wounded his rival, and had escaped through the window which overlooked the garden.

"This is the more probable owing to the fact that young Baldoon—to the last moment of his life—absolutely refused to make any statement whatever. It is more than probable that he was actuated by a desire to conceal the particulars of a *rencontre* the cause and consequence of which he might well consider as discreditable to himself.

"Lord Rutherford is said to have disappeared immediately after the event took place in a mysterious manner; but that part of the story has escaped my recollection.

"While on this subject I cannot help offering some observations relative to the principal characters intro-

duced in 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' They are all more or less interesting to us both.

"The portrait of Sir William Ashton cannot be regarded as a fair representation of our eminent ancestor, Lord Stair, to whom he bears little resemblance. Sir Walter would seem wishful to avoid any comparison between them when he says that, on acquiring the ancient seat of the Lords of Ravenswood, Sir William had removed certain old family portraits and replaced them by those of King William and Queen Mary, and of Sir Thomas Hope and Lord Stair. . . . Having in the character of Lucy Ashton so closely delineated that of *the daughter*, the author should, in fairness, have been at more pains to prevent the description of the Lord Keeper from being regarded as an equally fair representation of *the father*. This is an omission of which the descendants of Lord Stair have, I think, some reason to complain.

"In Lady Ashton the portrait of our ancestress seems to be more faithfully drawn, or at least less misrepresented. She was an ambitious and designing woman, of a masculine character and understanding. It was her fixed determination that her daughter should make that fatal marriage.

"The description of young Ravenswood bears a marked resemblance to that of Lord Rutherford, who was an amiable and high-spirited young man, nobly born, but destitute of fortune. He was certainly well cut out for a hero of romance.

"As to young Baldoon, of whom very little is known, beyond what I have already stated, he seems to have cut a better figure than he deserved in the person of 'Bucklaw.' . . .

"So far as Sir Walter Scott's information went—beyond changing the scene of action from the west coast to the east—he seems to have kept to facts as closely as was consistent with a work of fiction. But, if a record of a distressing family incident was to be handed down to posterity in a manner so affecting, and by so renowned an author, it would have been well if the author of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' had been made acquainted with a tradition which puts quite a different complexion on the affair.

"I am of opinion that with judicious management the interest of the story would have been increased,

and would certainly have left a less painful impression regarding our unhappy and unfortunate relative, the Bride of Baldoon.

"With best regards from all here to you and Lady Shelley, I remain, my dear Sir John,

"Ever most truly yours,

"JAMES DALRYMPLE ELPHINSTONE."

"WOODFORD, *September 24, 1823.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received your letter, and it was a fortunate thought of yours to write to the *amirabile Tyranna* on the same day, as she immediately consented (if I chuse to be bored by sitting for the picture) to allow me to do so. I will sit, therefore, when I shall be at Maresfield; but I cannot at this moment fix the time, as I don't know when I am to go to Cheveley; and I have impending over me a visit to Windsor Castle. The Tyranna says that provided the picture is not painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is not so good as hers, she does not care about it; but she will not allow you to have a better picture of me than herself. It is very amiable of her to allow you to have one at all; at least she thinks so, and desires me to say so.

"Ever, my dearest lady, yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON.

"She regrets much that Sir John has the gout, and desires me to tell you so, in which I join most heartily."

"LONDON, *December 4, 1823.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"I am aware that I owe you a letter, and I am ashamed of myself for having so long delayed to write to you.

"I am engaged from this time till the middle of January, and I think I know the Duke of York is so likewise. I must put off my visit and sitting for my picture till then; but you may rely upon it that you shall have my visit between the middle and end of

January; and if there shouldn't be time for the picture during the visit, I will sit for it in town.

"I will tell the Tyranna what you say, if she should be *en train* and listen to me.

"I am glad to hear that there is no longer any agricultural distress. But you, surely, do not expect the repeal of any more taxes!

"God bless you. Remember me kindly to Sir John, and believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *June 4, 1824.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"I write you one line to congratulate you upon the success of Cedric;¹ I understand that Shelley won eight thousand pounds.

"I saw Mrs. Montgomery the other night for the first time!!! I exclaimed: 'God bless my soul!' again; but not for the same reasons as before.

"I am better in health than I have been for some time, and sleep better! I am in other respects more a slave than ever, and the Tyranna more tyrannical!

"God bless you. Pray come back soon. Don't repeat *too often* the adventure of the château in Normandy! and believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *August 20, 1824.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"I am very much obliged to you for your inquiries, to which as the Tiranna is here I have been graciously permitted to reply. I am a good deal better. Indeed all that is the matter with me is that I don't sleep at night.

"I hope that Cecilia² will outgrow all her attacks.

"I congratulate you upon the expected marriage. I was certain it would take place. Indeed so was you, although you would not allow the fact.

¹ Cedric won the Derby in that year.

² Lady Shelley's youngest daughter.

"I will go to you whenever you please, that is if I am allowed. I must finish, as I am not allowed to write a long letter; and you know that I must not make a bad use of the favourable disposition of the moment.

"God bless you, ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *November 12, 1824.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"I am afraid it will be impossible for me to go to Maresfield. I must be in town on the 20th, to attend the Recorder's Report; and cannot go to Woodford till afterwards; and at all events whatever may be said I shouldn't be allowed to stir till it should suit the *Tiranna's* pleasure!! She is just as capricious as ever; but I don't think would care much about the widow or anybody else if it should suit her pleasure that I should go. You will say that this is all as it should be; and I dare say it is. This is *entre nous*!

"Have you read Captain Medwin?¹ Calantha² is in a nice way. They tell me that that which displeases her most is that Medwin should have said that Lord Byron was not in love with her! She says that she can prove he was so, and will publish his letters!! Hobhouse has informed her that if she publishes a line, he will publish *all her's which he has got!!* What a delightful society these people of genius make!! God bless you, my dearest lady.

"Believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

[In order to understand the Duke's allusion to Calantha, it may be explained that after Byron's death, and after the publication of Medwin's book, Lady Caroline Lamb (the Calantha of her novel "Glenarvon") wrote an open letter to Medwin, in which, regardless of consequences, she justified her

¹ "Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron at Pisa," by Thomas Medwin. Published by Henry Colburn in 1824.

² Lady Caroline Lamb.

"entusymusy" for Byron—it is only fair to suppose that it was nothing worse—on the ground, to employ her own words, that Byron had loved her "as never woman was loved." It cannot be denied that Byron, rendered reckless by a hopeless passion for one who possessed the "sacred" name of Mary, was, for a time, fascinated by Lady Caroline Lamb. But he was soon bored by her extravagant behaviour—which became the talk of the town—and finally broke off their flirtation in the cruel manner described in "Glenarvon." Lady Caroline was, however, mistaken in supposing that "the instigator" was Lady Oxford. Lady Caroline's strange behaviour had outworn the glamour which her position and her devotion had inspired, and Byron seized the first excuse that he could find to break off all intimacy with her. The whole affair gave rise to more scandal than it deserved.]

"LONDON, *November 20, 1824.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"The Duke of York will shoot the woods at Stratfield Saye on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th of December. It is impossible that we should get on without *my Master*,¹ and I hope that you and he will come on the 7th, and stay as long as you please.

"I must tell you, however, how much *my Master's* scholar is improved.² He was out for three hours the other day about the hedges at Stratfield Saye, and shot fourteen rabbits, twelve hares, two pheasants, and a partridge, and lost two rabbits besides, and during the day missed only one pheasant, one hare, and one rabbit!

"I don't think *my Master* could do much better himself.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

January 28, 1825.—The following verses on "The

¹ Sir John Shelley.

² The Duke obviously refers to himself.

Death of Byron" were written in my album by Sir Humphry Davy after dinner this evening :

"ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON

"The bard is dead ! who like some puissant spirit—
A beautiful but fallen child of Life—
Seem'd destined to be born th' immortal heir
Of glory, and by nature to inherit
A state, far wilder than the genial strife
Of mingling elements have giv'n a sphere,
Fated in daily round its course to run,
A chainèd slave about the master sun.

"Of some great comet he might well have been
The habitant, and through the boundless space
Of kindling ether move—now visiting
Our glorious sun, by wondering millions seen,
Sailing majestic in th' eternal race,
Vying with light in swiftmess—like some king
Of Void, or prince of Chaos—rising high
Above the stars in awful majesty.

"And such may be his fate ! could I but bring
His memory back, and some such pow'r were given,
As that which guides the artist's skilful hand ;
A Genius, with an eagle's spreading wing,
Should prostrate fall to earth, and gaze on heaven
With longing eyes. There should a Pharos stand—
Its column blasted, and its naphtha flowing
To light earth's sombre dust, and set the stars a-glowing.
"H. DAVY."

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *February 14, 1825.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"After the gaities of London you are again enjoying the comforts of a quiet home. They are many, and I know no person who understands how to appreciate and enjoy them more than you do.

"We are pursuing the finest of all amusements with

great glee and ardour, and I write after a fine run of one hour and nineteen minutes, with a brilliant death at the end of it!

"You have set us wishing that you may not be able to find a house in London, and that consequently you may find it possible to come here in the spring. I congratulate you on Cedric's good tone, and hope that he will be in the best trim for action when the important moment arrives. But it has always happened to me that my horses never ail until the week before the Craven meeting; then—if they don't die—they either fall lame or cough.

"The Duchess begs her kind remembrances to you and Shelley.

"Believe me always truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *March 1, 1825.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"I'll attend to your directions respecting the parcel you have sent me, and those expected from Dublin. I suppose I need not send the former till the latter will arrive? I doubt the Ambassador's allowing your music to come directed to me, by his bag. He certainly will not, if it should be larger than a letter of the usual size. It may come directed to me, however, if he will *allow it*.

"I wish that I could as easily to myself satisfy you about the picture.¹ But I cannot describe to you the inconvenience it is to me to sit. In fact, between Cabinets, Committees of the House of Lords, conferences with foreign Ministers and our own Ministers, etc., etc., the painters take up the only time I should have, if it was not for them, to transact business of any kind, or to read anything.

"I should not, nor do I, mind attending a good artist. But really, to sit as a 'Study' to a young one who will never paint a picture as long as he breathes; and to pass three hours with him, and to have even one's own reflections interrupted by his *impertinence*

¹ The portrait of himself, by John Hayter, still at Maresfield (see frontispiece).

during that time, is more than human patience, *even mine*, can bear.

"However, I have promised him one more sitting, and he shall have it. But mind, that will make the *tenth* for this picture—viz. six at Maresfield and four in London; and I know that, after all, it will not be worth a pin!

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *April 7, 1825.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"I am delighted to hear that you are coming to town, and that we shall be such near neighbours; though I dare say that you might see more of me in a more distant part of the town.

"I have completed my sittings with Mr. Hayter; but I don't believe he has completed the picture. He now wants my cloaths, which Sir Thomas Lawrence has got! The fact is, that I have neither time nor cloaths enough for all the calls upon them.

"Charles¹ and I are just as good friends as ever.

"Believe me ever, yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *April 13, 1825.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"You and the *Widow* are a nice pair! to keep me running up and down the passages enquiring for your box. However, I'll have my *revanche*, at least of the *Widow*; of that I am determined!

"I don't go out of town till to-morrow, and shall be delighted if you will dine with me.

"I'll send for a box at Matthew's, and we will dine at six. Send me word to the Ordnance. You might bring Fanny,² and the governess, provided it is the pretty one!

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON.

"Ask the *Widow* if she will go to Matthew's; or dine if she chuses *en veuve*."

¹ Probably the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot.

² Lady Shelley's elder daughter, who afterwards married the Hon. George Edgcumbe,

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"BASLOW, *August 14, 1825.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Vos lettres me sont toujours bien venues, vos nouvelles me sont toujours intéressantes. Receive my best thanks for that which caught me at Belvoir Castle, as I was stepping into my carriage to journey Derbyshire-wards.

"You are very kind to give me a preference respecting Mazeppa; sentiment would enhance his value to me as a possessor, but I never buy a horse unless I have felt his action myself. If I did I can assure you that I would rather have *your* guarantee of the action and perfections of a horse, than that of any person breathing, because I am certain there is no one who has a better knowledge of what a horse ought to be, than yourself. . . . The Duke of York is just arrived (3 p.m.), and seems to enjoy the idea of living in a bivouac, small as this is. I very much fear, however, that I shall find it very difficult to put him in a way of killing a grouse, for yesterday and to-day have been full of storm and wind, and I have no doubt the grouse will be as wild as hawks. . . .

"I assure you that I meet you more than half-way in your regrets at your not having been of the party at the Pavilion.¹ I should have had the gratification of handing you in to dinner, and of sitting by you; and notwithstanding your unfounded assertions of the attractions of the name and nature of a person whom you call a powerful rival, I *will* say that I should have been delighted at such a circumstance. Beware how you encourage me into a belief that you wish to be before all your rivals, in priority of attraction in my eyes, or I will not answer for what might happen. You must know mighty little, if you fancy that the person you allude to 'absorbed me so much at Brighton.' No one has yet come to us at this place. We dine to-day with the Duke of York and D'Ewe's Coke as our only guests. . . . Mr. Gorsey² and his family are in high health, but he will be *au désespoir* when he

¹ At Brighton.

² Mr. Gorsey, the Duke's huntsman, and his hounds,

hears that you are determined to abandon an amusement in which you so eminently excel. Can it really be so? If you come to us (as I hope you mean to do) in the winter, how will you employ yourself? Achilles was discovered in his petticoats, in the Court of Laomedon, by the spear being offered to him.¹ Now, though I *conclude* that you are a woman, yet I guess you will never settle to tambour work, nor to the contriving of flounces and furbelows, while the huntsman's horn is sounding, and the wild, cheering notes of the pack are ringing from the woods below the Long Gallery.

"Ever, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Very truly and affectionately yours,

"RUTLAND.

"I am just going to walk to Chatsworth."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY.

"LONDON, *August* 30, 1825.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received your letter of the 29th, and I am very much afraid that I shall not be able to wait upon you till the interval between the first and second October meetings.² I might possibly, before the first meeting, if Shelley were to be at home.

"My temptations on the Rhine were not 'inevitable,' as the lady in question went to Spa. But you need not be afraid. There is no breach of allegiance Alava³ was the cause of all the mischief and *commérage*,

¹ The allusion here may probably have been to the story of Thetis, who in order to prevent Achilles from going to the Trojan War, where she knew he was to perish, privately sent him to the Court of Lycomedes, where he was disguised in a female dress. Ulysses, in the dress of a merchant, went to the Court of Lycomedes and offered jewels and arms for sale. Achilles chose the arms, and thereby proved his sex. He went to the war, and was slain by Paris.

² Race meetings.

³ A Spanish general, to whom Wellington turned at a critical moment during the battle of Salamanca, saying: "Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu,"

as he made such a piece of work because the poor, forlorn Widow preferred my good temper to his furies, and my carriage, boxes at the play, powers of walking about, etc., etc., to being bored at home.

"At all events, I went to Bruxelles on Thursday, and left it on Sunday morning. So that I did not do much mischief!!

"As for John,¹ you must impress upon his mind, first, that he is coming into the world at an age at which he who knows nothing will be nothing. If he does not chuse to study, therefore, he must make up his mind to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water to those who do. Secondly, he must understand that there is nothing learnt but by study and application. I study and apply, more, probably, than any man in England.

"Thirdly, if he means to rise in the military profession—I don't mean as high as I am, as that is very rare—he must be master of languages, of the mathematics, of military tactics of course, and of all the duties of an officer in all situations.

"He will not be able to converse or write like a gentleman—much less to perform with credit to himself the duties on which he will be employed—unless he understands the classics; and by neglecting them, moreover, he will lose much gratification which the perusal of them will always afford him; and a great deal indeed of professional information and instruction.

"He must be master of history and geography, and the laws of his country and of nations; these must be familiar to his mind if he means to perform the higher duties of his profession.

"Impress all this upon his mind; and moreover tell him that there is nothing like never having an idle moment. If he has only one quarter of an hour to employ, it is better to employ it in some fixed pursuit of improvement of his mind, than to pass it in idleness or listlessness.

"Ever, my dearest lady,

"Yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

¹ John Shelley, Lady Shelley's eldest son, who subsequently joined the Royal Horseguards (Blue).

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY.

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *September 10, 1825.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Your handwriting occasions to me always a pleasing sensation, when I see it among the contents of my post-bag; and I saw, with real pleasure, the arrival of your letter of the 1st. We had just returned from Derbyshire, where we found our *séjour* so agreeable that we prolonged it almost to three weeks. . . . Since we came home we have been much annoyed at the intelligence of poor Lord Carlisle's death.¹ Such an event, although the previous accounts for some days had made it almost certain, was of course calculated to affect the Duchess. She is however, I am glad to say, as well as I could expect her to be. Our plans are somewhat deranged, of course; and I am unable to attend Leicester races this week, which I should have wished to have accomplished, more particularly as there is so much chance of a dissolution. You may tell Shelley that he is almost sure to win his bet of Lord Hardwicke, before three weeks are over. I own I am angry with the Government for bringing upon the country the expense and turmoil of a general election, when there appears to be no absolute cause for such a measure.² I guess that Lord Liverpool feels convinced that he never could carry his projected measure of an alteration in the corn laws during the last session of a Parliament, with the feelings of the country strongly against him; and he therefore takes the chance of being enabled to carry it with a Parliament just formed. You and I agree entirely on that point, and I trust the landed interest will not only shew their teeth, but *bite*, if he purposes anything which is likely to disturb the prosperous breeze under which the agricultural interests are at present gliding down a smooth stream.

"I wish, with all my heart, that I was at Maresfield; *premièrement* for the enjoyment of your valued society,

¹ Frederick Howard, 5th Earl of Carlisle, was born in 1748. He had been Viceroy of Ireland. He published a book of poems in 1801 which Byron ridiculed in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." He lost his youngest son, "young, gallant Howard," at Waterloo.

² Parliament was not actually dissolved till the following June.

et secondement for the improvement of my own sport, which here is horrid. . . .

"Your account of the Duke of Wellington's amended health is confirmed to me by Arthur Upton from Paris, who tells me that he (the Duke) killed 200 head of game with his own gun, in a *battue* with the King of France. This fact proves very pleasantly that all must have been quite right with his head, on that day at least. Souvenez-vous, chère dame, que vos nouvelles m'intéressent toujours, et croyez-moi

"fidèlement et affectueusement

"à vous,

"RUTLAND."

"WOODFORD, *September 18, 1825.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"As soon as I shall be permitted, I will write to Shelley, to Doncaster, whether Parliament is to be dissolved or not. But he must not say that I will do so; or that I have done so, when I shall carry this intention into execution.

"In respect to my letter upon education, I don't recollect what I wrote; and I cannot consent to have a copy taken, without first seeing it. You had better send it to me, therefore. Besides, the Tyrant says she has no notion of my writing a letter deserving of being copied without her seeing it; and she wishes to ascertain whether I have myself learnt all that I recommend to others to learn. There is no use in disputing about anything, so that you had better send the letter at once.

"I will go to Maresfield as soon as I shall have it in my power, after hearing how the Parliament stands.

"Believe me, my dearest lady,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

Postscript written by Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"I have no notion of his finishing a letter in such a style; I will never allow that again."

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY.

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *November 26, 1825.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"So, at length you have deigned to notice me, and to remember that you had such a friend in existence! I know not how many *months* it is since I wrote

my last letter to you; and I was trying to recollect whether it contained aught which could have affronted you, when your letter arrived to dispel all sombre suppositions from my mind, and to revivify me again with the cheering ray of your kind friendship, on which, believe me, I place a value of high (I may say *highest*) degree. At one time I thought you was treating me as you did at Burlington House, completely as a *faute de mieux* fellow; and that you was engaged in a more agreeable correspondence, perhaps with the very Duke who, on the occasion alluded to, drove me to the wall. Several times have I nearly been writing to you; but I have restrained myself, from the practice which I have of writing to you, Mrs. Fox, and a few other such high-flown dames of fashion, only when I have received a letter from you. I do this from the idea that, *till* you write, you do not wish to hear from me. . . . You will hear from Shelley of all that passed during October. We were very merry at Cheveley. But to myself it was a most disastrous month, as far as gambling was concerned. I lost nothing terrifick on the turf; but the whist table really persecuted me! I shall be like Shelley, and give it up; at least all future high play. I mean to reduce my stake one-half, and my resolution is so fixed that I feel confident that it will not give way. . . . It is a sin that you should have Mazeppa in your possession, and not bring him here to show his perfections to an admiring field! But Mazeppa goes out to a disadvantage under you, since he gets robbed of a considerable part of the admiration he would, under other circumstances (*c'est à dire*, under another person's pressure) attract. It is a case in which 'the horse and his rider' must share by tallies, in admiration and applause. I have an admirable set of horses if I had nerves and head to ride them. Yet I entertain no doubt that Mazeppa would show a brilliant gem among them. Charles Thornton was asking after him last night. He has a *monstrous* opinion of him.

"We are living entirely alone here; the Duchess has not been very well lately, and she wishes an interval of quiet, in order to recruit before the bustling time, a large society of Christmas, summon her to a re-exertion of strength. There is almost as much labour in directing the household concerns of a large party in a country house, as in guiding a hunter across a stony country

in a mist. We have not yet allowed my two brothers (who are at Melton) to come to us. On December 11 I go to Beaudesert for a couple of days woodcock shooting, and when there I shall probably press forward for two nights to Willey. So you heard of the *Anklet*! We all agreed it was a beautiful, as well as a novel custom, and credit was given to the Columbus of it. It will very likely be the fashion next year in London, but there must be a curtailment of the flounces and furbelows, or it will be like the flower which springs to blush unseen. . . .

"You have my best wishes for your success in the important object relative to the diversion of the turnpike road.¹ I can easily understand how great an improvement it will make to the comfort, the privacy, and the actual appearance of Maresfield. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to visit you there; but I do not look so much to the pleasure of seeing the place, as of seeing its owner, and I beg that the success of your turnpike road diversion may not be the *sine qua non* of our visit to Maresfield! I trust that I shall also be able to congratulate you on the realisation of your golden dreams respecting the union of the Medway and the Ouse,² and the consequent improvement in value of your property. Besides being an important object to you it would be a most important one to the country, for the causes which you have detailed. Our lake here is just completed, and the water turned into it for a perpetuity a fortnight ago. It has all the effect which we wished, and expected, and does the Duchess's conception and planning the highest credit. We are busily engaged in fitting up the large drawing-room, which I really think will be the handsomest room in the kingdom, as well as unique in its design. Twenty gilders are at this instant busily occupied at Knipton Lodge in preparing the parquets from Madame de Maintenon's apartment in the Trianon, which are to form the fittings of the room, and they are superb. Our object was to have the room completed by New Year's Day; but it is impossible.

"Ever truly and affectionately yours,

"RUTLAND."

¹ Turning the coaching road further from the house at Maresfield.

² The Sussex Ouse flows within three miles of the house.

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *December 2, 1825.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I omitted to tell you in my last that your son John shall join whenever you please, whether he continues Supernumerary or not.

"Your dream of the Duchess of Rutland is quite correct. She died of the same disorder and with the same symptoms as Lady Worcester. I saw Halford¹ this morning. He says the Duke is terribly afflicted. He never went to bed while she was ill. Halford put him to bed on Tuesday, having prevailed upon him first to see his family.

"I saw the Duke of York likewise this morning. He is sadly afflicted also; and can, in fact, talk of nothing else!

"I am glad to see that we don't much differ in the result, on the subject on which I wrote to you, though perhaps our opinions in detail may not be the same. It would not be pleasant to meet her, and Alava, and myself together. But besides that, although a very pleasant and pretty person to have in Society, she is not exactly of our old association, that is, of yours, the Tyrant's, and mine; and we must not have an interloper of that description.

"Who is the Dean of Carlisle? I don't know him by that title.

"Ever, dearest Lady,

"Yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON.

"I have not yet fixed my time for Stratfield Saye; but I will ask the Duke of York before I shall leave him."

"APETHORPE, *December 29, 1825.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am very sorry indeed to learn that you have met with an accident; and I sincerely hope that you will keep yourself quiet, and take care of yourself till the 15th.

¹ Sir Henry Halford (1766—1844), President of the College of Physicians.

"I am afraid that you must not trust to a groom to lift you upon your horse.

"Believe me, dearest Lady,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

"APETHORPE, *January 4, 1826.*

"MY DEAREST LADY,

"The Tyrant went home this morning, and I had not an opportunity before she went of showing her your letter. But if I don't go to London tomorrow I shall go to Woodford, when I will communicate it to her, and beg her to write to you.

"It appears by your account of your fall that it was the horse who had sense enough to desire to avoid to carry his weight, and not the groom who was unable to lift it on his back, that caused your accident. But why did you not have your Slave to hold him? Even a weak-bodied slave would have been equal to that office!

"Lady Caroline Powlett is here, who sings the same tune, except as to 'the extraordinary cleverness and greatness of mind' of the Duchess of Rutland. I hope that when I die people will discover that I knew something; I have all my life passed for an Ignoramus!

"God bless you. Believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON.

"You shall have a letter from the Tyrant immediately. Although a *slave*, I promise that."

[In 1826 the Duke of Wellington went to St. Petersburg to discuss the question of Greece with the Czar; and in April of that year a secret agreement was signed between England and Russia, constituting Greece a separate State, paying tribute to the Sultan. In the following year France joined the Convention, and the Treaty of London was signed in July 1827. This treaty led, three months later, to the battle of Navarino.]

"ST. PETERSBURG, *March 20, 1826.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I was very sorry indeed to hear that you had been unwell; but I hope that you are upon the recovery, and that I shall find you in London and quite well upon my return. We must have *La Bra Pleasura*, that is to say pleasuring of all sorts, when I arrive in England. I did not suffer in the least from cold, or anything else, upon my journey; nor have I suffered here. They say the season is mild; it is certainly not colder out of doors than it is in England in a moderate winter; and much warmer, indeed too warm, in the houses.

"I wish you would persuade the Tyrant to be half as good-natured to *me* as she is to you. She informed me of your illness, and desired me to write to you! Only think!

"I received a letter from Shelley about a protégé of his at Lewes, who was to be appointed a clerk in the Ordnance Department. He was too young; but Shelley and his friends may rely upon it that he will be appointed as soon as there is a vacancy after he will be of the proper age.

"God bless you, dearest lady. Remember me kindly to Sir John, and believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

From MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"DRAYTON, *March 29, 1826.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have heard twice from the Duke from Petersburg. He was quite well, but does not, I think, find his *séjour* there very entertaining. He arrived on the 2nd, having accomplished his journey most successfully, and representing his carriage (the little *calèche* he had at Maresfield) as quite perfect, and very warm. I understand—but not from himself—that he was met on the frontier by a guard of forty Cossacks, and that the civil and military authorities of all the towns turned out to receive him as he passed through. He tells me he is charmed with the Emperor and all his family, by whom he is treated as one of themselves.

His last letter is dated the 7th. Of course, as yet he says nothing of a return. We came here on Thursday last, and now have Mr. Vansittart and Lady Turner, who are very nice people. Mrs. Germaine begs to be kindly remembered to you, and says *she* ought to have had your accident, as she never objects to lying on a sofa! I hope you are better than you were? Pray let me hear from you, and when I go back to London I will write you all the news. We stay here till next Thursday.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"H. ARBUTHNOT.

"Sir John must dun me for the £5 at the proper time. I am very sorry for Cedric."¹

"DRAYTON, *April 1, 1826.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"The Duke, if he was here, would call you *gobe-mouche* for listening to the nonsense about his going to the Coronation.² You had better send your letter to Apsley House, as if he was in England. Holderness will forward it, and I have to-day heard that in future his letters are to be sent to Berlin, to meet him there. I have heard up to March 16; he was quite well, but very much bored, for there is no society whatever, and the approach of poor Alexander's body to the capital has completely closed the houses of all the Russians.

"He complains very much of the irregularity of the post, and altogether, it seems to me, that he will be quite as glad to come back as we shall be to have him. I liked 'Brambletye House'³ very much, and thought to myself that the first time I went to Maresfield I should certainly go and see the place, if such there be. I have not read Lord John, I think *him* such a bore; I did not fancy the idea of his book.⁴ We return to town next Thursday, and if you mean to welcome the

¹ There had been some talk in sporting circles of Cedric's lameness.

² In Russia.

³ A novel presumably by Horace Smith, published in 1826. *The Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxv. p. 550, calls it a servile copy of Sir Walter Scott. The ruins of Brambletye House are in Ashdown Forest within a few miles of Maresfield.

⁴ Possibly "Memoirs of Affairs of Europe," by Lord John Russell, published in 1824.

Duke on his arrival you ought not to delay beyond the beginning of May.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"H. A."

"Friday, May 1, 1826.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"He is actually arrived,¹ *sain et sauf*! I could hardly believe it possible he was really come, though I held his hand and looked in his face, which I assure you is quite ruddy and fat. I never saw him look better, and he is in excellent spirits. He came yesterday to dinner, and to see me in the evening. I showed him your letter, and he said: 'Oh, Lord bless you, a drive to Maresfield will be nothing to me now.' I suppose he will be torn to pieces by all the ladies in their joy to have him back. He did not go out last night, but he said he would go to Mrs. Hope's to-night. She will be *très glorieuse* at being the first. He says he has not had a day's illness, and did not seem the least tired with his long journey. I think this good news of him will *cure your back*! I am very sorry indeed to hear you are still so suffering. Have you proper advice down in the country? London is full, but though it is very pleasant, I do not know that it is what is usually called very gay. We are nearly reduced to *charitable* balls. Mrs. Hope's to-night is the first private ball we have had since Easter, which seems marvellous, does it not? The Spanish ball was a very grand affair, and there is to be one at Covent Garden for Spitalfields, which I understand will be still more magnificent. The Duke of Devonshire is a sad loss to London, but I hope now *Apsley House* will make up for all.

"I hope the weather will be warmer by Monday, or your Maypole fête will be a very cold affair. It is as cold as Christmas here.

"I was at Esterhazy's last night, and heard Pasta, who sings better than ever. Believe me,

"Dear Lady Shelley,

"Yours most sincerely,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

¹ The Duke of Wellington.

"LONDON, *August 5, 1826.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"One line to tell you that I propose to go down to Brighton to see you one of these days, and thence, coastways, to see Lady Burghersh at Margate. I cannot exactly fix my day, as it must depend upon my being invited, or not, to dine with the K.¹ on his birthday. It will be some day about the 12th; but I suppose all days are alike to you, as I would lodge at the hotel; and I don't want any preparation, or to see anybody but yourself and Sir John, if at home.

"Write me a line by to-morrow's post to tell me if you should be still at Brighton, and how you are? I am going to-morrow to Stratfield Saye, but I shall receive your letter. God bless you, dearest lady. Believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON.

"I am *ordered* to go to see you, so you must not boast, or imagine that I mean to play truant."²

August 16, 1826.—The recollections of the last two days are far too interesting to be left unrecorded. So, while my memory is fresh, I will write down in my sadly neglected Diary my conversations with the Duke of Wellington, who is not only the greatest, but the most agreeable man whom I have ever met. He possesses a fund of anecdote, a very retentive memory, and a candour in expressing his thoughts which heightens the charm of his society. He tells one exactly what one wants to know, and never indulges in what is commonly called "small talk." As he had just returned from his Russian journey, I naturally questioned him on that subject; and began by asking him whether his visit to St. Petersburg had increased, or diminished, his favourable opinion of the Emperor Alexander. The Duke told me that he

¹ King George IV.

² Obviously, "truant to Mrs. Arbuthnot."

has a very high opinion of that exalted personage, but that his ideas were far too large for all practicable purposes. As Alexander wished to possess a large army, he raised 1,200,000 men. As there was nothing for these troops to do, their officers lost touch with them, and they hatched the conspiracy which has lately broken out. Alexander has added considerably to the splendour of his capital. He determined to have *trottoirs*, as in London; so, in one year, he caused flag-stones to be laid in the streets of St. Petersburg, from one end to the other. In order to keep the carriages off these flags, he caused blocks of cast-iron, about one foot in diameter, to be placed about one yard apart, the whole work having been carried out in one year. The Emperor's riding-school is capable of parading a thousand men. The charity schools accommodate 80,000 children, and 700 young ladies are taught in the Empress's *pension* for educational purposes. The Empress superintends, and frequently visits that institution. On the occasion when the Duke accompanied her Majesty he heard twenty-five pianos all playing at the same time. He also saw over a hundred curtseys made to the Empress! This doubtless accounts for the perfection of Madame de Lieven's manners, for she was educated there. Apropos of Madame le Lieven, I have received the following verse, which well describes her:

“Un air d'ennui et de mépris,
D'une reine de théâtre, la dignité factice ;
Des broderies, des bouderies,
Des garnitures—comme quatre—
Voilà l'Ambassadrice à la façon de Barbarie.”

The Duke was met on the Russian frontier by an escort of Cossacks, who, contrary to his wishes, accompanied the carriage the whole way, and completely knocked up their horses in the process. Only six reached the post, the remainder having been left straggling along the road. The highway is immensely

broad, and is flanked by newly-planted trees in the French manner. But the Emperor so much admired the curved roads in England that he has intersected vast deserts with serpentine highways, which increases the distance considerably. While the Duke was at St. Petersburg he used to walk about, wearing a great-coat, as in England. This caused much surprise to the Russian people, who never move out of doors in winter. This sedentary life induces the study of the arts and handicraft, in which the Russians are very successful. Not very long ago the Emperor resolved that in future he would have all his carriages made at Petersburg, instead of importing them as heretofore. He therefore enrolled a regiment of peasants, and placed them under English coach-makers, who taught them to make carriages so well, that in a very short time they were able to construct a state carriage for the Emperor, superior to the French one made last year at Paris for the Russian ambassador, who had gone over to attend the Coronation of Charles X.

The Duke says that the Russians are very apt scholars, and can be taught anything; but they will never exert themselves voluntarily, and must always be coerced. The peasants are merely imitative, and have no original genius. I attribute this to their state of dreary vassalage. The Duke says that in spite of that the peasants are very happy, indeed much happier than our English labourers, with their comparatively refined, but discontented, ill-informed minds.

The Emperor Alexander went to Taganrog on account of the late Empress' health. Although she suffered from cancer, she survived her husband,¹ and died eventually from an aneurism of the heart.

The present Emperor is very happy in his family relations, and is constantly employed in improving his mind, and studying the happiness of his people.

¹ The Emperor Alexander died December 1825.

As the Duke of Wellington is a Russian Field-Marshal he had advantages which no ordinary Ambassador would, under any circumstances, possess, as the Court etiquette is very strict. He went to see the Winter Palace of the Empress Catherine, where Potemkin gave her the celebrated Fête in 1791, which is thus described by one who was present at it :

“The Taurian Palace occupies a vast space. The entrance is through a large hall which leads to another of enormous size, in which there is a lofty gallery intended for an orchestra, and provided with a grand organ. Thence a double row of columns leads to the principal saloon, whose length exceeds one hundred paces, and its width is in proportion. From the roof are suspended large crystal globes, serving as lustres, whose light is reflected by large mirrors in every part of the room. Near this saloon, and divided from it by a simple colonnade, is the Winter Garden. The vault of this enormous building is supported by pillars resembling palm-trees. Flowery shrubs and exotic plants delight the eye. A transparent obelisk of glass and a large mirror in the door reflect in a thousand different shades these wonders of art and nature.

“It was in these splendid surroundings that Potemkin entertained his Sovereign. In addition to the Empress and the Imperial family, he invited the whole court, the foreign ambassadors, the nobility, and a great number of private individuals belonging to the first families of Russia.

“At six in the evening this distinguished company, in masquerade attire, began to assemble. Prince Potemkin, in a dress literally covered with diamonds, stood at the entrance waiting to hand the Empress from her coach. His hat was so loaded with diamonds that he could not support its weight, and was obliged to hand it to one of his aides-de-camp to carry.

“On her Majesty's entrance the sound of a sweet symphony, played by 300 musicians, arose from the lofty gallery. Amid a bowing concourse of her loyal subjects Catherine proceeded to the principal saloon, and took her seat upon an improvised throne. So soon as her Majesty was seated the Grand Dukes Alexander and Constantine, at the head of forty-eight

of the most beautiful young persons of both sexes, danced a ballet. These dancers were dressed in white, with scarves and girdles richly set with precious stones. The general effect of this ballet was heightened by the sweet singing of the dancers in perfect unison with the music of the orchestra.

"Two ballets and a humorous comedy followed. The entertainment ended with a grand Asiatic procession, showing the national dresses of the several nations who are subject to the sceptre of the Empress.

"When supper was announced, six hundred persons sat down to table. Potemkin stood behind the chair of the Empress, to wait upon her Majesty. The plate was all gold and silver, the most exquisite dishes were served up in rich vases.

"The Empress remained at the palace until one o'clock in the morning. When, at length, she rose to retire, a chorus of voices chanted a beautiful hymn in her praise. This unexpected compliment so affected her Majesty, that she turned round to her host and expressed her satisfaction. Potemkin, overpowered by a feeling of gratitude, fell on his knees, and raising the Empress's hand, bedewed it with his tears.

"This was destined to be the last time that this powerful field-marshal would ever, on that spot, stammer out his respect and gratitude to his gracious and bountiful Sovereign."

The Duke says that the saloon is certainly the largest apartment in Europe, but that the winter garden is merely a good-sized conservatory out of one of the rooms.

Prince Wrede, who had never seen the sea, went down to Cronstadt, about twenty miles away, to see it. But he was not allowed on board any of the Russian men-of-war. The Russian authorities are very much against their navy being seen by foreigners. The Duke told me that he did not apply for permission as, he said laughing, "I did not wish them to suppose that I wanted to spy out the nakedness of the land, and they did not make me the offer."

The Duke passed exactly three weeks on the journey

to Russia. He took his bed with him and slept at an inn every night. Owing to the construction of his bed he was not plagued with vermin. The Duke says that he bought his bed at Donbiggan's. He had the mattress made of silk, in order to prevent vermin from penetrating into it; and of a light colour, that they might be seen upon it!

While at Petersburg the thermometer in his room was usually at 60°; and if, by opening his window, he had made it colder, the servants let in the air from the passage so as to bring up the temperature again.

The Duke was much impressed by the fact that at the English church, where there were above a thousand people, he never heard a cough; nor did he hear any one cough at the schools or at the morning parade. He himself was quite free from a cold both at Petersburg and during the journey. This shows that a heated house is not unwholesome, and supports my opinion that we catch cold inside, and not outside, our houses in England.

Last night I asked the Duke if he had read Captain Maitland's narrative of Bonaparte on board the *Bellerophon*? This led to a long conversation on the subject of his detention at St. Helena, and he explained to me the plan which he had proposed to the Council in reference to it. The Duke's plan was as follows.

The island must have been thrown up from the sea by volcanic action. There is no sand or shore at the sea level, and only five or six landing-places on the whole island. The trade-winds set in from the south-east, consequently no vessel can approach the rock except from one quarter; and it can only anchor under the lee of the island. To get to its anchorage a vessel must come within musket-shot from the shore, otherwise it would miss its anchorage, and be driven out to sea by the trade-wind. In such circumstances it would take a ship several days to beat back again. The Duke

proposed to have a signal station where a watch could be kept on the only quarter from which a vessel could approach the island. As a vessel could be seen from the top of the rock at a distance of twenty-five miles, it follows that if at sunset the horizon is quite clear of shipping—the tropical nights being between seven and eight hours—no vessel could come to an anchor before daybreak. If any suspicious-looking vessel were to be seen in the offing at daybreak a signal would be given, the alarm sounded, and the several landing-places covered by the guns of the garrison. At each of these landing-places the Duke proposed to have a permanent guard-house manned by fifty men. Having taken these precautions, the Duke proposed to give Bonaparte the whole range of the island as his prison-house.

Under the surveillance adopted by Sir Hudson Lowe there were plenty of plots hatched; and perhaps under the Duke's system these plots might have been increased a hundred-fold, but as their accomplishment was impossible this would not have mattered. The only precaution which, under the Duke's plan, would have been absolutely necessary, was that the Governor should know every night in what part of the island Bonaparte would sleep.

In the Duke's opinion his plan would have insured Bonaparte's safety, without the odium caused by the petty annoyances to which he was subjected. But the Duke did not blame Sir Hudson Lowe, and said that he only carried out his instructions.

As regards Bonaparte's escape from Rochefort, the Duke said that he does not believe that any port can be effectively blockaded. He instanced St. Sebastian, whose Governor told him, and proved to him by his accurate knowledge of what passed at Paris, that he had, during the whole blockade, been in communication with St. Jean de Luz by means of boats. Although the great importance of intercepting such communications was fully realised, and every precaution taken, it

was only on one occasion that the messengers ran any risk. One very dark night a muffled sound was heard upon the water, and a sentry, acting under orders, fired a chance shot. Groans were distinctly audible—evidently some one had been wounded—but the boat escaped.

I gather from the Duke's remarks, although he did not actually express an opinion, that he thinks Bonaparte might have escaped to America, if he had not given himself up to Captain Maitland.

We spoke of Alava, and I asked for some particulars as to their past friendship. It appears that Alava has much exaggerated his intimacy with the Duke of Wellington. The Duke spoke to me on that subject without reserve, and especially mentioned the contents of that famous letter to the King of Spain, which he had often promised to show me. It appears that Alava was merely the agent of the Duke in accepting the constitution, and acting under it as Governor of Biscay. On the King's return Alava was thrown into prison; and matters would have gone hard with him, if the Duke had not written to the King to say that if there were any blame, the fault lay with the Duke, as Alava had only acted under his orders. There was in fact very little choice in the matter, for either England would have had the province with the constitution—bad though it was—or the French have possessed it.

In these circumstances Alava was released, and sent as ambassador to the Netherlands, where he led a wandering life of enjoyment. He moved from the Duke's château to Paris, to Bruxelles, etc., and now he cannot settle to anything.

When the Duke first knew Alava he read a great deal, and was intimately acquainted with the history of every individual who was distinguished during the French Revolution. But now Alava never opens a book, and spends his time paying morning visits from one house to another, and retails gossip. Having told

all his stories, he is now voted a bore, as most foreigners are after a time in England; unless, like Mons. de Flahault they have the sense to make for themselves an independent existence. Alava possesses between five and six hundred a year, consequently dependence is his pleasure and not a necessity with him.

The life led at the King's Cottage¹ is as follows: The party consists entirely of C——s,² and a few of the London fine ladies who call themselves her intimate friends, among them Countess L. and Esterhazy. They meet at three o'clock, at which hour five or six phaetons come to the door, each to receive a lady and gentleman, who drive about the country until five. At that hour the whole party dine in a hut on the shore of Virginia Water. By the way, the caricature of "The Kingfisher" has somewhat stopped the fishing! The party sit at table until between nine and ten o'clock, then they return to the cottage, dress *presto*, and go into the saloon, where they play at *écarté* and other games until midnight. It is every day the same: oh! monotony!

The Duke of Wellington always breakfasts with Lady Conyngham on these occasions, and the King in his own room. The only time that the Duke can call his own, is when he shuts himself up in his own room, with his despatch boxes, until three o'clock.

The King never thinks of anything but building. He never speaks of business; nor even gives a thought to the state of the country!

The Duchess of Coburg³ was in England a whole year; and the King always declined to receive her. In fact, the Duchess of C——⁴ had been a whole year in England before the King would see her; and only

¹ At Virginia Water.

² Lord and Lady Conyngham.

³ Louisa, daughter of Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Gotha Altenburg, and wife of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She was the mother of the Prince Consort.

⁴ Probably Frederica, wife of Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland.

then upon being pressed to do so. The King talks of Kill-joy as the most agreeable, clever woman that he ever knew. He calls up — to make conversation for the pair. He stops at the lodges to drink brandy and water!

The young Princess of Kent¹ is very well brought up; and is a clever, pretty, and winning child. She pays her court extremely well. One morning she gathered a nosegay, and gave it to the King, saying: "As I shall not see my dear uncle on his birthday, I wish to give him this nosegay now."

She was asked what had pleased her most during the day she spent at the Cottage? She replied in accents of perfect sincerity: "When I was taken into the phaeton, with my Uncle and Aunt Mary."

Presently the young princess was told to go, and bid the King good-bye; and to say something pretty to him. She accordingly went up to the King, and said: "I am come to bid you adieu, sir; but as I know that you do not like fine speeches, I shall certainly not trouble you by attempting one."

In spite of the King's dislike of both her father and her mother, he cannot help being pleased with the little princess. She was then seven years old, and the Duchess of Kent devoted herself with the greatest good sense and attention to her education.

One day Princess Victoria began to quiz her governess, Mdle Späth, upon her pronunciation of some English word. When her governess reproved her for this, the child placed her arms round Mademoiselle's neck and kissed her, saying: "My dear Späth, *do* marry an Englishman, and then you will learn to speak English very well."

¹ Afterwards Queen Victoria.

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY.

"Tuesday Night.

"I am [so] indifferent about Turf concerns and the Newmarket society that I have not been there to-day. I was gratified by a letter from you this morning after I had written what accompanies this, and it contains another satisfactory report, which is delightful. The Duke of Wellington has acquired for himself another claim to the gratitude of all your friends, by the kindness with which he has given you lodging for the next few days. I hope there are numbers of us who would have jumped to do the same thing, and who will envy him the satisfaction which he must have in doing it; but still that must not take away from him one particle of the merit which he deserves. I saw Shelley yesterday *de loin*, and have not had an opportunity of speaking to him yet. He was very triumphant, I hear, *dont je le félicite*. But how foolish he was to consider himself *de trop*. This is an absurdity which denotes, methinks, a little incivility of mind savouring of very old age! I shall hope to nail him for the end of the week, but I fear he will not like living here, for we have no pheasant shooting, and as William Howard is to be here, I must consider that he has the first right to my dogs. But I *will* have a day's shooting with Shelley, for I always say that I never shoot with any *compagnon de chasse* so thoroughly formed after my own wishes.

"Ever truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

"BELVOIR CASTLE, January 13, 1827.

"Alas! Alas! My dear Lady Shelley, I have scarcely the heart to take up my pen, and address you. On the day when your last letter was dated, January 2nd, I was in London. I received every discouragement from Sir Henry Halford and Sir Herbert Taylor,¹ from attempting an interview with my late beloved and illustrious friend, and I was almost interdicted by them from thinking of going to town with that intent. But I could not feel satisfied without

¹ Private Secretary to the Duke of York, and afterwards to William IV.

doing so, and I set out from home on the 31st December. My journey, however, was of no avail, for they would not allow me access to the poor Duke of York's dying couch-side. It would have been a melancholy gratification to me to have a symptom of recognition from that beloved friend. But no, it could not be permitted. It is useless to prolong this miserable subject. Each of us, I am sure, gives the other full credit for the feelings of bitter grief which actuate us. I, more perhaps than every other human being, have cause to deplore the loss which we have all sustained. I am firmly convinced that no man ever had a more affectionate and sincerely attached friend than I had in the Duke of York. To those public grounds on which he will be universally regretted, and his heavy loss for ever felt, I have to add that most affecting ground of intimate private friendship and regard, and the knowledge of the very many perfections and excellencies which adorned his character. The King is showing, in every possible way, the most heartfelt attachment to the memory of his brother. His Majesty has named me one of the pall bearers on the approaching sad solemnity at Windsor; and though I really know not with what degree of fortitude and firmness I shall endure the mournful ceremony, yet I am determined to adhere to my resolution of paying this last tribute of respect to the memory of my beloved friend. I much fear that there is not on record an illness characterised by greater and more lengthened sufferings than those which assailed the poor Duke during several months. We must rely with confidence upon the wisdom of the Divine Providence, and feel that even where they seem to be wanting in mercy, there is a great and just end attached to them, which would, if our dimmed and imperfect conception allowed us to understand them, perfectly account for the dispensation.

“ Indeed your letter was a most melancholy one; for no sooner had I concluded that part of it which related to the above subject, than I entered upon the unsatisfactory report you give of your dear self. Am I too free in so styling you? Excuse me if I am, but the impulse of feeling is not to be disregarded. I am not at all pleased with this want of progress towards convalescence; and I rejoice that you are determined, when your month of confinement is over, to go up to

London, where you will be able to bring the best advice to bear constantly upon your case. This I am sure will be much better than being put upon a system and left to follow it for a certain time, without being incessantly watched over. If it should annoy you to write, pray make Shelley inform me how you go on; and whether you are sensible of any improvement, since you assumed the rigidly recumbent position. I am glad you will have some extra interest in the society of the Duke of Wellington and Mrs. Arbuthnot at the end of the month. The former, however, has such an additional load of business laid upon his shoulders, that I guess he will not be able to spare you much time. What a power will be vested in his hands! and how pleasant it is to reflect, that when great power is vested in the hands of a man it should be placed in those of the great and good man of whom I am writing.

"With every good wish,

"Believe me, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Most truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *January 23, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

It was very kind of you to write to me from your bed of Woe, both mental and bodily. I received your letter in London, where I slept on Friday night, but I could not write to you before my return hither, for I slept at Salt Hill after the mournful Ceremony,¹ and came across the country hither on Sunday. The Ceremony was a most harassing ordeal to one who had so much greater cause for lamentation than probably any other human being present. But I have experienced no ill effect from it, and on the contrary I feel a melancholy consolation in having shown the last tribute of respect to the memory of a beloved friend. I did not see Shelley at Windsor, though I heard of him from my brother Charles, who told me he appeared to be lame and hobbling. The coldness of the pavement, on which we stood so long, must have been very deleterious to him, and I shall be glad to hear that he did not suffer from it. The universal

¹ The funeral of the Duke of York.

feeling of deep-seated sorrow, which pervades every class throughout the Kingdom, is the best epitaph on the memory of our beloved Prince. Every individual seems to take the calamity home to his own breast, and to feel that his sympathy is not wholly disinterested, because he himself will be absolutely affected by the loss. Whatever any other person feels, I am quite sure that *I* ought to feel in a tenfold degree, for I am firmly convinced the dear Duke took as much interest in my concerns as if they had been his own. I hear that the King was most grievously affected during the Ceremony, and that every minute gun was like a nail driven into his heart; but he had some sleep towards the morning, and was more composed, and I hope that the journey to Brighton, and the change of scene, will divert the intensity of his grief. You well describe, dear Lady Shelley, the extent of this calamity to yourself and Shelley, and to your rising family. But where is the family, who does not feel that it has lost a kind friend and a beneficent protector?

"I saw Mrs. Arbuthnot while I was in town, and she told me of her intention to go to you next week. I know not what my plans will be. How I shall force myself to inhabit my melancholy mansion in Arlington Street I know not; yet the welfare and amusement of my daughters require a removal to London in the spring. Could I follow the bent of my inclinations it would be to lead a solitary life at this place. The more *exigeante* you might be in your demand on my time in Portland Place,¹ the more I should be pleased and flattered. Therefore you must dismiss the word '*exigeante*' on the occasion, and find an epithet more applicable to the sensations, by which the conviction that my society is agreeable to you, would actuate me.

"With anxious wishes to hear good news of you,

"Believe me, My dear Lady Shelley,

"Ever affectionately yours,

"RUTLAND."

¹ Where Lady Shelley was then living.

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *February 23, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"You cheer me with your news concerning the probability of an Agricultural triumph in Parliament. I have not heard a syllable on which I can depend, respecting the intended measures; and I sincerely hope they will turn out as you predict. The loss of Lord Liverpool is a tremendous blow to the country, and its results are what no man can now foresee.¹ I say, 'Preserve us from Canning.' I am afraid of political theorists, without a foot of land of their own in the country.

"I turn to the Duke of Wellington as possessing, entertaining, and acting upon principles (the nearest to those which I have ever affected and maintained), from which, whatever others may do, I never mean to swerve.

"Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

"RUTLAND."

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *April 18, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

The news of Mr. Canning's appointment² has struck a damp into the hearts of all here. I am convinced that we shall run as great a chance of a breakdown, as the chariot which Phaeton guided. I cannot think how the reins were ever entrusted to so rash a charioteer. I really hope that neither the Chancellor nor the Duke of Wellington will sit in the same Cabinet with him; and then I do not think his admirers' devotion will last two months. I am reduced to this hope; it is the best prospect that I can paint for the country. I have not heard from Trench since his visit to you. I am quite sure the visit *must* have been of the most agreeable description to *him*. I know this by judging of others by myself.

"Ever most truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

¹ Robert Jenkinson, second Earl of Liverpool, was born in 1770. He became Prime Minister in 1812. He strongly supported Wellington in the Peninsula, and promoted international prohibition of the slave trade. He was a strong man in his capacity as a statesman. He supported Canning in his foreign policy. Owing to a sudden attack of illness, Lord Liverpool resigned the premiership in February 1827. He died in the following year.

² To be Premier.

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *April 23, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have read again and again your beautiful eulogium on the Duke of Wellington. No, indeed it is *not* jealousy which I feel at the enthusiasm and devotion which you feel towards him, and at the increased admiration with which you adhere to him in his fallen fortunes.¹ I may feel envious, but not jealous. There must be comparison where there is jealousy; and heaven knows I do not set myself up as worthy to compete with him in your affection, or in that of any man or woman who may be attached to him. But you will always find me proud of such crumbs of affection as you may be able to spare me. I shall never be vain enough to aspire to any measure of which I may not think myself deserving, and I believe there are few persons who think themselves so little deserving as I do. But I must not persevere in this humble strain, or it will cut me off from every sentiment of affection in your bosom, which, believe me, is as far as the Poles are from each other, from being my object or intention.

"*Les affaires politiques* are in such a state that one is really lost in amazement at the importance of the crisis. We now feel, as I expected we should, the desperate loss which we sustained in the poor Duke of York's death. Had he been living there would not have been a week's difficulty in the formation of a proper Administration, for, in the first place, the Duke of Wellington would have been available for the situation of first Minister, whereas from the moment when he accepted the Horse Guards *that* was, in my opinion, out of the question—though while I was in London I found those who thought otherwise.

"My own political creed is contained in a few words. The man whom I should most wish to see at the head

¹ On February 17, 1827, the Premier (Lord Liverpool) was seized with a fit, and after the Duke of Wellington's consultation with the King, Canning was commanded to form an Administration. Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Westmorland, and several other Ministers at once resigned. The Duke of Wellington believed himself to have been very ill-treated by Canning in the course of these transactions, and resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief on April 14. According to Creevey (vol. ii. p. 113) the Duke said he would "have nothing to do with that man."

of the Government is the said Duke of Wellington, because I consider him to have a mind which is equal to the mastery of any subject to which he chuses to apply his energies, and because I believe him to be so firm in principles that those on which he acts this year he will be found to act steadily upon ten years hence. Having premised this, I must go on to say that through my life I have looked to principles, and not to men; my heart has ever owned a paramount devotion to the Throne. Whenever, then, I am satisfied respecting the principles and efficiency of an administration, my attachment to the King would induce me to support it. I consider myself at the present moment to be no further engaged than to support an Administration formed on the exact principles of poor Lord Liverpool's Government. Whether such a Government will now be formed, *il reste à voir*; but till it is ascertained I shall remain watchful and quiet. This is, I am well convinced, the advice which the Duke of Wellington himself would give me if I were to ask his counsel. Several times I have been on the point of writing to him, but I have thought that perhaps, under existing circumstances, he would himself prefer my silence. If Mr. Canning does not succeed in wooing back Mr. Peel, and the news of yesterday be true, respecting the failure of the negotiation with Lord Lansdowne, I really see not how Mr. Canning can form a Ministry which will be stronger than a rope of sand. Your letter gave me the first, and indeed the only intelligence I have received, except through the newspapers, of Mr. Canning's extraordinary letter to the Duke. There are many circumstances connected with the events of the last three weeks of which we ought to be in possession to form a correct judgment. There must have been much trickery on the part of those who have set the King against the Duke of Wellington; for I suppose he is very bitter against him. Reports are spread abroad that the Duke used language to His Majesty which the latter could not bear. For my part I set down as an axiom, that no man in his senses would give up situations of prominence in the State—such as the Duke gave up *at once*, situations promising him an evening of happiness and glory to his life, of a different character indeed, but not less honourable

to him, than the renown which he has hitherto enjoyed—without some undeniable cause and impulse. I fear the King is laying up for himself a store of future discomfort and trouble in what he is now doing.

“I received safely Mr. Crabbe’s ‘Lives.’ You go beyond the reality, dear Lady Shelley, when you prefer to them some of my prose descriptions of the same beloved subject. Whatever I have written has, God knows, been felt most deeply in my heart; but it could possess no other merit. I fully agree with you in the insufficiency of verse to express the feelings and sentiments to which that subject must give origin in the hearts of those who admired a person who was capable of driving her admirers to absolute enthusiasm. I sometimes think that if it should happen to any one of your sex from this time forth to inspire me with a tender feeling—whoever she be—she ought to feel that she had done something most extraordinary, and calculated to elicit the proudest and vainest feelings of her nature, not from any merit of which I am possessed, but because she will have captivated one who has known the acme of female perfection, better perhaps than any man in existence, and who consequently is very unlikely to feel any attraction to a woman who has not very decided pretensions to perfection. You are so warm, and interested on the subject of your last letters, that you have never once mentioned yourself in them. *Mais, fi donc!* and repair this tremendous omission by giving me some immediate and, I hope, some very favourable intelligence of your progress. My family go to town next Monday. I feel almost sure that when it comes to the point I shall take fright, and shall put off the evil day by going to pass a week in absolute solitude at my mountain bivouack in Derbyshire. We left off hunting on Saturday. The few last days’ sport were decidedly the best of the season.

“RUTLAND.”

“BELVOIR CASTLE, May 9, 1827.

“MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

“I must start for London to-morrow, *et bien malgré moi* I must consent to be a sojourner in its troubled atmosphere during the next four weeks!

I am in the midst of business, but I cannot set out without telling you how interesting to me was your letter of the 1st inst., which I received while I was at my delightful bivouack in the Derbyshire mountains.

"It was not the less interesting to me because it treated almost wholly upon your enthusiastick admiration of another. I can assure you, for your comfort, that the Duke stands as high in my opinion as he does in yours. It seems to me that the case of necessity for the secession of the late Ministers was clearly made out by them all, and by none, perhaps, so nobly as by the Duke. Peel wound up his speech by too much trumpeting forth of his own publick services; and I wish he had held his tongue, instead of speaking with some degree of asperity on a second evening. There are many who think that the Duke will soon go back to the command of the Army; but it appears to me that this is under existing circumstances impossible, for the cause which induced him to abandon that post, as well as the Ordnance, must still exist to prevent his return to the Horse Guards until a favourable change takes place. I hear that the King said the other day, 'I shall keep the command of the Army in my own hands till my friend Arthur recovers his temper.' I shall drop this, and indeed all other subjects, till we meet, which will now be so shortly.

"You appear to have a patent for accusing your friends of a want of feeling! You tell me you called the Duke a philosopher once on a time, and I remember you have always jeered at me for being very phlegmatick. Phlegmatick or not, I shall hasten with eager anxiety to give you the assurance of my sincere, but unpretending regard, whenever an opportunity offers after my arrival in London. *En attendant*, you must believe me, dear Lady Shelley,

"Most truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, May 25, 1827.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"To disapprove of a measure is one thing; to break up a Cabinet is a second thing; to concur in

bringing a measure forward of which one disapproves, rather than break up a Cabinet, is a third thing; to oppose a measure (when out of office) respecting which one approved that it should be proposed to Parliament when one was in office, is a fourth thing.

"People are very fond of picking a hole in my coat; and my good friends are too apt to listen to them.

"Was I to break up Lord Liverpool's Government upon a speculation of mine respecting corn? If I did not break up the Cabinet I must submit to, and *support*, the decision of the majority. Having submitted to that decision, and concurred, so far as not to object to their bringing in the Corn Bill, must I, or can I, now turn short round and oppose the Bill respecting which, when in office, I gave my consent that it should be brought in? I am tired of all these jealous suspicions; as if a man, who has always acted openly and fairly, was to commence cheating and truckling about the support of a measure to which, from circumstances, he is a party, although he disapproves of it! God bless you.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *circa June 1827 [no date]*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I mean to write you a letter of common sense, but I don't know if I shall be able, for Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Ashley are talking over Spanish campaigns, and of course I am listening, and joining in it! Do not mention it unless you see it in the newspaper on any account, but the Duke is gone this morning to see the King. Now mind, this is not to be mentioned, unless you hear it from others. I think it will give Canning a fresh attack of bile. They say he has been very ill. We have the Londonderrys here, Sir Colin, Douro, and the two gentlemen above mentioned. To-day Lord Beresford is coming, and Cols. Townsend and Woodford, and to-morrow the Peels. On Sunday we are to have the judges, and all the county. We stay here till next Wednesday, when we go to Sir Charles Knightley's, and home on Friday. I

cannot tell you the day the Duke will be in town, but I will write again before I leave this, and shall then probably know. You may depend upon it I shall always be *too happy* to make my fireside agreeable to him, tho' I think it a great shame you should only propose my having him there when he is *too old* to be agreeable elsewhere! However, I have much too good taste not to prefer him, any how or at any age, to any other friend; and you need not be the least afraid of my ever changing in that respect. I flatter myself too, that *he* will not change; so that I am never made jealous even when you tell me to *take care*. You need not be afraid of being deceived in me; if I am anything I am *honest*. I am sometimes accused of being too much so; but the fact is, I cannot pretend cordiality when I do not feel it. The poor Duchess is as foolish as ever, if not more so, and provokes me to a degree! I am sorry for her too; and still more so for him, for every year he must suffer more and more from it. We went yesterday to Whitenights to show it to the Londonderrys. I went in the carriage, and rode back. The garden is as beautiful as ever—quite lovely. Let me know how your back gets on; be very careful about sitting up; it will be better to lie a month too long than a week too short.

"Believe me ever, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Yours very affly.,

"H. A."

The DUKE OF RUTLAND to SIR JOHN SHELLEY

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *July 6, 1827.*

"MY DEAR SHELLEY,

"Very many thanks for your kind letter of intelligence respecting Lady Shelley, which really conveyed comfort and gratification to me. I trust that the worst of this attack is over, and that she will from henceforward gain strength and energy of nerve.

"I am aware that I must give up all hope of seeing Lady Shelley in Derbyshire this year; but we will trust to a kind and merciful Providence that such a happiness awaits me another year. She may depend upon my writing to her in a day or two, when I am free from some of the business which a first arrival at such a place as this, after a long absence, necessarily

entails upon me. It has delighted me to see the kind and anxious attention which you show to your excellent wife, and of which I know she is sensible. There is no person who has more resources within herself than Lady Shelley, few who have so many; but still, attention from one she loves so much must be most grateful and comfortable, and I know your kind-heartedness so much that 'qualis ab incepto processerit sibi constabit.'¹

"Ever truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"WOODFORD, *Wednesday* [no date].

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"What an age it is since I have written to you! but my house has been so full; and I have been so full of regret at not being in the north hearing all the speeches and witnessing all the applause with which the Duke was received everywhere. Lady Bathurst and Sir Henry Harding have written me long accounts of it, all which is lucky for the Duke, as I should (very unjustly) be in a fury with him, for he enters into no details. To be sure one could not expect him to plume himself on his success; and, as I have heard it from others, I am satisfied. They are all enchanted with him, and he has done everything quite right, as he always does. I have Lord and Lady Francis Gower here and Mr. Greville² and Lady Charlotte. Do you not think Mr. Greville the most agreeable man you know? I do; he has so much gossip, and tells a story so well. He has just been saying, 'God forgive me! but I wish Canning had lived to undergo the mortification of this visit of the Duke's to the north; it would have been a good lesson to him, and would have killed him.' He is in very good humour, and bears with my small house with the greatest fortitude. I am quite sorry they are going, which they do to-morrow for Chatsworth. Lady Charlotte is grown fearfully old and wrinkled. Lord Westmorland comes here to-morrow and stays till Saturday, on which day we go to Drayton. We go to Apethorpe on Wednesday next. How all the ladies seem to be increasing in

¹ "Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet." (HORACE.)

² Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council, the celebrated diarist.

these days of over-population ; it is quite surprising, and *Mrs. Griffiths* is in despair, for I understand they all come together. Lady Jersey, you know, always publishes it immediately. I did not know the Duke had been *so sly* about his visit there, but I am greatly amused at your not daring to *quiz* him ; I did not think you had been so shy ! especially with him. Do you know any news of our wise Ministers ? what they mean to do with Turkey and Portugal ? Never was such a condition as they have placed us in, I think, but they may thank the *master mind* for that. Poor Lord Dudley must be at his wits' end, I think, with these perpetual conferences and interviews that one reads of. Pray write and tell me the London news, for I hear none of the Newmarket news. I see Sir John has a match. Ever, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Yours very affly.,
"H. A."

"August 10, 1827.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Thank you for sending me an account of the Duke. I am very glad you think he looks well. He writes me word he is *quite well* again. I got both your letters the same day, as he did not frank your Monday one till Tuesday. Poor Mr. Canning ! I daresay you will not agree with me, but I am really very sorry for him. In the first place I had much rather have had a fight with him next session, and beat him in that way, and secondly, I hate to have anybody die. I cannot feel rancour against the dead ; and, fatally mischievous as he has been to us, I cannot help pitying him. He has suffered so horribly, mind as well as body ! depend upon it his has been a bed of thorns ; nothing can have been more humiliating and degrading than all he has endured in the last four months. He was the vainest man that ever lived, with the quickest and most irritable feelings, and I know he felt his position most acutely. I have quite longed to write to Planta,¹ to enquire after him ; but I have not, for I should very likely have been accused of hypocrisy. I only hope our newspapers will not abuse him, tho' to be sure the abuse heaped upon us just now by the *Times* is quite laughable. One thing I do rather enjoy,

¹ Joseph Planta, Canning's Private Secretary.

and that is the consternation in which *our rats* must be, such as your friend Sir George Clerk, etc., etc., etc. I have no guess what will happen, but I do not expect the King will send for any of us *now*. It will be, to use his own words, poor man, a curious coincidence if he dies the same day as Queen Caroline! Metternich's remark about our luck is certainly just; but how he made out that the new parliament in South America could have anything to do with the Berlin Decrees I don't understand. I am delighted to hear Mr. Peel¹ has taken Maresfield; he cannot fail to like it, and the joy of getting it off your hands will help to restore you. I have been reading 'Falkland.'² I like it very much, *all but the ghost*. I don't suppose it is very moral, but I think it is natural and well written. Have you read it? I have also read 'Judge Jeffreys,' which I don't like at all, and think it very ill done; I have no patience with the author who apologises for such an inhuman beast. I am now reading General Foy, who puts me in a rage with his fulsome praise of French soldiers and their mildness and kindheartedness! I had a letter from the Duke of Rutland to-day. Lady C. Powlett had been there for a night; she went from here. I think I shall put her nose, and Mrs. Foxs', out of joint in that quarter, and yours too; His Grace writes so *very tenderly*. I don't know how I shall manage them in Derbyshire; I shall have to sing the old song 'How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear Duke but away'—but that would be a copy of my countenance; there is but one Duke worth thinking about in the world, in my opinion. But do not *show up* that I joke about the other; it is only to amuse you, and he is very good-natured and kind to me, and I like him, and would not laugh about him on any account, but you know he has a sentimental way with him. I shall write to the Duke about Mr. L. Wellesley, for a madman is never to be despised. I hope nothing fresh has happened?

"Ever, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Yours affly,
"H. A."

¹ Afterwards Sir Robert Peel. He had just become Sir John Shelley's tenant at Maresfield, and went into residence during this month.

² "The Adventures of Caleb Williams," published in 1794. G. Colman dramatised it under the title of "The Iron Chest." Falkland was Caleb Williams' master and a leading character in the book.

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *August 12, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am much obliged to you for your enquiries. I am quite well; and go to-morrow to Blandford Races.

"I have written to Peel respecting my going to Maresfield, which I am afraid will not be in my power, as I shall have company in my house. But I will, if it should be in my power.

"I have heard that Lord Goodrich [*sic*] has formed a Government, which I sincerely hope may succeed. I should think that the country must require a Government by this time; there having been none since the 17th of last February.

"God bless you. I hope you get on? Believe me.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

The DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"LONGSHAW, SHEFFIELD, *August 12, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"What am I to say about the state of publick affairs? I have indeed moralised on poor Canning's death; for nothing can be more certain than that, if instead of encompassing the downfall of others, he had contented himself with a *second* office in the Government, he would have been now alive. When he sought the first situation, he must have had within him a warning voice, telling him that his constitution was not equal to the labours and fatigues of it. But an overbearing ambition seemed to have spurred him to his own destruction! I could give you a Latin quotation which I fear would be applicable to him, but I think anyone would be contented with the admirable French sentiment you have applied to him. Mine would be: 'There is no more just law, than that those who plot the ruin of others should perish through the effect of their own plots.' I am not certain that you and I shall agree as to the new arrangements. I gather that you would be satisfied, with the approval of Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington, with the Government as

they now stand. I should *not*. First of all, Lord Goderich is a Catholick advocate, and a known supporter of all the measures which have their origin in free trade, the march of mind, and a parcel of mischievous and infernal trash. I shall always maintain that no Government *can* act on the principles of Lord Liverpool's *original* Government which has not a staunch Protestant at its head. If the Duke of Wellington goes back to the Horse Guards, with such men in the Government as are now its component parts, he will do that which, in my opinion, will very materially compromise the high ground on which he stands; and he will essentially give permanence to the 'patchwork' complexion of the Ministry. Is it possible that he can think of taking command of the Army, with a measure in contemplation which would put to the hazard the actual safety of the country—viz. the reduction of 10,000 men, a measure which he must know the Ministers had determined upon? I shall abstain from all further reasonings and observations till I know what is really to be done. It is a curious fact that on Wednesday sen-night Canning wrote to Sir W. Hope, at the Admiralty, and said: 'I *must* have a reduction of £500,000 in your department.'

"I might order a reduction of expenditure in my hunting establishment by one-half; but what would happen? I must give up all idea of vying with others of my calibre, in the dignity and strength of that department. I cannot bear that Ministers should for the sake of an ephemeral applause, from that part of the nation whose applause is *least* worth having, endanger our power of making ourselves respected among our fellow nations!

"After three weeks of solitude, I have had some company at Belvoir Castle. Lady Clive and her daughter, and the Londonderrys have been there. The latter roll in such magnificence that my seven senses were reduced one-half in number by night, when they arrived! But they were very kind, and good-humoured, and appeared pleased with their *séjour*. They left the castle on Friday. I came here yesterday, accompanied by Trench, who is on his road to Ireland. To-day I expect Wellington, and Henry Pierrepont. As to the Duke of Wellington, I expect that he will have other game, than the moor fowl, to follow; and I do

not look for him with much confidence; and *then* I fear *other* desertions, which will give me very sincere regret. This place is in a state of great disorder. It is far from complete, only one-half of the mansion being capable of being even attempted this year. Those who come here must be prepared for campaigning (in every sense of the word), for really they must submit to several *désagréments*; but with a disposition to *overlook*, and to be easily satisfied, all will go well. Next year I shall positively look for you, and in state to be able to tramp across the moors, either *à pied* or *à cheval*.

"The Higger Tor is frowning, and looking black in front of me, and Kan Tor and Kinder Scout in the distance, repeat the look of defiance. You may be assured of some grouse if we can get any. But I have not heard a syllable of them, and I fear a bad year. My first present is to the King, my second to the Princess Sophia, as the dearest friend and relative of the poor Duke of York.

"Your feelings respecting your eldest son are borne out by all that is said of him from many quarters. He is represented as a most unaffected and excellent youth. I hear he was very active amongst the ladies at the Boyle Farm Fête. The Powletts passed a night at Belvoir Castle a week ago, and she gave me much intelligence concerning you. She is very sincerely interested *à votre égard*. If we are to have Whiggism, give me the aristocratical Whiggism of Lord Grey, in preference to the concealed enmity to some essential parts of our constitution which I cannot but fear in Lord Liverpool.

"Ever truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

From MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY.

"LONGSHAW, *Tuesday* [no date], *Sept.* 1827?

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I was very busy and could not write to you before I left home, but you see I take the earliest opportunity of doing so after my arrival here. This is a *very tiring* house, on the top of the moors, only just built, and not half finished; *mais c'est égal*, the

Duke¹ is kindness itself; and I only hope I shall be able to convince him that I am quite comfortable, for he seems sadly afraid I shall not be so. I am *half reconciled to your bad back*, for if you had come this year I could not, and of course, and properly, the old friend would have been preferred to the new one. Another year it seems there will be possibilities for two ladies, according to a plan which the Duke has shown me this morning. They are gone shooting, tho' it has rained half a dozen times, and I am to follow them at two o'clock. I cannot teach you *to think*, for I have not yet been taught myself; and I am sure one *must* learn to think now-a-days. I did not make out from your letter whether you wished, or not, that the Duke should accept; however, considering the circumstances, he could not do otherwise. He will be in an uncomfortable position, serving a Government he must despise; but he has more tact and adroitness than most people, and I have no doubt he will acquit himself—as the phrase goes—with honour to himself and satisfaction to the public. With regard to the Government it is impossible to give an opinion. If Lord Goderich can govern England, we are very easily managed, and if he can govern the Whigs he has more talent than I give him credit for; but we shall see, and I don't care about it. I think my political vehemence is sobering, as I advance towards more sober years, and I should not wonder if *I too, end a philosopher*. What do you think of that!! The Duke dined and slept at Woodford on Sunday. He was to have come on here with us, but was obliged to go to Windsor, and he promised to follow us as soon as he could. I hope he will arrive to-morrow. I will write you again when I have seen him more, but I had very little conversation with him, for the H. Cholmondeleys were at Woodford, and my house is too small to admit of *tête-à-têtes* when there are more than two people in it; and he only came late to dinner, and went off early the next morning. I never saw so pretty a county as Derbyshire: the whole road from Derby to Bakewell, passing by Matlock, and going along the top of the Derwent, is quite beautiful, in some places magnificent. It puts me in mind of the banks of the Wye in Gloucestershire, but I think it is finer. Pray let me

¹ The Duke of Rutland,

know how your back goes on in this wretched weather, and write *some news* if you hear any.

"Believe me ever, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Yours very affly.,

"H. A.

"The Duke of Rutland is in good spirits and looks remarkably well. Direct here for a week."

"LONGSHAW, *Sunday, August 28, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am still here, and I think by this time the Duke will have found out that he need not fuss himself about my accommodation; we are really very comfortable, and another year, when the house is really finished, it will be the perfection of a shooting box. It is as cold as Xmas—even the butter was frozen; but the Duke says it is wholesome, and certainly if high winds are wholesome, this must be the most healthy place in England. You have no idea of the winds; but I like it all, and amuse myself very much. I brought a pony, who is excellent for clambering about the moors, and I have been out two or three times to see them *attempt* to shoot—for it is only *attempting*—the birds are so wild, there is no getting within shot, and yesterday the Duke of Wellington killed only one. He might have killed one or two more, but I am sure to shoot well you should train like a race-horse, for a person tired, or out of health, cannot possibly. The Duke is very well—I mean *the* Duke. I have no doubt he will acquit himself in his new position with his usual tact and talent, but it will be a difficult game to play. I am quite sure he could not have done otherwise than he has done; but tho' you may call him of *no party*, all the world knows he has been in a Tory Cabinet for nine years, and that his conduct in that Cabinet, as the opponent of liberalism, and the upholder of all our ancient institutions, has done him *more real* honour, and given him ten times more power in the country than all his brilliant victories in Spain. It is *less brilliant*, I know; but his vote in the House of Lords, or his political conduct when he first came home would have been of no sort of consequence; that is not the case now—it is of

immense importance. But tho' I feel that every other man would fail in such a position, I am quite at ease about him, for I am certain he will go thro' it with credit. I say nothing upon your love for 'measures in preference to men,' I confess I prefer *men*; and after all, if you want a butler, or a footman, you hire him upon his previous character, not upon what he will do after he comes into your service. I have somewhat of the same feeling about Ministers. The Constitution may be undermined, as one's house may be robbed; and there is no use locking the door when the steed is stolen. I am very much amused with all I hear of Lord Goderich's tears; it is a new way of governing England, but I suppose you will wait till you see his Measures before you vote him a driveller. I expect a blow up. I think the *Times* and *Chronicle* are giving hostile notice, and I fully expect Lord Lansdowne will bolt. Joy go with him! I wonder what Lord Goderich will do then? Weep and sob, I suppose! I don't know whose heart would be melted by such piteous conduct. The Duke of Rutland sends his kindest remembrances to you. He means to get up at four to-morrow and get you some grouse. He complains of the gentlemen being slack; but the fact is the birds are wild. The Duke of Wellington is upstairs writing, so I can't send you a message from him. We leave this on Wednesday; he to London, and we into Lincolnshire. The Duke seems to intend to be in London Thursday—he thinks it too far for one day. I have no room for more.

"Yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, Monday, November 20, 1827.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"How furious you will have been with me for not writing for so long; but I had so many things to do before I left home, I had not time, and since I have been here somehow the time has slipped away unawares, as you can perhaps conceive it possible in his Grace's company. We came on Thursday, and found a very large party; quite alarming at the end

of a journey of a hundred miles! But I had been a rustic so long I was delighted to find myself in the world again. The Jerseys were here (my lady in great good-humour, and, as Lord Beresford said, *wearing wonderfully*), Sir C. and Lady Elizabeth Stuart, Lord Clanwilliam, Mr. Lamb, and a lot of men—all *Turks* except Clanwilliam. My favourite, Sir H. Hardinge, was here, and I was received *à bras ouverts* by everybody; so of course I thought it all charming. But still I was not very dull when they were all gone, for the Duchess is ill in her room, and except for an hour that I *bore* with her, I can sit in the library; and he comes and writes and talks as he did at Maresfield, which he won't do when anybody is in the house. He is in very good spirits, but for the last two days has had a tremendous cold. The party was very pleasant, and I had gossip to my heart's content; for I am not sure whether, *au fait of talking* I am not *Lady Jersey's own cousin*. She went from here to Hamble. I don't know if you are acquainted with Lady Augusta? I am afraid she is but in a bad way, which I shall be very sorry for; she is very amiable, and has an immense family. Don't you think I was very forbearing or very rash to let Lady Jersey have *champ libre* for *two whole days*? For my part I think it the handsomest thing that ever was done. We stay here till Wednesday, and then go to Hatfield with the *Absorbant*,¹ as Alava calls him! I shall be in London on the 28th; shall you be still at Apsley House? We have not yet settled what hotel to go to, but I think of the Burlington Hotel. We are negotiating about the house you recommended; but shall not close till we see it. We only want one for two years, and must therefore see that it is saleable, and likely to be so *easily*. I will write to you from Hatfield. I have got an abominable cold, a renewal of one I had a fortnight ago; and when I get a cold at the beginning of the winter it never ends, *dont j'enrage*. Adieu! my dear Lady Shelley. I do hope I shall find you a *great deal* better; and if you improve in the cold weather, you will surely come out like a four-year-old in the Spring.

“Ever yours affectionately,

“H. A.

¹ Alava thus alluded to the Duke of Wellington,

"I say nothing of politics, I am too disgusted; but I am pleased to see everybody crying out at the outrage at Navarino."

[The so-called Battle of Navarino, when the fleets of Great Britain, France, and Russia, under the command of Admiral Codrington, nearly destroyed the Turkish and Egyptian fleet in the Bay of Navarino, took place on October 20 in this year. More than thirty vessels of war were either blown up or burnt, chiefly by the Turks themselves, to prevent their falling into the hands of their enemies. This destruction of the Turkish naval power was strongly condemned by the Opposition in the British Parliament, who feared that, by this act, the East and West would be opened to French and Russian ambition. The Duke of Wellington is said to have pronounced the Battle of Navarino as "an untoward event"; and there can be but little doubt that the affair indirectly brought about, or at all events hastened, the resignation of Goderich and his Government. In the following January a quarrel in the Cabinet between Huskisson and Herries about the Finance Committee brought matters to a crisis. The Government was dissolved, and the King requested the Duke of Wellington to form a new one. It was thus that the greatest soldier of the age became the head of a Government as First Lord of the Treasury, with Peel as Home Secretary and Lord Palmerston as Secretary of State for War.]

[No date. *Circa November 1827.*]

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"We came here on Wednesday. But I must begin by thanking you for the necklace, which is really the prettiest thing I ever saw; but what a quantity of hair it must have cost you! I am very much obliged to you for it. We have a large party here: the Duke,¹ Belfasts, Tankervilles, Mr. and Lady C. Greville and Henry Greville, Edward Montague,

¹ Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Cavendish, Lord Westmorland, and last, not least, Mrs. Fox. It is a large unfinished house, a very pretty place, and I like the host; he is very civil and good-natured. There were Mr. Meynel's hounds here yesterday, and all the country congregated to see *the Duke*, and cheer him when he came out of the house! It was a beautiful sight; for the ground about the house is very prettily shaped for such a scene, and the sun shone most brilliantly. It is a pleasant party, and we go on very agreeably. I do not know that any of the ladies make love to his Grace; I think he makes more love now to his letters and the newspapers than to anything else; they occupy him *prodigiously*, as Liston says. He is very well, and in very good spirits. I was so glad to hear you were going to be in his house¹ for a few days; it will be so comfortable and pleasant for you, and like his good nature to make the proposal to you. I have not heard any news, or gossip. I mean to return home on Monday; Mr. Arbuthnot will be tired of it by that time, and we have Marian and H. Cholmondely with us, and her baby, which is very nice and pretty, and has got used to me, and more gracious, which of course makes her more agreeable to me. The Tankervilles also go to-morrow; and the Ansons, and Colonel and Lady Eleanor Lowther come. Edward Montague came yesterday. I will write to you again before I leave this place.

"Believe me ever,

"Yours very affectionately,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *November 26, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I thank you sincerely for all your news. You send me more than I have received from all my correspondents put together. I have *long* abhorred the canting false philanthropy which has been seeking to raise the compassion of this country in aid of the Greeks. I hope the Duke of Wellington is starting on all the great principles and questions and points

¹ At Apsley House.

on which his firmness will be worth millions to little England. I rather trembled when I saw in the newspapers that he had been closeted with Lord Goderich and Huskisson.

"It will be very singular if the Ministers throw over Sir E. Codrington, as you suspect they will. I imagine that would place the Admiral under the necessity of demanding an investigation. I foresee that the Battle of Navarino will lay the foundation of much stormy work in Parliament. I had not heard of the Duke of Wellington's fall. I rejoice that he was not hurt, and also that he did not get the fall while hunting: it might have given him a distaste to the latter noble sport. Would that you could meet him here on the 4th January! Who knows that by that time you may not be able to do a great deal more than you have done for two years? . . .

"I will read the Saving Banks article in the *Quarterly* to which you allude. The Poor-rate system and the subject of wages must ere long force themselves on the Parliament. This morning seven men from a neighbouring village, all having families, waylaid me to complain bitterly of being out of work, and quartered on the farmer as *house-row* men, as they call it in this country; which means that each man must work for the farmer who supports him at under wages. It is a wretched system, and prevails generally. But these men also complained that I have several tenants in their parish who employ no one on their farms at this time of the season. This is a matter to which I must look. I am very sure that every tenant who occupies fifty acres of land ought to have one man at least in employment all the winter, either in draining, or plashing heads, or scouring ditches.

"Ever, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Most truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

From the DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *December 21, 1827.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Far from repenting of my advice, I repeat it: do not leave Apsley House till you can do so with

perfect safety to your health and perfect comfort to yourself.

"We are delighted to have had the power of being of use to you.

"I was quite ashamed, about a fortnight or three weeks ago, to find how unreasonable different persons of our family in London had been, in desiring franks from Sir John Shelley. In one day (I really think) six letters came here franked by him. Now this must have been extremely troublesome to him; and as the number of franks are limited, might have been to him a very great inconvenience. Will you remember me kindly to Sir John, and tell him I authorise him to resist all such unreasonable demands for the future?

"I hope you like my Douro upon further acquaintance! Is he not the living image of his father?

"I have no political information, but from the newspapers it is often amusing to observe the different lights in which the different parties place the same events, the same actions, and the totally opposite conclusions which they draw from the same words. I think, if they left it to me to make a Ministry, that I should find no difficulty in forming a good and strong and high-principled, honest one; but I will wait till I am called upon! I have suffered much from cold and sickness for the last three weeks. While the attack lasts it totally disables me from pursuing any occupation, and is most dispiriting; but I am better now. God bless you!

"Most truly yours,

"C. WELLINGTON."

"1, CHESTER STREET, GROSVENOR PLACE, *January 1828.*

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"As your arduous task is now completed, you will not, I hope, think me a bore in expressing my own delight and Shelley's at your being at the head of the Government.

"Shelley for the future intends to be guided entirely by you. As for me, I need not trouble myself about politics any longer! This confidence we could neither of us have felt if Peel had become Premier. I am happy to know that this sentiment is very

general among the members of our Party—and this in spite not only of our high opinion of Peel's talents, but also of our liking for him personally. I hope you will never regret having taken this burthen upon you.

“Lord Gage gives his proxy to Lord Abingdon. Shelley returns to town on Sunday.

“Ever your attached

“FRANCES SHELLEY.”

“BELVOIR CASTLE, *February 10, 1828.*

“MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

“The Duke of Wellington has kindly promised to give me half an hour of his conversation, and to explain certain points in the formation of the Government, on which I am very anxious for information. Every one must see that a Government of whose principles the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel are the guarantors, commences under the most gratifying auspices for the country. But I say this rather of the Duke of Wellington than of Mr. Peel, because I know more of the principles of the one than of the other. They tell me that Peel is a Liberal, and I am so decided an enemy to Free Trade principles, *until* our country is in a state to compete with foreign nations in the cost of production of various articles, that I never can unite unreservedly with those who are advocates of the principles of Free Trade. It is certainly true that there are some persons in the present Cabinet with whom we could very well dispense. When an *unbounded* confidence is called for, I answer, ‘Out of thirteen members of the Cabinet, six belonged, six weeks ago, to a Government in which we did not place any confidence.’ The confidence, therefore, which I place in the Government is founded upon an enthusiastic admiration of the Duke of Wellington, and a conviction that he will take care that no departure from, or violation of, the manly and noble principles by which I know his master mind is actuated, will take place. It strikes me that he has had too few nominations in the formation of the Government, and that Peel and Huskisson have taken the greatest share to themselves! I think the Duke cannot like Huskisson's speech at Liverpool, in which he distinctly takes Lord Lansdowne

for his idol. I have made a study of the Agricultural question, and though I know that *Prohibition*, in the present and future temperament of the publick mind, is unattainable, yet I will support any measure which has the tendency to be as *nearly* to that point as may be practicable, and will oppose any measure which has a contrary tendency.

"We have had a capital hunting season, and Mr. Gorsey¹ is at the top of his profession. I believe he has a pack of hounds whose equal exists not in the Kingdom.

"Believe me, my dear Lady Shelley, be assured that you have no friend more truly and sincerely yours than

"RUTLAND."

"LONDON, *February* 16 [Watermark 1828].

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I really have been *very busy*, and not able to write to you. I find in these exciting times so many people come here to talk, that some days I have scarcely been alone from breakfast till dinner-time. I am sure our affair will do well, in spite of the Duke of Cumberland's arrival. In the Commons I think we shall have an immense majority, and I *hope* a good one in the Lords. Our *Whig friends* tell us we shall have 70 or 80: I do not count upon half that amount, but it will all depend upon the debate and the mode in which it comes from the Commons. An immense majority there would influence a good many lords. The Duke is perfectly well, and in good spirits. The Duke of Cumberland dined with him yesterday on his return from Windsor, which is a good thing, as it will show the others that he is not disposed to be furious against the Duke. The King is behaving perfectly. If we can keep the Duke of Cumberland quiet, his coming may do good rather than harm. His dining with the Duke of Wellington made a *great sensation* at the Lievens', where I went in the evening. The Princess is so civil to me that I am ready to laugh in her face! for while her game was the other way we were only just on speaking terms, as cold as possible! The new Russian Ambassador seems a clever man, and to have his eyes

¹ The Duke's huntsman.

everywhere. We have plenty of society, and very pleasant. We dined at the Duke's on Saturday to meet the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and last night I went to Madame de Lieven's. She had all the *bad* company, such as the Hollands, Mr. Huskisson, and that lot. To-night I am going to the French play and to Lady C. Powlett's. The play is excellent—a very pretty house and very good actors. I don't like Pesaroni; I am sorry for it, for she is the fashion. She is too hideous, and besides, has an ugly voice, to my taste. Am I *ruined* in your estimation by this avowal? We shall keep the Duke of Rutland in order, I hope and believe, and his admiration of *the* Duke is so great that I feel sure he will never make up his mind to vote against.

"Adieu. Yours affly.

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

"LONDON, *June 7, 1828.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I conclude that our dinner is to be at the usual hour, a little after seven.

"I hope that we shall have no toasts or speeches, but that we shall dine quietly. I have had nothing else for the last week; and, between ourselves, it is much better that they should be avoided.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

"WOODFORD, *July 1, 1828.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I must write you a few lines, or perchance you may think I am dead and buried! Really we are all in such a state of ruin, with every sort of horror hanging over our heads, that I never can bring myself to write a letter. I have almost entirely left it off, for there is no use in croaking, and what else can one do? The reformed House begins in a way worthy of its formation. I understand the Ministers do not like it quite so much as they expected, particularly Cobbett seating himself *au beau milieu* of the Treasury Bench! If *they* were the only sufferers I should not care, but what will become of us all, handed over to the dominion of

such a set of blackguards? However, I won't write about it—there is no use. I have been passing a fortnight at Stratfield Saye very agreeably, and had the happiness of finding the Duke in most perfect health. I have not seen him so strong and so well for years. With the exception of ten days, I have been in his company ever since the 27th of December, and he has not had a complaint of any kind, and has hunted and shot with the youngest. This is some comfort in the midst of the surrounding gloom. We had an immense party at Stratfield Saye, but the two last days we were *en trio* with him, which I enjoyed very much.

"They are come for the letters, and I will send this off without further delay; indeed, I think I have said all I had to say. My object was chiefly to remind you of me; and I can send this free to-day. Let me hear from you. We think of London about the 18th.

"In haste, yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT.

"Where are Sir John and Miss Fanny?"

"LONDON, July 21, 1828.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I was delighted to get your letter, and to find you had got so far as The Hague without suffering any serious inconvenience. I had been afraid the storm would have given you a relapse. The Duke of Rutland, I understand, arrived yesterday; but I have not yet seen him. I expect he will call on me to-day. I am quite well again, quite as if I had not been ill; but you can't think how *souffrante* I was that last day I saw you, from weakness of *body and mind*, for I really felt ready to *cry* the whole time, a most extraordinary state for me to be in. I must now write about *the Duke*, which will interest you more than anything. He is very well, I think, though thin and sometimes pale; but, thank God! Parliament ends on Friday, and then he will have some little leisure. What do you think of his having dined *with me tête à tête* yesterday? I was going to dine alone, and he also, so he came down here, *est-ce-que cela blesse les convenances?* I *don't care*; I think we are old enough now, and it was made quite proper by my old governess coming

home before we had done dinner. Poor fellow! the moment he had some coffee he sat down and read, and wrote papers till past twelve o'clock at night! I told him he would very soon have no eyes left. The Duchess goes out of town to-day, and we dine with him in the old comfortable way downstairs, only ourselves. We leave London the middle of next week, and go to Woodford. We should have gone to Stratfield Saye, but he cannot leave town so soon, and I hope he will come often to see us. As to his *amusements*, which you enquire about, they consist in going to the Treasury at noon, doing business till five, going to the House of Lords; dining—generally at dull places he don't care about—then reading and writing papers till he goes to bed. What a life! I dined with him last Thursday; a great dinner for the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Leopold. Lady Jersey was there; she sat at dinner between the Duke and the Duke of Cambridge, talked almost exclusively to the *latter*, and was so occupied with him and Prince Leopold that she did not make her usual set at the Duke, and took no notice of him till they were gone. Can you conceive such taste!! I met the Duke of Cambridge the other night at Lord Chesterfield's; we were in one of the large rooms *alone*, it was a small party, and, upon my word, his conversation was something quite *incredible*. I at last got quite alarmed, he was so astonishingly impudent; so I got up, and said I could not stay and listen to him any longer. He only laughed, and he tried to begin again at the Duke's, so I begged him to go and talk to the *Duchess*, which made him laugh till he was almost in a fit! I am writing you amazing nonsense, but perhaps it will make you laugh, too. Lady C. Powlett is at home to-night; we dine with Esterhazy on Thursday, and with Rogers on Friday; these are our remaining gaieties. I am thinking of a Greenwich party next week if the Duke has leisure; but I won't go without him—I never did, and I should think it *unlucky*. My kind love to Sir John. As he triumphed over the Sinking Fund, how he must triumph over the *Game Bill*! Mr. O'Connell is doing all he can to stir up rebellion in Ireland. I begin to think he will succeed, for I don't believe the English will allow their Constitution to be trampled under foot by the ignorant

and priest-ridden population of Ireland. Let me hear from you direct, under cover to the Duke, and believe me ever,

"Yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT.

"Was Lord Ingestre's marriage with Lady Sarah Beresford settled when you were here? It is excellent *de part et d'autre*. The Duke of Rutland has just been here, looking quite blooming. He came home by Ostend, and did not return to Rotterdam."

"FULBECK, *Friday* [no date].

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am not in London, which I wish I was, that I might try to be of some use in taking care of the Duke, and keeping him company. But I could not go. Mr. Arbuthnot is there, and writes me word he looks less ill than he expected. Hume, who is, you know, in general a *croaker*, assures him there has never been the slightest danger; it is a *very* bad inflammatory cold, and he has had with it great depression of spirits, which is very unusual. They all say he is getting better, and I think he is, tho' he does not yet think so himself. What most distresses me is that, having come up from Walmer with a cold, he came down to Woodford to see me, and certainly increased it by the journey there and back. He had wanted us to go to Stratfield Saye, and, as we could not, he came to us, and it makes me quite unhappy. However, I hope he will soon be better; and he must take great care for the rest of the winter. He was to come to Apethorpe and Belvoir, but I doubt if he will be well enough. If he does not I shall go and see him as soon after I leave Belvoir as I possibly can. I can't bear his being out of spirits; I think him so good and so great that I feel as if he ought not to have the ordinary ills of life even, and then he has so few comforts. I don't think his sons are any use to him; he has no daughter (which I always think so unlucky), and he is not quite at his ease except with us, and then unfortunately we live so far from him that we cannot go very often. Altogether I am quite unhappy about him; however, if he gets well he will soon recover his spirits, and then it will not signify. I am

come to stay till after Xmas with my mother. I will write to you again soon, for this is but a sorry kind of letter.

"Ever yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT.

"Since writing the above I have heard that the Duke is decidedly better."

'FULBECK, *Sunday* [no date].

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I do not acknowledge the pocket-handkerchief you mention, but if you like to send it by the Duke I will return it to you if it is not mine. I am delighted to hear your nerve goes on so well, and I really hope by the time I return into the gay world that you will be quite well, and like a young lady coming out for the first time. You will be almost as strange after your long confinement. I beg to inform you I am not in *the fens*, unless, for instance, you would call Belvoir in the fens, as we are as high and as far removed from the fens. Did you always think I was *web-footed*? I suppose you scarcely saw the Duke in his hasty passage thro' London? We sent him from Longshawe in great bloom; but, tho' I did not interfere with his shooting, he got but very little. I must defer discussing him till we can have a long *cause*. I certainly think he could not do otherwise than accept the Command; the Army are in high luck to have him; but I should certainly have infinitely preferred the offer not being made, for I do not think it quite *his place* to serve under such *riff-raff* as his present masters. However, I imagine they cannot last very long, tho' I have no doubt myself but that they will swallow the indignity of Mr. Herries,¹ and remain as long as they possibly can. We go home to-morrow for *evermore*, I believe, for we have no projects for moving for a long while; the Duke comes to us next Sunday to stay till he goes north. I want the Duke of Rutland to come and see me, and I hope he will. Lord Ashley, too, is coming, and the Francis Gowers. I confess I like men better than women generally in my house. I make an exception *for you*, and I hope

¹ Chancellor of the Exchequer. He seems to have betrayed Lord Lansdowne into resignation while he himself remained in office.

you will be able to come next year. Pray write me any news you can, and don't imagine I know anything, for tho' our correspondents are very good I like to hear everything from everybody. The Duke told me Sir John was at Stratfield Saye; how provoked you must be, not to be there too! for it seemed to me his party would be a very pleasant one. I am very stupid to-night; but I have tired myself, walking over all my old haunts, and fancying myself *a child* again! To me it is a very pleasant task, and I never am so happy as when I come here, and get my old Nurse to come and sit with me, and call me Miss Harriet, which she always does. I dare say you, who only see me *tirée à quatre épingle*s for the balls, don't believe I have such ridiculous feelings; but it is really *quite* true. I am so sleepy I must end, but I write to-night, as to-morrow will be passed in travelling.

"Ever yours, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Very affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *September 6, 1828.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"My letter will not have its usual value, I imagine, tho' it is written from *such a place!* but I understand you had some sunshine from Cheltenham,¹ and I am sure your eyes and your senses must have been so dazzled, you will hardly yet be able to read and understand what I write. However, I shall try to interest you by letting you know that the sun shines *bright*. He is really wonderfully improved by Cheltenham, has got a *brown*, healthy colour, and seems to have got his head and stomach quite right. I am sure he will get quite strong during the autumn, particularly if he will go on as he does now; that is to say, walking out before breakfast, and not going shooting till towards two o'clock, so as not to be tired. Think how happy I must have been yesterday! We had a party to Whiteknights² to show it to Prince Pierre d'Arenberg; I had a headache, and did not like riding, so he drove me in the curricule *there and back*: just twice as good as our party to Lord

¹ Obviously letters from the Duke of Wellington.

² Near Reading. The property of the 4th Duke of Marlborough.

Bolton's¹ (do you remember ?), when we only *returned* in the carriage.

"So Leopold thinks I am afraid! Dear man! he is only seven years behind the rest of the world; I remember about that time being told I was jealous; and it has gone on, more or less, ever since, so no wonder it has reached him at last! I don't mean to die of the fright, however; and, of course, feel particularly bold while the Lady is the other side of the water. She is coming back, I believe, next week. We have a very pleasant party here. We have the Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, and Mr. Peel, who left yesterday. The Chancellor is a very agreeable man; but *elle passe la permission* altogether in vulgarity. I never saw such a woman! We have had also Esterhazy, who left yesterday, and we have this P. d'Arenberg (a nephew of the P. Auguste, who lives at Bruxelles). He is pleasant, and in such an ecstasy with England that I like him. He does not recover from his enchantment at having come over from Dieppe (an impromptu) with the Grevilles,² and finding himself, in four days, living in intimacy with the Duke (for whom his admiration is unbounded), the Chancellor, Mr. Peel, and, in short, *toute la société la plus distinguée de l'Angleterre*. He came here with old Greville, who is in charming spirits; Lady Charlotte is gone to Ireland. He had been at Lord Sefton's with some of the *wits*, and the Lievens. Lord Sefton asked in the morning what people would have for dinner, and Lord Albanley chose a *sauté de Schoumla*.³ They had numberless jokes of that kind, for the edification of Madame de Lieven, which must have enlightened her upon the feeling in England about her Emperor, and his scandalous war. I hope he will be beat, will have a *real sauté*, and I do not believe there is a person in England who would not be ready to illuminate if we could hear Russia was driven back to the Danube. I think he must have gone to Odessa

¹ Hackwood, near Basingstoke.

² The diarist, and Lady Charlotte Greville.

³ The town of Schumla, situated on the northern slope of the Balkans, was ineffectually besieged by the Russian general Kamenskoi in August 1810. After several weeks spent in fruitless efforts the Russians were compelled to renounce their enterprise. The point of the joke lay in the fact that Madame de Lieven was wife of the Russian ambassador.

to prevent the Corps Diplomatique being at head quarters. We know nothing about the Turks; they do not allow of reporters for the *Times* at their head-quarters. The Algy Grevilles are here; she is a nice person. The Comte de l'Aigle [illegible] comes to-day, and perhaps Lord and Lady Ellenboro'. *She* is going on in a way à *faire peur*, for I cannot but think that my lord will turn round upon her some day, and blow her out of the water. But we seem all strange: think of Mrs. Fox going to Dieppe with Lord Chesterfield! Lord Castlereagh the *chaperon*. The *pair* went in the steamboat, and Castlereagh in Lord Chesterfield's yacht! The consequences were that the ladies at Dieppe were *shy*, and the party was a *manqué*. This is scandal enough for one letter, so I think I will end!

"Adieu! I have written you a volume of nonsense. My love to Sir John. You must prepare your Duke of Nassau to admire *me* when he comes; I beg you will speak a good word for me. I am very glad to hear that Miss Fanny¹ gets on so well, and likes the balls. Think of my having written so far without saying how glad I am to hear you are so wonderfully better! Only mind you do not do *too* much. It would be so vexatious to have any return. I shall fully expect to see you at the balls next year.

"Believe me ever,

"Yours very affectionately,

"H. A.

"We return home on the 8th, and the Duke comes on the 9th, and *perhaps* the Duke of Rutland. I will write him your message."

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *September 25, 1828.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Indeed, dear Lady Shelley, I think I may now congratulate you upon being actually restored to health, and to the society of the world of which you were always so great an ornament. While you live, you will have the consoling reflexion of having submitted to the heavy dispensation which was awarded to you with the most singular patience and

¹ Lady Shelley's eldest daughter.

sweetness of temper, and I am convinced that this will *not be forgotten*. I am rather jealous that a German watering place should have set you up; and yet I trust we may consider that the foundation stone of your recovery was laid in England. I was very sorry not to keep my engagement at Rotterdam, but I gave way to the wishes of my companions at the sacrifice of my own. Tring was anxious to go to Brussels, and as my time was very limited, and I wished to be in England by a particular day, I could not encompass both objects. I believe you came over in the same Packet with Sir Edmund Boyle, and that you had a gale of wind.

"Since I left Derbyshire I have been at the Arbuthnots', where I met the Duke of Wellington looking, and feeling, cent. per cent. better for seventeen days passed at Cheltenham. I think he will have some trouble with the Protestants of this country, who are very angry at Dawson not being kicked out of the Government after his extraordinary declamation in favour of Catholicism. Constitutional clubs are being formed in all the counties, and I am afraid of being called upon to establish one in this county. As I object upon principle to political clubs, and having heard the Duke say that a Protestant explosion would particularly hamper and embarrass the Government, I shall endeavour to avoid this necessity; but it is thought that the Duke means to try if he can conciliate the Catholics.

"I see you abuse Wiesbaden; whereas I thought it a delightful place, as far as I could judge of it from merely dining there. I envy Shelley his shooting parties with the Duc de Nassau, for I never saw a more delicious country than that in which Ems and Nassau are situated.

"Every one seems to think that the Russians have found more than their match in the Turks. The natural defences of Turkey are wonderful, added to which the Russian armies are suffering beyond all idea by pestilence and disease. If they were to get a good thrashing, I believe the whole of this Kingdom would be illuminated. There is a great feeling against the Russians. We have had a large party here for the last few days, but to-morrow we set out for Cheveley. One of the most agreeable guests we

have had has been Madame Caradori, who passed ten days here on her road to the York Musical Festival.¹ What a charming person she is! In the first week of her visit we had no other guest at the castle (except her husband), and I never had a greater treat than in the opportunity which was thus afforded me of hearing her modulation, which is the most perfect I ever heard. How uncommonly well-looking she is also! Altogether she is a very delightful personage. Adieu, dear Lady Shelley. I hope you have good news of all your children, and that everything connected with their progress in life gives you pleasure and satisfaction.

"Ever truly and affectionately yours,

"RUTLAND."

From the DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATFIELD SAYE, November 28, 1828.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I heard of your recovery with real pleasure. You have borne a most trying illness and confinement with a sweetness of temper, and with a fortitude which deserve to be rewarded.

"Sir John Shelley, you, Miss Shelley, and whatever sons you like to bring to Stratfield Saye may be sure of a cordial welcome from me.

"When I last heard from my boys they were at Florence; they were happy and well, and I find them all that is good and kind.

"I am glad you thought the Duke looking well. There are moments when I fear he is fagged, and looks fatigued, but in good spirits.

"Pray remember me kindly to Sir John Shelley.

"Most truly yours,

"C. WELLINGTON."

¹ Caradori was a *nom de théâtre*. This young lady came from a good German family. Her name was Mlle Munk, and she married a Mr. Allen. She made her *début* as the page in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She had charming manners on the stage, and became very popular. She had not a very powerful voice, but a very sweet one. Her taste and style were pronounced excellent. In a room she was perfect. "Her genteel and particularly modest manner, combined with a very agreeable person and countenance, render her a pleasing and interesting, though not a surprising performer."—"Musical Reminiscences," by the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, pp. 146, 154 (edition 1828).

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

" LONDON, *January 21, 1829.*

" MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

" I have received your note ; and I should wish very much to go down to you for a day. But you don't know how I am pressed for time.

" If you will order some fire in a room for me, I'll try to go to-morrow or next day. But don't wait dinner for me.

" After all it is most probable that I shall not be able to stay for a day's shooting. However, I'll see what I can do.

" I conclude that the Gay Widow is come to town. But I have not been able to go near her.

" Remember me most kindly to Sir John, and

" Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

" WELLINGTON."

" LONDON, *January 23, 1829.*

" MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

" It is more than half-past six, and I am but just returned from the Cabinet. If I was now to set out I should not be able to reach Maresfield till near your bedtime ; and I must return to town in the morning.

" I must therefore give up my visit to you.

" I did not know that the *Widow* was still with you. God bless you. Believe me ever yours most affectly.,

" WELLINGTON."

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY

" BELVOIR CASTLE, *February 4, 1829.*

" MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

" I have an anti-Catholick petition to present to their Lordships from this county, which is signed by fifteen thousand names. But, from what I hear, it will be treated as so much waste paper ! We have reports of an intended concession to the Catholics to the extent of their dearest hopes. I know too little on the subject to hazard an opinion respecting it ; I grant that the question is annually becoming more puzzling, but we must not be badgered and ham-

mered into an abandonment of our conviction of what is the true constitutional course for the sole purpose of gaining a temporary repose. I am most happy to hear of Shelley's improvement in health, and that you have a gay party at Maresfield. I would that I could transport myself thither on March 11, but I shall be entertaining people here at the time; and I possess not the ubiquity of presence which our Premier has in his composition. I dare say he will make a speech in the House of Lords on March 11 before he starts for Maresfield. I heartily wish him health and strength to go through the labours of the pending parliamentary campaign. You are a complete Spartan mother in your observations on the departure of your son Frederick to meet his brother Adolphus in the East Indies. Heaven grant that all that you hear of them may be to your heart's content and satisfaction. As you read this I shall be walking into your room to repeat it *de vive voix*.

"En attendant, believe me,

"Ever truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

From MR. EDWARD DRUMMOND¹ to SIR JOHN SHELLEY

"DOWNING STREET, *March 21, 1829.*

"MY DEAR SHELLEY,

"Not knowing whether you *patronise* the 'Courier' or not, I send you one of this evening,² which, if I am not mistaken, will not *lower our Duke* in your estimation. Pray give my best compliments to Lady Shelley, and believe me

"Very sincerely yours,

"EDWARD DRUMMOND."

The incident which led to a duel between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea at Wimbledon on March 21, 1829, and an account of the duel itself, is thus referred to by Charles Greville in his "Journal of the reigns of King George IV. and King William IV."³

¹ The Duke of Wellington's private secretary.

² Probably giving an account of the Duke's duel with Lord Winchelsea.

³ Vol. i. p. 192 (Edition 1875).

"This morning the Duke fought a duel with Lord Winchelsea. Lord W.'s letter appeared last Monday . . . the expressions in it were very impertinent. . . . Everybody imagined the Duke would treat what he said with silent contempt. He thought otherwise, however, and without saying a word to any of his colleagues, or to anybody but Hardinge, his second, he wrote and demanded an apology. . . . Lord Winchelsea declined making any apology, and they met. The letters on the Duke's part are very creditable, so free from arrogance or an assuming tone; those of Lord Winchelsea not so, for one of them is a senseless repetition of the offence, in which he says that if the Duke will deny that his allegations are true he will apologise. They met at Wimbledon at 8 o'clock. They stood at a distance of fifteen paces. Before they began Hardinge went up to Lords Winchelsea and Falmouth, and said he must protest against the proceeding, and declare that their conduct in refusing an apology when Lord Winchelsea was so much in the wrong filled him with disgust.

"The Duke fired, and missed; then Winchelsea fired in the air. He immediately pulled out of his pocket the paper which has since appeared, but in which the word 'apology' was omitted. The Duke read it, and said it would not do. Lord Falmouth said he was not come there to quibble about words, and that he was ready to make the apology in whatever terms would be satisfactory, and the word 'apology' was inserted on the ground.

"The Duke then touched his hat, said 'Good morning, my Lords,' mounted his horse, and rode off. . . . At twelve o'clock the Duke went to Windsor to tell the King what had happened. . . . The Duke of Wellington after the duel sent Lord Melville to the Duke of Montrose with a message that his son-in-law had behaved very much like a gentleman."

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From LADY SHELLEY to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON

"March 22, 1829.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"I felt convinced that there was some *unknown* reason for your absence,¹ and I passed yesterday in

¹ The Duke had promised to visit Maresfield on March 20.

great anxiety, not having heard, as I had expected, from Mrs. Arbuthnot. When I tell you that Shelley's impression was, that no man except yourself, whose life belongs to your country, could be justified in not calling Lord Winchelsea to account, you may imagine our feelings at the result of the meeting; and on reading the correspondence, which does so much honour to your temper and magnanimity on that trying occasion. I thank God that you are safe. Apart from the deep affection which we both feel for you, we regard your life as absolutely indispensable to the peace and prosperity of the United Kingdom. God bless you!

"Believe me ever your attached

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

From MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"[London Postmark] *March 21, 1829.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"At last the *murder is out* and I know why the Duke did not go to Maresfield. To say the truth, I thought the Mutiny Bill, and Windsor, bad reasons; and I felt—what I said to you—that he was worried, and annoyed, and would not make the exertion. The truth is, he has been corresponding with Lord Winchelsea about his letter; and, not getting an apology, he called him out; and they have met this morning. He fired at Lord W., who fired in the air, and then made an apology. He missed Lord W., so it is all very well; and nothing can be more perfect than all the Duke's correspondence. His second was Hardinge, and Lord Winchelsea had Lord Falmouth: probably if he had chosen a wiser man he would have made an apology sooner. You may suppose my astonishment when the Duke walked in, while I was at breakfast, and said: 'Well, what do you think of a gentleman who has been fighting a duel!' He told me that this correspondence prevented his going to Maresfield. It lasted longer than he expected, in consequence of Lord W. being out of town, and he felt he could not leave London (except for Windsor, which was a public duty) while it was pending. I am very glad I had no suspicion, for I should have died of fright; but I am sure the Duke was right, and that such an impudent letter *could not* be overlooked. How you will hate Lord Winchelsea!

for the Duke said if it had not been for that, he would certainly have gone to you one of the nights. The Duke seems quite well, and in good spirits, and seemed to think it an excellent joke, but I was ready to cry. He dines with me to-day. I am sure I have done what you desired, and have sent you *some news*! Lord Cleveland is not dead, but better. I have not seen G. Lane: I was so unwell yesterday I could not stir out, but I am better to-day, indeed quite well. I will write to you again soon, and tell you how we got on. I send back your book with many thanks. You make no remark upon my having carried it off. It is an absurd, exaggerated book, like all Madame de Genlis'; she never wrote but one novel that painted *nature*, and that is the 'Duchesse de la Vallière.' If your child Cecilia was told *now* that she was not your child, but somebody else's whom she had never seen, she would not talk such stuff about a *Mère adorée*, but would only feel shy, and bored at the idea of seeing her. Don't you think so?

"Yours ever affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, March 23, 1829.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I did not write to excuse myself for not going to Maresfield because I could not state the true reason,¹ and *deceiver* as I may be, I could not state a false one.

"You will see from the correspondence published in the newspapers that I could not absent myself from London on Tuesday or Wednesday excepting on duty. In fact, the answer to my letter of Monday and Wednesday reached me early in the morning on Thursday.

"It would not have been desirable that I should be absent.

"Believe me ever yours, most affectly.,

"W.

"Excuse the blotting and scratching of this letter, but I have not time even to finish a note."²

¹ The pending duel with Lord Winchelsea.

² This letter is produced in reduced facsimile: see p. 190.

London March 23rd
My dear daughter Mary
I shall not write to Anne
except she is going to
Marplethorpe because I shall
not state the true reason,
and believe as I may be
I shall not state a false
one. ~~But I shall~~
~~write to her as I shall~~
~~write to her as I shall~~
Yours
Edith

~~My dear daughter Mary~~
You will see from the
correspondence published in
the Standard how much I
am about your daughter
on Thursday or the evening
last thing in the day. In
fact the answer being
written on Thursday and
the evening last thing in the day.

in the morning on Sunday.
I can not have seen
him yet. But I shall be
about.
He has not yet
written to me.
I have not time to
write a note.

[Marked by Lady Shelley 1829.]

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"The paragraph in the Speech is to this effect (I do not remember the exact words). His Majesty recommends that the Catholic Association should be put down as a body incompatible with good government, and as having usurped the functions of parliament. When this has been entirely accomplished, the King recommends that parliament should take into their consideration the whole state of Ireland, and the disabilities of the Catholics, with a view to such an arrangement as may not be incompatible with the maintenance of the Protestant Church, in all her rights, privileges, etc., which it is equally the bounden duty of the King and all his subjects to preserve inviolate. It is to *this effect*, but not precisely the words. Sir John must not be surprised if he is not *au fait* of a subject which has been, till two days ago, a profound secret, not confided to any one. I will call soon after two.

"In great haste, yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

"LONDON, *March 4*, 1829.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Caroline and I will be delighted to go to you on the 17th. Mr. Arbuthnot is out of the question, and Cecil I will tell and he must answer you himself. I shall really be charmed to go to Maresfield again, and I hope having Caroline will be no inconvenience—she will like it very much. We think of nothing here but this Catholic question; the opinion of the red-hot Protestants is that we shall fail. I, however, give the Duke too much credit for good generalship to have any fears, and if he *does* succeed he will have consummated his glory. It is, however, a most difficult task, and, as far as the comforts of private life go, his present post entirely destroys them. He is occupied from morning till night, and can scarcely snatch ten minutes in the day for society. I am getting tired of the everlasting subject, and shall be overjoyed when to-morrow is over, and people will have a new *form* in which to dispute about the measure. I am not altogether sure that your *roads* and *parishes* are not better employment than our two Houses, and their senseless

disputes about the petitions. I am quite sorry for Sir John, as I am sure it will vex him very much to oppose the Duke; I hope, however, that in the House of Commons we shall not mind the loss of a vote. I will write to you again in a few days, and tell you how the town takes the measure when it is published. With regard to society, London is pleasant and gay. I am asked to *three* places to-night—Princess Lieven, Mrs. Baring, and Mrs. Mitchell—and it is pretty much the same every night. I like society in London much better at this season than later: it is less crowded, less hot, and not so late. I don't know of any marriage except Lord Stormount to Miss Ellison, an old and long attachment, which is just settled. Mr. Arbuthnot is not well; he has had a bad cold, but I hope and trust he will be able to go to the House to-morrow. I have been taking him out *airing*, which is always a sleepy thing to do, so if I am very stupid you must forgive it. You shall hear again when the measure is launched.

"Ever yours very affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

"WOODFORD, *September 7, 1829.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I would have answered your letter sooner, but I wanted to wait till the Sun had illuminated these parts, knowing how much more acceptable my letter would be. I was a little in hopes he would come yesterday, but he has been kept so long in London, he only got to Stratfield Saye Friday night, and does not come here till to-morrow; if I wait two days longer I should have no idea where to direct to you, so you must answer this, and tell me where you are, and then I will send you word how *he* is. We have given up going to Doncaster, which after *your tirade* upon morality, and so forth, I imagine will please you; it would have been very inconvenient to us, and would have been going a great way for a doubtful pleasure; so we stay at home, and I hope to be rewarded by the Duke's returning here from Doncaster. He means to go, I believe, for a day or two. I can't conceive what *Castles you ever built*, the romance of which has failed, or ended! You seem to me the most prosperous

person I know (always excepting Lady Jersey), and to have as few cares as anybody. All your children live, and are growing up prosperously; and as to *Sir John* what can be better! It seems to me, therefore, that you may continue your castle-building, only transferring your interest from your children to your grandchildren. If I write dull letters you must always bear in mind that, since you went away, I have seen no one but my mother, one of my brothers, and some country neighbours. I have had nothing to do but watch the progress of our wheat and barley stacks. However, they promise by their size to pay well this year, and if the harvest ends tolerably we shall have a more good-tempered Session of Parliament next year than we otherwise should have, and for that I am most anxious. I am *sick of politics*; it enrages me so that the Russians should be successful; particularly when we remember that in the spring the Sultan might almost have made his own terms. We must now hope that the Emperor Nicholas may be moderate, and *magnanimous*. What a pretty figure Sir Edward Codrington cuts! and how well he has proved his pacific intentions when he sailed into the harbour of Navarino! And then, when one reflects that that man's folly, and Mr. Canning's knavery, have brought all this misery upon the Turks, *j'enrage*. Let me know your direction, and I will write and tell you what I think of the Duke. Sir Henry Halford wrote me that he was quite charmed with his *bonne mine*. My kindest remembrances to Sir John and Miss Fanny.

"Yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

"September 14, 1829.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"As, alas! the Duke sets out for Doncaster at five o'clock this afternoon, I must write to-day, in order to send you the frank you desire; and it is on the outside, so you may boast as much as you like. I showed him your letter, and he says, 'Oh! never mind, we shall be very well supported, we shall have a very good harvest, and it will all do very well.' You are a *Gobe*! I adhere to my intention of not going to Doncaster; which was impossible, as Mr. A. has business which prevented his going; but I hope there

will be no scrape, or insults, and that the Duke will be received as he ought to be. I don't know when I shall see him again; for he goes to London from Doncaster. You cannot think how well he is looking; he has neither pale cheeks nor a long chin, but is fat, and florid, and more like my picture than he has been for ages. I really never saw him better, or in better spirits. I think it is Walmer that has done him so much good. I have seen no one but him since I wrote to you, except Lord Westmorland, who passed three days here last week. He looks very well, and gave a good account of Lady Georgiana, who I am going over to see to-morrow. I return home on Thursday. I have no projects of visiting, except occasionally to Althorpe, till about October 26, when I think of going to Cheveley; from thence we mean to go to London to see about the preparations for furnishing our house. You seem passing your time very agreeably, and I am delighted to hear Lady Lonsdale is still *so young*, for she is the best-natured creature in the world, and I am much more fond of her than of *my Lord*. You don't mention Lady Fred. How do you think she is? You must write and tell me how you got on upon your travels. I should like to make just such a tour as you are making, tho' my first, I am determined, shall be upon the Rhine. When that will be, Heaven knows!

"Yours ever affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT.

"*To* LADY SHELLEY,

"AT SIR WALTER SCOTT'S,

"MELROSE, N.B."

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND *to* LADY SHELLEY

"CHEVELEY PARK, *November 1, 1829.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I should have written to you before, had I known whither to direct to you. I received with true pleasure the report of your journeyings and progress through the wild scenery of Scotland, and I am gratified to learn that you are approaching the South again, all the better for your expedition. I am not surprised at your young female companion having been so much admired; but I *am* surprised that you have not left her, among the glens of the Hielands, to head some one of

the Clans. I see with great delight that you have the idea of visiting Belvoir Castle on your way back, though I regret that you will not see it *dans son Beau*, because we shall have no company there until the beginning of January. It is only a warm and hearty welcome, therefore, that I can promise you from the 18th of November, if that will suit you? . . . I ended on Friday with a very singular race; for Cadland beat Zingari at even weights. It was the most desperate contest that could be seen, and had Chifney been on the latter, he would have waited, and the race would not have been mine. I hope your horses sold well; but from what Jersey said last night, I fear they were chiefly bought in. Gully sold Mameluke yesterday to Mr. Theobald for 2,000 guineas, and Sir Mark Wood bought Cestus on Friday for 3,000 guineas.

"Anson and I killed forty-eight brace of partridges. More ladies have attended Newmarket than I ever recollect. On Friday night a very grand and gay ball was given by the Tharps at Chippenham; I went there with Mrs. Arbuthnot and my daughter Katherine. It was really a very splendid and well-arranged entertainment. Mrs. Arbuthnot went away yesterday. You know how good-humoured, and charming she is on all occasions; and she required all her equanimity of disposition here, for we had no party for her, and she must have been bored to death. She seemed to like Newmarket, and to be interested about the races. She is gone to London on her road to Stratfield Saye. The Duke of Wellington has enough to attend to, in the state of the country. My surveyor is about to write to me on the subject of a considerable reduction of rent, and this I believe must be a generally adopted measure throughout the kingdom. If rent is reduced so must expenditure be, and the evil effects of such a necessity will be discovered at the Treasury sooner than anywhere else. It must be good wheat which sells for 54s. per quarter, and beef and mutton are respectively at 4s. 9d. per stone, and 5d. per lb. Cheese, which last year sold at 75s. per cwt., is now selling at from 45s. to 50s. You will hear what Lords Grey and Lauderdale say upon this extraordinary state of things. Foreign corn comes in, in shoals, although the duty is now at a point which the supporters of the Corn Bill, during its progress

through the Houses, said would be an actual prohibition. Poor Lord Londonderry has been very ill, and has been to London for advice, but he has returned much better to Wynyard, and you will be much pleased, if I mistake not, with the rising splendours of that place. I envy you the treat which you will have in hearing Miss Susan Liddell sing. She sings nothing but what is perfection. You *must* ask her to let you hear 'The Burning of the Bonnie House of Airlie.'

"Remember me to Shelley and to your daughter, and believe me,

"My dear Lady Shelley, ever truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

From MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *January 8* [1830] (?).

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Think of my never having answered your letter all this time! I hope your Lewes meeting is not over, and if so it will not signify. I cannot tell you *precisely* the Duke's sentiments upon the Malt Tax, but I am quite sure if he is deprived of that source of revenue he must give up the Government, and it will require a much wiser head than his to carry on affairs without a tax which pours about seven millions into the Exchequer. I am, I confess, amazed at the folly of those who set this cry afloat, for it would not relieve the farmers *one penny*. Rely upon it the Government cannot go on without this tax. The Duke is gone back to London. He is perfectly well, and in excellent spirits, and as charming as ever. We were a week together at Apethorpe, and two days here, and in consequence of the weather alarming Lord Westmorland, and the Sunday here, we had some delightful long walks together; and that is real enjoyment, for in these kind of houses and parties I never can have what I consider a talk with him in the midst of twenty people. We had a pleasant party at Apethorpe, and a splendid one here. We were forty at dinner the day of the Duke's birthday, and had a tenants' ball in the evening, when all the ladies and gentlemen danced except me, who thought it better fun to look on. We

had supper in what they call the guard-room, just at the entrance, and it really looked like a scene in a fairy palace. After supper we had a *polonaise*, which was led by the Duke of Rutland and me, and, pivoted by the music, we went all over these fine Gothic passages, and you can't think what a splendid effect it had, for we were all as fine as diamonds and red coats could make us. The Duke of Rutland is in excellent spirits, in spite of a dreadful cold. We have had the Manners, Southamptons, Lord Chesterfield, Forester, Mr. Pierrepont, Colonel Anson, and other dandies, and the usual *habitués* of the house, so you may suppose it has been very gay. We are going to Belton¹ to-day, and to Cottesmore on Sunday. We go home on Tuesday, and to London on the 20th. The Duke could not give an opinion at all as to when he could have another shooting party, for he appeared to think that he should be obliged to be very much in London this month. When shall you come to town?

“Ever yours affly.,

“H. ARBUTHNOT.

“*They say* Miss Fanny is going to be married; who is it to?”

“CARLTON GARDENS, *Saturday, January 30, 1830.*

“MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

“I assure you it has been quite impossible to me to write to you. I have been moving into my house, and we have been in such confusion and discomfort that even now I can only write you a few lines. I could not leave town at the time you proposed a visit to Maresfield, and the Duke, who showed me your letter to him, told me he should write and tell you that his leaving London again was impossible. He is so busy that really, except upon politics, we hardly ever have any conversation, and if we don't soon get matters so settled as that things will go on without his doing everything, I think it will kill him. I assure you it makes me quite unhappy, and I have repented bitterly of the desire I had to see him Minister, for, after all, his fame was great enough to satisfy the most

¹ Lord Brownlow's.

craving appetite, and his whole life a sacrifice to the unthankful office he is now filling. I won't write more about it, for it kills me. He is very well, except a cold, and that is some comfort. London is cold and wretched, but there are plenty of people. I have dined out often, chiefly official, and have been once to the play with the Esterhazys; but most evenings we have spent with the Duke. My house *will be* very comfortable, but at present the intolerable noise of unpacking and settling everything, dropping of boxes, *slamming doors*, etc., etc., drives me distracted. I suppose you will be here Tuesday or Wednesday; till then adieu; by that time I hope to be settled and in a good humour.

"Ever yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *February 22, 1830.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Nothing can be more painful to me than to receive such appeals as the enclosed, and to be under the necessity of answering that I have no means whatever at my disposition of doing anything for the person who makes them.

"I know that the answer, however true, is never believed; which aggravates the pain of making it.

"The fact is that the publick have provided by regulation for the widows and orphans of officers of the Army, as it is supposed, very handsomely. In the meantime the Crown has been deprived of all means of doing anything for them, excepting upon extraordinary occasions of service, etc., when they are the rival claimants of those who claim the Royal Bounty on other grounds of distress.

"There are at this moment hundreds of unsatisfied claimants of this description, occasioned in part by what my predecessors have left behind them, and in part by the distresses of the times and the reforms of officers, etc., made by ourselves; and I must say that these claims, which I feel the most distressing to me, are those upon which I can do nothing—viz. those like

Mrs. Despard's,¹ of which the grounds were laid at a very remote period of time, which ought long ago to have been brought forward and considered and decided upon, and which appear for peculiar reasons to have been reserved for me.

"However painful it is to me to give this answer, I am under the necessity of doing it, and I hope that you will excuse me.

"Believe me, ever yours most sincerely and affectly.,
"WELLINGTON."

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *February 24, 1830:*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I could throw a brick at your servant's head, or any missile which would not inflict serious injury, for the loss which he occasioned me, by his thundering dullness, of the pleasure of seeing you; I was so hurried on the following day that I had not a moment in which to go down to your part of the town, for I had arranged to go early and see Miss Kemble in 'Belvidere.' I can only lament the waywardness of my fate, and hope for better things another time.

"Matters in Parliament look better than they did at the commencement of the Session. But the majorities are not composed of persons to be depended upon. Sometimes the Whigs, and sometimes Huskisson's people, divide with the Government, so that those who can be steadily counted upon would be much reduced in numbers on an analysis of the division. The Duke of Wellington has become a capital orator. He is now one of the very best debaters in the House of Lords; and verifies what I always said of him, that to whatever subject he turns his master mind, in that he would soon become perfect. It is delightful to see that he is so well. When I was in London I made no attempt to intrude upon him, for it is a shame unnecessarily to occupy one moment of his time.

"I understand the Duke of Cumberland will leave this country as soon as he can do so without *appearing*

¹ Mrs. Despard, here mentioned, was the widow of General John Despard, who fought in the American War of Independence and was taken prisoner at York Town. He was released in 1782, and commanded the troops at Cape Breton from 1799 until 1807.

to have been driven out of it by implication in the late melancholy catastrophe.¹

"Remember me most kindly to Shelley, and make my best compliments to your lively daughter Fanny.

"Ever, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Truly yours,

"RUTLAND."

"CARLTON GARDENS (*circa June 30, 1830*).

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I had not time to write to you yesterday, and I had not anything to tell you. I cannot give you any notion about a General Election, but as it is quite sure to be in the course of the autumn, I should think you cannot begin to canvass too soon, or too anxiously. No one can have behaved better than our new King, who has expressed his entire confidence in the Duke, and his anxious desire that everything should go as it is. Of course it is a very anxious and busy time, but I hope the Session will be ended as quickly as possible, and when we get a new Parliament we shall get on better, and be stronger. Whenever I hear anything about a Dissolution you shall hear from me. I hope your canvass will be a successful one. Do let me hear from you, and tell me how it goes on. The Duke is in very good spirits, and looks very well. I am going to-night to the House of Commons to hear the King's message. I dined last night at Lord Willoughby's, the only thing I have done since the King's death. I will write you again soon.

"Ever yours affly,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

July 20, 1830.—I am amused by something Fanny has just written to me about the King,² and his eccentric behaviour:

¹ For particulars of the Duke of Cumberland's quarrel with Lord Lyndhurst, see Greville's "Journals," vol. i. pp. 223-27 (edition 1875).

² William IV.

"Kate Molyneux¹ has just left me. She says that the King went to Windsor yesterday, *alone on the Box* of the carriage, with the Queen and Princess Augusta inside. She tells me that a few days ago Lord Howe walked over to Bushey from Twickenham, in order to Kiss Hands. The King, finding that Lord Howe intended to return on foot, rang the bell and desired a footman to tell the Queen that he wished her to set Lord Howe down at his own door (during her drive). This was done accordingly. Lord Howe made the fourth inside the carriage, the others being the King, the Queen, and Princess Augusta. Kate tells me that every hour brings them a good story about this King. She says that at the Funeral there was a line of admirals and a line of generals; and that the King kept saying: 'Generals, generals, keep step!' and 'Admirals, admirals, keep step—keep step!' Dearest mother, I hope this nonsense may amuse you."

"WALMER CASTLE, *August 11, 1830.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I shall be here till the 21st, and shall be very happy to see you, whenever you will come.

"Give me notice that I may make room for you. I shall return again after the 21st. But don't know how soon, nor how long I shall stay.

"I was sorry to hear that Shelley had lost his bet. I heard that his friend at Brooks' made every effort that he might lose it. *Ainsi va le monde!*

"Your imagination travels farther than, I am afraid, your son will.² Even Mr. Pitt was two or three Sessions in Parliament before he was in office. Lord Liverpool, and others, a longer period. In these days a man must really work; must cultivate his mind, must really have some sense, and above all must have the *reputation* of sense, before he can be put forward.

¹ Daughter of Lord Sefton.

² John Villiers Shelley, Lady Shelley's eldest son, born 1808, entered Parliament in 1830, as member for Gatton. He sat for Grimsby in 1831 and was member for Westminster from 1850 to 1865. He never made any mark in Parliament.

"This last French Revolution is a terrible affair."¹

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

From MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"WOODFORD, *Friday, October 1830.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"What a time it is since I have written to you, or heard from you! Now that I am again at home and quiet, I *must* write to enquire about you. You know I went on that luckless expedition to Liverpool, and witnessed poor Mr. Huskisson's frightful accident.² He had been talking to the Duke and me the *very instant* before. There is no need to write about it, for the newspapers told everything, and no writing could give a notion of the horror of the scene. There never was anything so unfortunate, for it was a mere accident, and the least presence of mind would have placed him in safety. If it had not been for this misfortune, our whole expedition would have been the most delightful possible. The party at Lord Salisbury's³ was the gayest and most agreeable I ever was in; the Duke was received with an enthusiasm such as I, who have seen him in so many crowds, never witnessed; and as I had never been in the manufacturing districts before, and am, as you know, *sufficiently curious*, you may guess how much excited and interested I was. We saw manufactories for every sort of glass and china, and then the railway itself is worth going any distance to see. I never saw anything so fine; it passes a mile and a half thro' the solid rock under the town of Liverpool; traverses a valley by a *viaduct* which is the most beautiful thing I ever saw, and crosses Chat Moss, which has hitherto been considered a quicksand, upon which no road would *float*. However, as you were in the country

¹ On July 27, 1830, barricades were erected in the streets of Paris, and for four days there were conflicts between the populace, aided by the National Guard, and the Army. Charles X. retired to Rambouillet, and his Ministers took to flight on July 31. On August 2 Charles X. abdicated, and five days later the Duc d'Orléans accepted the crown as Louis-Philippe.

² On September 15, 1830, Mr. Huskisson, who had been Colonial Secretary in the Duke of Wellington's Ministry, and resigned in June of that year, was killed at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

³ Childwall Hall, near Liverpool.

last year, no doubt you saw it all. I passed a fortnight in this manner in the Duke's company, and he was here for a week before he started for Lancashire, so that I have enjoyed a great deal of his company; and, thank God, never saw him better, and in higher spirits—except when public affairs forced him *to think*. He is in excellent health, and I hope well prepared for the next Session. What a condition all Europe is in! How lucky we are to have such a man at our head! But the thing altogether makes me miserable, for I don't see how war is to be avoided, and when we have it I am certain the Duke will have to go! Upon my word I had rather die. And to think that all this is caused by Polignac's gross folly!¹ it really kills me.

"We go to London on the 26th, where I suppose we shall meet. We shall not move till then, except to Cheveley about the 18th for a little Newmarket fun. Will Sir John be there? How does our gracious King go on at Brighton? The Duke is gone there, so if you are in Fortune's way you will see him. Is Miss Fanny going to marry Lord Monson? that is the *on dit*.

"Ever yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"CHEVELEY PARK, *October 31, 1830.*

"It is my firm belief that we are nearer to a tremendous explosion than we ever have been. It is hard to say how the poison has been so deeply and widely circulated in the minds of the people. Some friends of mine ascribe it to the schoolmasters!

"I read with interest your *Royal* proceedings at Lewes, and the very successful Fête which you gave to their Majesties. I confess I do not like the system of speech-making which our good King has adopted. The more uncommon a king is, the better; but these

¹ Prince Jules de Polignac was called, in August 1829, by Charles X. to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and in the following November he became President of the Council. His measures were so unpopular that when the revolution of July 1830 broke out in France, he fled for his life. He was eventually arrested, and after trial by his peers was condemned to be imprisoned for life. He was released in 1836, and spent some years in England. He died at St. Germain in 1847.

are times in which one scarcely knows what is to be done for the best! The King of France is making himself a perfect slave by his servility to the people. He will find that he will be no better off when the next commotion takes place in Paris.

"What say you to a recent meeting held at Leicester, when one of the speakers predicted that, ere long, not a vestige of Nobility would be left in England; to which the whole meeting responded: 'The sooner it is done away with, the better!'"

"One of the ex-Ministers of France, Count D'Orsay, is at Newmarket. He doubtless consoles himself with the thought that he is not in poor Polignac's shoes at this moment!

"On the whole, I think we are on the high road to ruin; and if Hunt¹ fixes his fancy on Maresfield Park, you will have 'to go to the devil, and shake yourself,' before six months are over!"

From H.R.H. the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

"BRIGHTON, November 22, 1830.

"I ought to have thanked you, dear Lady Shelley, as yesterday, but had not time. The prudence of my family is such that we literally know nothing, but from the newspapers, so your note was in every way a great comfort. There is, *entre nous*, a very great satisfaction in your word *watch*. You may believe how anxious we feel. Fortunately everybody went to town when the King did, so we have been quite to *ourselves*. Lady Fremantle, the only old friend, and Eliza Harvey, whom we have had. Now Sir Henry and Lady Campbell are come, and the George Seymours. The fires are frightful, and continue. There was a terrible one near Worthing last night. The threatening letters have been very odious, but we are determined not to worry ourselves with unnecessary fears. The stories afloat are very alarming, but Augusta² and I keep up the courage of our neighbours. Sir G. Webster has shown great courage, and has behaved very well; we must hope that strong measures may be adopted to stop the mischief which is about, for it is not pleasant.

¹ "Orator Hunt," a demagogue.

² H.R.H. Princess Augusta Sophia, daughter of George III

"Report says that the Duke of Wellington is greatly regretted.¹ How very strange! is it not too provoking? My best compliments to Sir John.

"Yours very sincerely,
"ERNEST."

"LONDON, *November 26, 1830.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I retain Lord Chichester's letter. In Hampshire I think that we have got the better of riotage and violence; and the submission to it has not been very extensive.

"We have 200 prisoners; are going to establish Yeomanry; and are to have a special Commission.

"Our riots began on Saturday.

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

[Greville says (vol. ii. p. 75, "Journals, etc."):

"*November 28, 1830.*—The Duke of Wellington, who as soon as he was out of office repaired to Hants and exerted himself as Lord-Lieutenant to suppress the disorders, returned yesterday, having done much good, and communicated largely with the Secretary of State. The Government are full of compliments and respect to him, and the Chancellor wrote him a letter entreating he would name any gentleman to be added to the Special Commission which was going down to the county over which he 'so happily presided.' The Duke named three."]

From the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND to LADY SHELLEY.

"BRIGHTON, *January 16, 1831.*

"I have this moment had the pleasure of receiving your delightful letter. I doubt not you all enjoyed your party at Belvoir, for a large party in the country in a fine house is a great comfort. It is, assuredly, much to the King and Queen's credit that all is easy and pleasant here; perfect ease without form, and all as agreeable as possible. The King's spirits and

¹ His Government had been defeated in the House of Commons, and was succeeded by that of Lord Grey.

health are excellent ; the weather makes him feel rheumatic, otherwise I never saw him better. My sister Augusta has recovered her gout, but is not out, for she is tender on her foot, but she is looking particularly well. As you promise me to keep my letters to yourself, I must tell you that late on Friday my brother heard that Talleyrand was here. He invited him directly to dinner for yesterday ; we sat down two and forty to dinner. He of course sat by the Queen, who really behaved like an angel, with great civility, dignity, and real grace. I never in my life saw such a Monster, yet with a degree of quickness in those *old eyes* which tells one at once that nothing passes unnoticed by him. Of course we had very little conversation ; I only served as a spectator.

" My sister Augusta being still confined, has been the cause of preventing me hearing what I so much wished concerning the Poor ; but the instant I have it in my power I will write it all down and send it to you, for I feel that you understand it perfectly. The first thing is to establish industry : idleness is surely the mother of vice, discontent, and drunkenness, all things we so much wish to avoid. I heard yesterday a story concerning Lord Anglesey and Mr. O'Connell, which is really very good, and amused the King amazingly. Lord Anglesey met O'Connell, and the latter said, ' Believe me, my Lord, there is nothing personal in my manner of acting, yet I will leave no stone unturned to break the union of Ireland.' ' Nor have I anything personal towards you, sir,' replied Lord Anglesey ; ' still, if I can have you hanged, you may depend upon my doing it.' It surely is enough to kill one with laughing ; I think Lord Anglesey was quite right. I am very sorry Sir John has got the gout ; after witnessing what dear Augusta has suffered, I cannot conceive how people can be rejoiced to have the complaint, tho' it never affected her spirits. I now will take my leave, recalling myself to Sir John and your lovely girl,¹ and entreating you to believe me,

" Yours affectionately,
" ERNEST."

¹ Lady Shelley's eldest daughter, afterwards the Hon. Mrs. George Edgumbe.

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY.

"LONDON, *April 11, 1831.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I cannot avoid writing you a line to inform you of the intelligence which I have received of young Sir John's success at Lewes.¹ I know, from the best authority, that he was capital; and that he gave great satisfaction to all but his opponents. Indeed, I have heard from the best authority that if he had had the assistance of two or three more, to take the same line as himself, he would have driven Lord George and the whole party out of the town. I sincerely congratulate you.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *September 24, 1831 (at night).*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"You will see that the Reform Bill has at last come up to the House of Lords, and it will come under discussion upon the Second Reading on Monday, October 3. Of course we are looking very anxiously after numbers.

"What do you say to Lord Gage? I heard some time ago that he entertained a very sensible opinion upon this subject; and thought that if the Bill should pass, the government of the country would become impracticable. Does he think so still? Could you insinuate to him to come up and vote against the Bill, or to give his proxy against it?

"I know that you are a *sensible* woman, and will manage this affair with discretion.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *October 1, 1831.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"You are delightful. I have not time to say more. You may rely upon it that we shall have no difficulty if we reject the Bill.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

¹ "Young Sir John" was the Duke's playful allusion to Lady Shelley's husband. He was member for Lewes until the dissolution in this year.

From the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"WIESBADEN, October 10, 1831.

"This you are not to look upon as a letter, dear Lady Shelley, but as a mere little note. As I was talking of you to-day at dinner with the Duke of Nassau, he was desirous of my recommending to you and Sir John his brother-in-law, Prince Friedrich of Wurtemberg, a young man I take great interest in, his having always been a great favourite of my poor sister of Wurtemberg's. The Duke of Nassau would have written himself to Sir John, but he was not quite well the night before the young Prince set off, and he flatters himself—the Duke desires me to tell you—that, for old friendship sake, you and Sir John will introduce him to the best society. I hardly know who is, or who is not, in Town, but I scolded the Duke of Nassau for not telling me before the young Prince set out. You would delight in the young Duchess. She is lovely, and does great honour to my sister's motherly care of her. They are extremely happy, and he is perfection. I have always had a great *tendresse* for the Duke of Nassau. I have seen the excellent and valuable Mensdorffs ever since I have been here. They let me come in and dine with them *en ami*, which is most amiable of them. They inquired much after you and all your family; so did the Duke of Nassau. I was to have returned on Wednesday, but all the medical people say I must remain, the weather is so fine; and I have promised to stay till to-morrow fortnight, which is doing all I can. How delighted should I have been if it had happened that you could have been here. The Season is properly over, so that I am perfectly alone, and have everything to myself. Stein and I go about like wanderers. The fine *Salle*, the gardens, waters, we may do as we please with. Most of the shops have been shut up, so that everything is not in beauty. But the place is wonderfully improved since I came here some years back. The Colonnade for the shops is beautiful, and makes a delightful dry walk, should it rain. Biebrich is beautiful. The Duke has very much improved it by new furnishing the gallery, which is *magnificent*, and the *Salle*, where they dine, the most lovely thing

possible. The little Duchess, all beauty and amiability, looks worthy of being the Peaceful Goddess of the Rhine. Everything one sees at Biebrich is fairyland.

"I have now fulfilled my promise to the Duke, and think it is *rather* an amiable proof of my friendship for him, that I have given him the merit of writing to you when I really fully intended doing so from myself; but in a post or two I will write. The good those waters have done me I never can be thankful enough for; and often think of what you said of them. With my best compliments to Sir John, and my love to your daughter,

"I remain,

"Yours affectionately,
"ERNEST."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *January 4, 1832.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am very much obliged to you for your note. All the bulletins will, I hope, prove to be correct, and that I shall soon be quite well.

"I don't believe that so many lies were ever published about any man in one month of his life, as have been published about me in one month that I have been confined to my house by indisposition!!

"The Game Act¹ has produced exactly the effect that I expected it would. Poaching all over the country has increased tenfold, particularly poaching with violence. I never heard before of any serious poaching in my woods; but from the first of November last they were poached by gangs! At last they killed one of my men; and I certainly will no longer preserve game!!

"The only doubt that I entertain, and difficulty that I feel, is what to do with the establishment of game-keepers which I have kept, and which I don't like to throw upon the merciless world in these good times of Peace, Reform, and Happiness!!! You will see, therefore, that I can have no means of employing Barnes.²

"The Game Act is, like everything else, a complete failure, and has done more harm than good!

¹ The Game Act of 1831 abolished the qualifications for the right to kill game and extended the rights of selling it.

² Sir John Shelley's under-keeper.

"What do your Political œconomists, who discovered that poaching would be prevented because gentlemen would undersell poachers, say, now that the poulterers in London refuse to buy pheasants killed by the gun? They must have been snared, in order to suit their customers!! Very soon they will require that they should all be hen pheasants snared!! and soon after, they will have none at all!

"Believe me,

"Ever yours most affectly,

"WELLINGTON."

From LADY SHELLEY to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON

"MARESFIELD PARK, January 15, 1832.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"As you were lately interested in knowing Lord Gage's sentiments, I think you may like to know what he has now determined upon.

"He has given his proxy¹ to Lord Wharncliffe, with a promise of going up to Town if wanted. We conclude, from the high terms in which Lord Wharncliffe spoke of you, and the communication which he appears to have had with you, that you do not disapprove of his endeavours to compromise, which were so inopportunately defeated by the arrival of Lord Durham, and of his present determination to let the Bill² go into Committee. He proposes to make a very strong protest against certain parts of it, which, if not altered (as it is hoped they may be) may cause its rejection on the third reading. He thinks that the alteration would be far preferable, after all that has so unfortunately been done, and he is prepared to abandon Schedule A.³

"Lord Kinnoull, whom I met at Firle,⁴ has also given his proxy to Lord Wharncliffe.

"I trust that your views coincide with theirs; but even if they do not, I think that Lord Gage, as he approved of the *first* rejection by the Lords, must be very hard to persuade to vote *again* against the Bill going into Committee!

"I may be wrong, and I have no one to guide my

¹ Peers had in those days the privilege to vote by proxy.

² The Reform Bill.

³ Schedule A. disfranchised fifty-six Boroughs in England.

⁴ The seat of Lord Gage, in Sussex.

opinion; but I am, at present, decidedly in favour of Lord Wharncliffe's plan. Perhaps you will again call me a 'Political œconomist,' and taunt me with a love of innovation! But, in this rest assured, that you are unjust.

"Who was it that supported, to the last gasp, the existing game laws, and predicted (as recorded in his speeches in parliament) exactly what has taken place? Shelley. Who opposed the Beer Bill which has demoralised the whole country? Shelley.

"When all the other Tories at the hustings professed to be independent of any particular leader—who was it that declared himself an out-and-out supporter of the Wellington administration; and, in consequence, had a doubly severe contest? Shelley. Who lost his seat because he openly declared himself *opposed to the Reform Bill*? Shelley. Have any of the ultra Tories been more firm or consistent than he?

"I think, upon reflection, you will admit that no one could have been more consistent than my husband. I trust that you are fast regaining your strength.

"God bless you. Ever your sincerely attached
"FRANCES SHELLEY."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *January 16, 1832.*

"I never quizzed anybody, and particularly not you! I knew that you was against the repeal of the Game Laws at all; and most particularly against the repeal on the principle of political œconomy. It was my relation and Salisbury who did that. The consequence will be the destruction of every head of game in the country.

"In respect to reform, I know that if a man votes for the second reading of a Bill in the House of Lords, the principle of which he does not approve, with a view to alter the said Bill in the Committee, the Minister at the same time declaring that the Bill to be passed must be *as efficient* as the one thrown out by the House of Lords last October, *that man*, begging his pardon, must be knave, or fool!

"I am Boroughmonger No. 1, without having to say one word to my vote in my county town, or borough,

whatever. As far as I have any concern with them, I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea. But I have lived, and taken a part in my own times, that is to say the last forty years; and I have acquired some experience. I can tell the noblemen of England that they must look at the *principle* of their vote upon this Reform Bill; and that they should vote for nothing of which they disapprove.

"What I recommend to them particularly to bear in mind is that this country must be governed, its prospects must be protected. Life and honour must be secured.

"If all this is not taken care of, it is not the rich that will suffer exclusively. The poor, after having destroyed the game, must destroy each other!

"Yours affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

[This letter, of course, mainly refers to the Reform Bill which, on Lord Grey's motion, was read a *first* time on the following March 27. It was Lord Wharncliffe's desire to carry the second reading of that measure in the House of Lords in order to prevent the threatened creation of Peers. The Duke of Wellington was resolutely determined, *coûte que coûte*, to oppose the Bill in its present shape, and to throw the responsibility of swamping the House of Lords upon the Government. The Duke was honestly of opinion that the Government's proposals would, if carried out, eventually ruin the country, and consequently he would not be a party to any compromise whatever.

When, however, at the end of March, the Bill was introduced into the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington made a very moderate speech, and acknowledged that he was not against all reform, though he was against this Bill because he did not think, if it passed, that it would be possible to carry on the government of the country. He, at the same time, promised that if the Bill went into Committee he would

give his constant attendance, and do all in his power to make it as safe a measure as possible.

On April 14 the second reading was carried in the House of Lords by a majority of only nine votes. On May 7 the Lords went into Committee, and Lord Lyndhurst proposed to postpone the disfranchising clauses until after the enfranchising clauses had been agreed to.

This proposal was objected to by the Government, but was eventually carried by a majority of thirty-five. Lord Grey at once resigned in high dudgeon, and attempts were made to induce the King to create a number of peers, sufficient to overcome all opposition to the measure, but the King objected, and sent for the Duke of Wellington, whom he directed to form a Government. As everyone knows, the Duke was unable to form a Cabinet, and the King was constrained to recall Lord Grey's Government, at the same time granting them full power to secure majorities by the creation of new peers. By May 30 the Bill was carried through the Committee, and read a *third* time with a majority of eighty-four on June 4, 1832.

A curious example of the fickleness of the public, and the shallowness of human gratitude, took place on June 18 in this year. As the Duke of Wellington was returning from the Mint a mob assembled, and attempts were made in Fenchurch Street to drag him from his horse. In Holborn there was some stone-throwing. In these circumstances the Duke sent for the police to protect him on his way home. Four policemen—two on each side of his horse's head—escorted him to the end of Chancery Lane, down which the Duke turned. The gate of New Street Square having been closed behind him, the mob was kept at bay while the Duke rode quietly out into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and so home to Apsley House. And this was on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo!]

From the DUKE OF RUTLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"BELVOIR CASTLE, *January 18, 1832.*

"You write in good spirits, which I am glad to see; although nothing could be worse than the state of the country.

"As for the new Game Bill, it will eventually put down poaching by leaving no game in the country to poach. There has been a great increase in the poaching tribe since the Act was passed, and it is a farce to suppose that when there is nothing more to poach those men will take to honest living.

"The whole Act is based on a false philanthropy. As to the Reform Bill! Lord Grey must go down in history as the rashest Minister who ever held the reins of State. If he makes the threatened batch of peers for one single vicious purpose he will be a fit subject for a Special Commission.

"The juries at Nottingham have been summoned, and threatened, so as to mete out but very partial justice; and I am told the judges have proved themselves most miserable in their calling. Yet six men will be executed, and eight transported!

"I am having all my labourers and servants drilled to the use of the great guns here. I have an artillery sergeant residing here for the winter, and we have drills every day. Last week I obtained a large supply of shot and ammunition from Woolwich. I am determined to make a good defence, if attacked."

MRS. ARBUTHNOT *to* LADY SHELLEY

"WOODFORD [no date].

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"The Duke writes me word he has been passing an evening with you. I wish you would write, and tell me how you thought him, and if his deafness is going off. I was somewhat unhappy about him when I left London; he was so very deaf, and complained of pain in his head. He writes me word he is better, and I should hope would be in high spirits now that the *braves Belges* have been so handsomely beat! I wanted to have called on you before I left town, but I had no carriage, and it was so hot I could not walk

so far ; besides being always with my mother, whom I left sooner than I wished, for she was still very ill from the effects of influenza. Mr. Arbuthnot came down here a week before me, and *never rested* till I followed him. I am here now *for ever*, unless something wonderful happens ; so you had better write me all the news and gossip you know. I get plenty of political news, and I am certain our prospects are brightening ; a little more time and I am persuaded Reform will be *quite* out of fashion. I can't make out what the *Times* means by turning against its darling Bill ; but I hope its tone and mode of arguing will show you what use there would have been in a small reform. The world will know now what *Whig purity* and liberality is, as exemplified in the Dublin election ! I assure you the Tories never dreamt of using such influence and threats ; indeed some of the witnesses say they were never applied to by the Castle before.

"I do think the conduct of our Ministers, both at home and abroad, is too scandalous. They truckle to France because she is powerful, insolent, and revolutionary. They ill-treat and oppress Holland and Portugal, because those countries are weak and legitimate. And they truckle to our own radicals, and revolutionists, discountenancing all honest and loyal men ! Surely, we shall not bear it much longer ? You see Sebastiani now avows that the French army will not retire, though the Dutch do !—and then, in the midst of it all, Peel goes out of town !!! I am so sorry Sir John did not stand for Grimsby ; I should have been so very glad to see him in Parliament again. Give my love to him and to Miss Fanny. Are they really going to Scotland, or is Miss Fanny going to be married, as I heard said before I left London. Ever, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Yours affly.,

"H. ARBUTHNOT."

"MARESFIELD (*circa* October 21, 1832).

"MY DEAR MRS. ARBUTHNOT,

"Many thanks for your kind letter, which gave me very great pleasure in spite of the melancholy report, for which, however, I was too well prepared,

of the Duke's deafness. I remember how *triste* he was, and how melancholy became our dinner-table under similar circumstances, when he was suffering from that vile operation, and came here. But the recollection gives me hope that he may again recover—if not, you must persuade him to use a trumpet, which in Lady Lauderdale's case prevents all the annoyance he now suffers from imperfect hearing, or not being able to be spoken to *sotto voce*. The rejection of the Bill¹ has given me new life, provided your friends (don't scold) the *asinine* Tories (their new name), will be rational, and meet the moderate Reformers without any consideration of self-interest. These people overthrew the Duke's Government and gave us up a prey to the Radical support to which Lord Grey was forced to have recourse if he intended to be Minister. From Lord Grey's birth, *party*, and not the good of his country, has been his idol; he clings to it still. But times are changed since Foxites and Pittites were distinctions, and there must be a corresponding change in political morality, or men like the Duke, who think only of their country's good, can never remain at the helm. Whig and Tory are at an end, and we must have only Conservative reformers and Radical reformers. I *think* it is not too late to save the country; but unless some kind of Reform Bill is passed this Session, a Bill which *ought to satisfy* those who don't want plunder—it is all over. In Lancashire all business is at a stand-still—in *suspense*—as our agent says. If the Bill had passed the Lords, there would have been an immediate withdrawal of capital from trade. As it is, they will wait for another Session before emigration, so if a moderate Bill is passed all will be well. In this part of the county no one is for the *Bill*, I believe; yet all are in favour of some Reform, tho' it is very little talked or thought of. A requisition was agreed to at the sessions last week, for a county meeting, which it is proposed, but not finally settled, shall be held at Brighton. The gentlemen do not mean to attend. A curious confirmation has been given to what I told you—viz., that Donovan (Shelley's opponent) was assisted in his election by the money, as well as interest, of the Whigs. Two

¹ The Reform Bill was thrown out on Second Reading in the House of Lords, on October 20, 1831.

days ago he received from the Duke of Devonshire an appointment to be one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to His Majesty!! This is not bad for a man who is not received into the house of even the smallest gentry of the neighbourhood—and who can only be known by his contest with Shelley. The situation of their Majesties is really most deplorable, and I sincerely hope they will *not* come to Brighton. As far as private comfort is concerned I cannot describe to you how much ours is increased by Shelley not being in Parliament. He has entirely lost all wish to stand any more contests. John is with us here, going over every week to the Lewes Bench of Magistrates to watch the state of feeling. Until some Bill is passed there will be no energetic action taken by the people of property, for the reasons I have given. Meanwhile, my son is reading hard and performing his duties as a magistrate. Nothing of riot is at present in prospect. No! the evil of the beer shops is far from diminishing in this neighbourhood, and poachers abound, as the Lewes magistrates (sapient as usual) consider this an interregnum, and will not commit those who infringe the game laws. If the new ones can be *maintained* we think they will prove very effective. We have quantities of pheasants, and Shelley, who is quite well, shoots every day. We have never exceeded our table for eight or ten, and I never before was so thoroughly happy in the country. We have not moved from hence (except for two nights to Lord Gage's) for two months, nor shall go from home till after Xmas, or when we go to London for the Spring. Cecilia is my excuse for repose, and staying at home. I have been making my village school into one of *industry* as well as of learning, and find it succeeds perfectly; but of course it requires constant superintendence, so Cecilia and I visit it daily. We also ride, all three, and have had some agreeable gentlemen here, amongst them your brother Cecil, who is a greater favourite with us than ever. Signor and Madame Puzzi are now here, so we talk, and make music all the evening! Miss Masson is coming, so education prospers; and I am very glad to brush up my forgotten learning.

“Believe me yours affectionately,

“FRANCES SHELLEY.

"Apropos of this Reform Bill, I have received the following verse, which is worthy of a record.

"Mankind has long disputed at the Cape
About the Devil's colour, and his shape ;
The Englishman declared him Black as Night ;
The Hottentot of course declared him White !
But now they split the difference, and say
They feel *quite certain* that Old Nick is Grey !"

[Charles, second Earl Grey—better known as Viscount Howick, was five years older than the Duke of Wellington. He was for twenty years member for Northumberland. He was one of the managers of the cruel impeachment of Warren Hastings. He was an adept in the parliamentary art of seceding, or perhaps merely resigning, in order to gain his ends. He was constantly attacking Pitt's foreign policy ; and in 1797 he seceded from the House of Commons with the Whig party. He resisted the Union with Ireland in 1800. When he became head of the Whig Government in 1831, Lord Grey introduced a Reform Bill, and, being defeated in Committee, he dissolved parliament. When he next introduced a Reform Bill, it was carried in the Commons, but rejected in the Lords. When, on the Bill being reintroduced into the Lords, it was again defeated, Grey resigned. After a few days' retirement, which he employed in persuading the King to the absolutely unreasonable policy of creating dummies into Peers, Grey returned to power, and, without violating the Constitution, at last carried his Reform Bill. That Grey's political reputation was not undeserving of the title conveyed in the above epigram may be guessed from his unscrupulous behaviour when in pursuit of any object upon which he had set his heart. Regardless of having, in 1797, seceded from the Commons as a protest against Pitt's repressive legislation, Lord Grey in 1834 quitted office on a disagreement with his Cabinet about his own repressive measures in Ireland.]

MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"WALMER CASTLE, *October 2, 1832.*

"I have been somewhat disconcerted since I came here by finding that the Duke could not hold you and your *belongings*, and that he had written to you to that effect. I am so sorry, but the fact is certainly undeniable, for having the Burghershes and two boys, Lady Wilton's little girl, and Lord Rosslyn, and Mr. Holmes, he is so full that Lady Combermere, who dined here yesterday, went back after dinner to Dover. He says you are still ill, which I am very sorry for, and I am afraid all your worries about your son will not tend to your recovery. The weather is charming, and I enjoy the sea air beyond measure. I bathe every day, and am out almost all day long. Lady Stanhope is at Deal Castle; and we have frequent visits from Sir Robert Wilson, who is at Dover and is an excellent news-monger, and gives us all the reports from the opposite coast. We were very much interested about the firing for two days which we heard from the coast of Belgium, and which we thought must be Antwerp. It was very surprising that we should so distinctly hear a cannonade that was at least a hundred miles off. The Duke is uncommonly well and in high spirits, getting quite fat, and is better than I have ever seen him for years. We stay here till the 10th, on which day we start for Sudbourne. From there we are going to Newmarket, and Durham, and perhaps Lady Alice Peel's; we mean to get home again at the end of the month. Lady Wilton's little girl is living at Ramsgate for her health; we fetched her over here a week ago. She looks sickly, but I should think would recover.¹ She is the cleverest child I ever saw; five years old, excessively entertaining, and so fond of the Duke, who seems charmed with her. She is to go back to Ramsgate to-morrow, as the Duke is going on Thursday to Eastwell to review the Yeomanry. He returns on Saturday, and in the meanwhile leaves us all in possession. I wanted very much to pass the time in going to Calais, but could not manage it; so I shall pass one day in seeing Dover *entirely*, which

¹ Elizabeth, mar. in 1853 Hon. Dudley de Ros,

I have never done yet, as the Duke is always in a hurry; and shall have Lord Rosslyn and Sir Robert Wilson as *chaperons*. I have heard no news. The newspapers tell us to-day that we are on the point of losing the Mauritius! Jamaica, I imagine, will follow, and our dismemberment is begun; *J'enrage!* but yet one must"

[The remainder of this letter is missing.]

"WALMER CASTLE, *November 15, 1832.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"People are beginning to discover the truth—viz., that the Reform Bill, *as to benefit*, is a humbug. They are therefore indifferent. Very few like to take a little trouble to avert an evil which is *distant*. They will not exert themselves therefore.

"I shall be happy to see you, and Sir John. I will write you word when I shall be at Stratfield Saye.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."



MARESFIELD PARK, in 1839.

From a Sketch in the possession of H.S.H. Prince Münster von Derneburg.

CHAPTER XII

June 30, 1833.—We left London for Dover, and crossed the Channel in a steamboat. We were delayed at Abbeville, owing to the Queen of the French having put all the horses in requisition, for the purpose of visiting her daughter at Brussels. We saw the Queen pass. The band played the Parisienne, and every window was full of spectators. The best society is anti-revolutionist. No balls were given, until the liberation of the Duchesse de Berri. We reached Paris on July 4, and went to the Hôtel Meurice, which was noisy.

July 6.—We dined with Lord Granville, our Ambassador. He has a good cook, but the society was *triste*.

July 7.—We visited Prince Pozzo di Borgo, and had some interesting talk about the political state of Europe. The French stage is now in such bad taste, that none but the *canaille* visit the theatre.

They are making preparations to place a statue of Napoleon on the top of the column in the Place Vendôme.

Notre Dame has been opened out at the back, by the removal of all the rickety old houses. It is evident that those two plagues, Revolution and Cholera, have purified the atmosphere by causing the destruction of the old buildings, and clearing out the dirtiest parts of the town.

We left Paris for Dijon on July 11, and by slow stages arrived at an inn near Geneva.

Our society at Geneva was varied by an evening *gouûter* at the Campagne Duclous, which overhangs the Rhône, close to the junction of that river with the Arve.

Captain Basil Hall is living near Geneva. His views on the political situation are more cheering than our own; but as he is not behind the scenes, I fear that they cannot be relied upon. We had been so much threatened with spoliation at the Douane, especially in the matter of books, that we left a great many under Captain Basil Hall's care at Geneva. We journeyed to Aix, and at the inn there we found Mr. Croker, whose conversation is most agreeable. He gave us some interesting particulars of conversations which he held with George IV., who permitted him to write down, under his own dictation, details of his early intimacy with Mr. Fox. Mr. Croker stated, from his own knowledge, that the Lord High Admiral¹ was not in correspondence with Codrington previous to the Battle of Navarino; and that the news came upon him quite as unexpectedly as upon the other members of the Government.

Mr. Croker says that the Lord High Admiral had not the wit to see how probable would be a collision between the combined European and the Turkish Fleets. He thinks that Codrington was spurred on by the French Admiral, and from a fear of being thought backward in fighting. Mr. Croker assures me that William IV. is not capable of reasoning justly. It appears that the King had stated, long before the late King's death, that he would keep the Ministers whom he found on his accession, so long as they were supported by Parliament, being determined to take his Ministers from that body.

When the Duke of Wellington advised the King to send for Lord Grey (it being impossible for the Duke to carry on the government), the Parliament sup-

¹ H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.

ported Lord Grey until the question of Reform came on. But, when the House went against Lord Grey, on General Gascoyne's amendment,¹ the King was morally bound—in accordance with his own pronouncement—to avoid a dissolution by choosing another Minister. Instead of doing that, William IV. resolved on that fatal dissolution which excited the mob, disorganised the whole State, and has made it almost impossible for any Minister to govern the country.

Croker thinks that the fate of French Monarchy depends upon the permanence of Louis Philippe's Government. The anniversary of the Glorious Day will be celebrated by 65,000 troops marching past the Vendôme Column, the King standing at its base. On its summit the statue of Napoleon has been replaced. Croker believes that, in the first instance, Louis Philippe acted in good faith by expressing his intention to keep the throne for the King; but that eventually he found this to be impossible. Croker is induced to believe this by the circumstance that at that time Louis Philippe had not even an aide-de-camp to attend upon him in Paris.

Pozzo di Borgo assured me that the day before the *Ordonnances* were issued, Polignac assured him, and the rest of the Corps Diplomatique, that there was no intention of issuing any, nor of making a *Coup d'Etat*. The news was broken to him next morning through the columns of the *Moniteur*. There was at that time no Governor of Paris. Marmont was ordered to take

¹ In the middle of April 1831, General Gascoyne, member for Liverpool, moved that the Committee of the whole House be instructed not to reduce the members of the House of Commons under the Reform Bill. After two nights' debate this was carried by eight votes. The dissolution was then decided upon. Three days later the Ministers were again defeated in the House of Commons on a question of adjournment. On the following day the King went down to the House of Lords and prorogued Parliament. For a detailed account of the whole affair see Greville's *Journals* (vol. ii. pp. 135-42).

the command, for no better reason than that he was what we should call "Gold Stick in Waiting."

When Soult heard of the revolt, he at first treated it with indifference. Croker says that he was only roused to action by some one saying, "On va abolir la Pairie." Soult became alarmed, and went at once to offer his services to the King.

Meanwhile the King and the Duc d'Angoulême remained quietly at Saint Cloud, peering through a field-glass to see whether the tricolour flag floated over the Tuileries! There were plenty of troops in Paris, and it is said that both the cavalry and the artillery broke down the barricades without any difficulty. However, the day was lost by an accident. There were two Swiss regiments—one battalion being 800 strong—stationed in the Louvre, and the other battalion in the Place de Carrousel. Marmont sent an order for a regiment of Swiss to come to the Rue de la Paix. Instead of sending the one already stationed in the Place de Carrousel, the officer in command stupidly ordered the regiment which was stationed within the Louvre to march to the Rue de la Paix. The mob soon discovered that the Louvre was empty; they burst in through the windows, rushed along the picture-gallery, and fired from windows upon the Swiss regiment which was stationed in the court. Until this happened no one knew that the Louvre was in possession of the mob. The poor Swiss regiment, thus taken at a disadvantage, was seized with a panic and fled. The mob, meeting with no resistance, stormed the Tuileries, and the Throne was lost. The King would most certainly have regained it at Rambouillet if the Duc d'Angoulême had been firm.

Since I laid down my pen a week ago, I have been very seriously ill. I suffered agonies; but as pain is so soon forgotten, I make a note of it that I may not

forget to be thankful for having escaped from the dreadful disorder of quinsy, through the skill of an English physician who happened to be at the Baths for his own health, and who was carried twice a day to my bedside. It is Dr. Lidderdale's opinion that these sore throats, which are so common at Aix, are caused by sudden changes of temperature, and especially by excursions on Lake Bourget, where the temperature is very low.

Our society at Aix has become very agreeable. Mr. Croker and Lord Hertford left the day that I took to my bed. By the time I had recovered Lord and Lady Granville were here. Instead of complaining, as we did, of the wretched apartments at Venat's, they are charmed with everything. Lady Granville made herself especially agreeable during the whole time that she was here, and when she went away we swore eternal friendship.

The rich Rothschilds have given us a very agreeable dinner. The cooking was perfect, and the society of the Granvilles and the Zobieskys most agreeable.

I have just heard, on the authority of the Marquis d'Aix, some particulars relating to the passage of Hannibal. He is said to have crossed the Mont du Chat, above Bourdeau, and to have passed along the track by the *Vacherie*, on the way to the Dent du Chat, and thence along the edge of the lake to Chambéry. The reasons for this belief are that some men, while digging a new military road, found a Carthaginian helmet deep in the earth; also many Carthaginian coins, which are reported to be in the Museum at Turin.¹

We left Aix on August 28, 1833, and proceeded by slow stages to Turin, where we alighted at an excellent but expensive inn, the Hôtel de l'Europe. The passage over the Mont Cenis was very fatiguing,

¹ I have since visited Turin, where nothing is known of these coins. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

and we suffered a good deal. We went out in the evening, and saw the Cathedral dimly lighted. The moonlight was as bright as day, and the streets as clean as in England. Turin is altogether a charming residence, and not made enough of by travellers. The Galleries are excellent, and the Cabinet of Natural History is especially well arranged. Professor Sismondi was most obliging, and seemed pleased with the interest which we took in the Collection. He has promised us specimens of fossils which were found in the neighbourhood.

We have dined twice with Sir Augustus and Lady Albinia Foster, at the Vigna del Duca, a short way out of the town, where they have made an English garden. As we drove along we had a fine view of the windings of the Po, which is very like the Thames from Richmond Hill. The view is bounded by a chain of the Alps, of which Monte Rosa and Monte Viso are the principal features. I am told that Silvio Pellico, who is living with his parents at Saluzzo, is at liberty once more. His interesting book has occupied me during this journey.¹

The Russian Minister and Mr. Boyle, the Secretary of Legation, were the only strangers at dinner. Lady Albinia Foster gave me an account of the Society at Turin, which is still in a state of *Cicisbeism*. The women are extremely ignorant, though there is now a convent in which young girls are better educated than in former years. As soon as the children are born they are put out to be nursed in a farm stable, and their parents think no more about them. Eventually they pass their time dancing and love-making. The old ladies never go into society, but "Receive" at home. Usually they sit alone, as they have no idea of female friendship, but they have generally ten or twelve men, who form their whole society. They never give dinners, and pass their evenings at the Opera, where

¹ "Le Mie Prigioni," published in 1832.

a constant succession of visitors pass in and out of the box. The husband is the only person who is denied this privilege. They have very little conversation, and pay but scant attention to the music.

The Court balls are dismally formal. The Queen sits on her throne, with the Diplomatic Body on each side. The ladies sit on two benches, from which they are not allowed to move until the dancing begins. They are then beckoned to by their partners, to whom they are always engaged long in advance. Young persons never accept a dancing partner, but refer him to their mothers, who keep the book of engagements. The presence of girls in Society is a modern innovation. They are not permitted to speak to a man until they are married, when they suddenly leap from dire constraint to unbounded liberty. Owing to the limited nature of their education, women are always quarrelling about trifles, and of course have no conversation whatever. They are, however, extremely bigoted, and their intolerance towards heretics is as bitter as in the Dark Ages. Sir A. Foster gave me some curious particulars of the cruel manner in which they treated an unfortunate Protestant Englishwoman, the widow of a Piedmontese.

We left Turin with the most agreeable impressions of that city; and our first day's travelling was delightful. In the evening rain began to fall in torrents, and accompanied us the whole way across the Apennines. We arrived at Genoa in a deluge, with so strong a *tramontano* wind that it was quite impossible to enjoy the first view of the town, which, on rounding the point of the Faro, used to burst upon the view. A new gate has been built by Carlo Felice, the late King; this spoils the view, and, as we passed through it, the wind and rain in our faces was most annoying.

The promenades and the views are beautiful in

fine weather, but we do not see Genoa to advantage, nor am I enchanted with it. The Spanish-looking strings of mules with wine-skins, the terrace gardens on top of the high houses, are certainly beautiful ; but the weather is not Italian, and the illusion is gone ! The Opera is not open, and all the world is in the country.

September 4, 1833.—The morning we left Genoa was beautiful, and the whole day was one of enchantment. All the hills, Alpine gardens, were lovely to look at, and the air was scented with perfumed herbs, orange blossoms, and Cape jessamine, which adorns every garden in these parts. The poor children threw bouquets of verbena into our carriage. On our right lay the blue Mediterranean which broke in fairy waves on the rocky shore, four hundred feet below. As we wound away from the sea, to avoid the headland of Porto Fino, we passed through galleries, and returned to the Alpine scenery of bare hills, whose bases were clothed with chestnut trees that bowed beneath their plentiful crops. Many streams, caused by the preceding night's rain, fell gracefully into the hollow beds which Nature had prepared for them.

September 15.—We are arrived at Florence ; and have engaged the San Clemente Palace, as we have made up our minds to spend the winter here.

Lord Rendlesham's son, Mr. Thellusson, and Mr. George Edgcumbe, a son of Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, have been our constant companions during those daily rides, when, in spite of stony roads, we galloped in all directions, nearly twenty miles a day. We thus saw more of the *environs* of Florence in a few months, than most people do who reside in this country for years.

Early in December we had a great deal of gaiety ; and made the acquaintance of young Hugh Cholmondeley, son of my old friend Lord Delamere. One

night he came to dine with us, and we went to Catalani's. She sang Luther's Hymn in a style of as great perfection as ever. I was enchanted by Mr. Cholmondeley's enthusiasm and talents. Next day, he and his travelling companion were to have left Florence for Rome. That evening I received a note from him, saying that he had been taken seriously ill, and that he had sent for Dr. Playfair, whom he had fortunately met at our house. As I heard that he was suffering from acute rheumatic fever, I went with my husband and found him in great suffering. I repeated my visits very often, and became extremely interested in him; especially as I had been told that his travelling companion intended to leave him at Schneiderff's Hotel, without a servant, and in a wretched, cold room. Playfair did not expect that he would be able to move for five or six weeks; meanwhile his companion set off on his travels. I went to see Hugh Cholmondeley on that day, and found that he was worse. I felt sure, if he were left to the tender mercies of a stupid *laquais de place*, that he would not recover. I therefore asked Dr. Playfair if it would be safe to remove him? and was told that although he would probably faint while being carried to our house, yet the experiment was worth trying. Never shall I forget the happy smile that lighted up the poor invalid's face, when Playfair consented to his removal! It was decided that he should be brought by the *Misericordia* on the next day. It was a touching sight to see this noble brotherhood moving Hugh Cholmondeley with the tenderest care. Ten bearers, dressed in their peculiar friar's dress, with masks covering their faces, bore him on a hand-litter covered with a black cloth. Never shall I forget the sensation, when, at the bottom of the stairs, the black cloth was removed, and the invalid's pale face was exposed! I felt very thankful when I saw the young man laid on the bed, in a house which he now calls

his second home ! Hugh Cholmondeley's calm, even temper, and fine courage, contributed daily to his restoration to health ; and I felt an interest in him which can cease only with my life. I feel sure that without good nursing he would have died. Thus he has become, in reality, my adopted son.¹

Before Christmas Hugh Cholmondeley was able to join our family circle ; and he took the Sacrament with us on New Year's Day. This contributed largely to the happiness I then felt, in the kind attentions of my children.

January 1, 1834.—This is one of those rare days in my life, to which a white mark may be affixed. My dear daughter Fanny is engaged to be married to Mr. George Edgcumbe. There is not a cloud in our hearts, or in the sky ! We rode up the mountain towards Bologna, and Hugh felt all the spirits of reviving health.

February 2.—To celebrate my daughter Fanny's birthday, we gave a dinner party, a concert, and a ball. There were a great many speeches, and the whole evening was very animated and gay. Donizetti sang some comic songs, and the girls danced the Mazurka. I cannot help writing down some verses which Hugh Cholmondeley presented this morning to Fanny.

“Bright is the sun—Madonna fair,
That rises on thy Natal day !
With low'ring clouds dispersed in air
All Nature's gloom hath passed away.

“Behold each hill, with shining crown
Of virgin snow upon its brow !
While Arno's Vale, and Dante's town
Are sweet and bright as thou art now !

¹ Hugh Cholmondeley was born 1811, and died in 1887. He entered the first Life Guards ; and was afterwards M.P. for Denbigh until 1840, when he succeeded his father as second Baron Delamere. He was twice married : first in 1848 to Lady Sarah Hay, daughter of Lord Kinnoull ; and, secondly, in 1864, to Augusta, daughter of Sir George Hamilton Seymour. He possessed a charming personality.

"Upon thee thus—through life's dark way—
 May golden beams of sunlight fall,
 Thy span of Youth be always gay,
 And grief in Age come not at all."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *February 10, 1834.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have just received your note, and one for Mrs. Arbuthnot, which I have forwarded to her. I am delighted to receive the account of Miss Fanny's intended marriage,¹ upon which I sincerely congratulate you and Sir John, and the Happy Pair. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Edgcumbe, and I must say I think that Miss Fanny has made a good choice.

"I have been quite well all the winter, and have been hunting constantly. I had a capital run this day. A yeoman, whom I had not seen for some time, came up to make his bow, and told me that he was happy to see me looking so well, and as young as I did ten years ago! There's for you!

"I have lately been unanimously elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford. I think that I shall get to the Woolsack at last!

"I will not pretend to tell you any news. Indeed, I know of none. God bless you, my dear Lady Shelley, give my best love to Sir John, and Miss Fanny, and

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,
 "WELLINGTON."

February 13.—This evening Hugh Cholmondeley left us! Though still weak, he may be said to have completely recovered his health. The Carnival has been varied, as usual, with balls and parties. I have become acquainted with Savage Landor²—the Radical poet and philosopher—whom I, however, found to be a very tractable Lion.

¹ See p. 233.

² Walter Savage Landor was born in 1775. He seems to have been of a quarrelsome disposition, and was always in hot water with the authorities of every country in which he resided. He was a classical scholar, and an admirable writer of English prose. He died at Florence in 1864.

At a concert at Court a few nights ago, I heard Tachinardi (Persiani), and am enchanted by her. She has been taught by her father, who, judging by his present singing, must have been a great artist. He is not much to look at—being shaped like a tub—and it is said that on his first appearance on the stage at Paris, the audience very nearly laughed him off. But he survived the ordeal, and had a tremendous *furore*. His daughter's style reminds me of Sontag, but with all the perfection of the old school of Italian intonation. She does not gurgle, and her easy execution—for she sounds every syllable distinctly—gives one the impression that she thoroughly enjoys her singing. As she is only eighteen years of age, she promises to form an improved school of singing, joining—as Bellini has done in composition—the dignity of Mozart with the allurements of Rossini. In other words, a link between hooped petticoats and the draped figures of the French Revolution.

I have heard some curious anecdotes, from Countess Zamoiska, of the Emperor of Russia, which are not to his credit. A Pole of high family—a relative of my informant—was condemned to Siberia, and the sentence was taken for approval to the Emperor on his Majesty's birthday. The condemned man's mother hoped that on such an occasion her son might be pardoned. When the warrant was placed before the Emperor for signature, instead of pardoning the unhappy man, he wrote these words: "*Qu'il aille à pied*." This cruel addition to a heavy sentence compelled the prisoner to walk, with blistering feet, two leagues a day for several months. He tramped from station to station in the company of the lowest malefactors, driven like cattle to their wretched shelters for the night, and so huddled together that there was not space enough for them to lie down! His fellow prisoners were covered with vermin of every kind. On arrival at his destination this miserable Prince had

a number affixed to his clothes, a number corresponding with one in the *Chancellerie* at Petersburg. Nowhere else can his name be traced. His family cannot receive any tidings of him, nor could his brother discover him.

I heard another story of an old general officer, who had been given a command in a distant province, as a sort of reward for past services. While thus employed a regiment quite unexpectedly mutinied. The general, having neglected to take the necessary steps, was tried, and found guilty. When the sentence was brought to the Emperor, he commanded that this general, who was seventy-five years old, should serve as a private soldier in the very regiment that he had before commanded!

Although the Emperor of Russia is an excellent husband and father, and has good qualities, he is so fully impressed with the necessity for extreme severity, that he kills and banishes thousands of his subjects to Siberia, with as much *sang froid* as if it were one of the ordinary acts of human existence.

May 19, 1834.—To-day my daughter Fanny married the Hon. George Edgcumbe, who is attached to the Legation at this Court. We passed the day with them at Sesto. The nightingales were singing, the roses were in full bloom, and the fountains were playing. I hope that all this is typical of their future!

May 20.—We left Florence by the Porta San Gallo, and, after two days' travelling through the Apennines, we arrived at Bologna. We had a fine view of the Adriatic, and the blue vales bounded by the Apennine cliffs, for the plain extends in a dead flat to Venice, and to the Alps. The hills presented the same soft, sylvan green scenery as that of the Jura. The beautiful Bovi showed their mercurial Italian natures by trotting with us up one of the hills. How different from the slow and steady solemnity of their sleepy

Swiss brethren! After dinner next day we went to the Campo Santo, an ancient convent, whose long galleries and open arcades form the resting-place of the dead! We were much impressed by the *Custode*, whose affectation and dandyism surpassed the acting of Liston in one of his stage scenes. We then drove half-way to the church of the Madonna di San Lucca, where they keep the picture painted by St. Luke, which was brought by a pilgrim from Constantinople.

May 23, FERRARA.—I am just returned from a pilgrimage to the shrines of Tasso and Ariosto! In Ariosto's house I visited the room in which he was born, and in which he died. It was here that he wrote in winter. In summer-time he sat on a bench in the garden, with a candle beside him after dark. Everything remains exactly as it was in his time. The garden is about thirty feet square; thus confirming what I have often observed—since the days when Byron wrote "The Corsair" in his sister's small cottage on Newmarket Heath—that real creative genius is not dependent upon its environments, and that a poet's fancy is often more brilliant when the mind is not distracted by exterior objects. Canova designed his "Mars and Venus" in an inn at Dover. Tasso composed some of his finest sonnets in that narrow cell where he was confined for seven years!

The people here tell us that Lord Byron shut himself up for a whole day in this damp place! He has cut his name on the stone outside. The names of Samuel Rogers, Hobhouse, and Casimir de la Vigne, prove that this much ridiculed custom is, after all, natural to the whole human race. Following the example of others, my son Frederick added the name of Shelley. This may in future be mistaken for the name of my young kinsman,¹ Percy Bysshe, by future pilgrims to this shrine.

¹ The connection between the two branches of the Shelley family will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

The palace of Alfonso and Leonora d'Este impressed me profoundly. We saw the treacherous mirror which, by reflecting the forms of Leonora and Tasso, aroused Alfonso's suspicions, and caused the incarceration of Tasso in that gloomy cell where he passed so many years.

I am told that Alfonso promised Tasso that if he would feign madness for a time he would be released. I looked with deep interest into the court where the scene passed with the Page.¹ We walked on the terrace garden, which overlooks the town, and then entered Leonora's boudoir, which remains in the same state as when she inhabited it. In fact, we may easily rekindle the past, for in the whole palace little is changed. There are the same painted ceilings; the walls—now soiled by time—the worm-eaten furniture, all, all are the same!

This palace is now occupied by a Legate, as the Pope's dominions now extend to the Po. We visited the library, and found an old *custode* whose heart and soul are devoted to the objects under his charge. The old fellow began a sort of measured monologue which was calculated to try the patience of a saint. Never have I been called upon to bear with resignation so great a bore! Before he unlocked the great iron gates he unburdened himself of much superfluous knowledge relative to the antiquities in the court. He told me that the fragments scattered around are the remains of the ancient Roman city, now buried. The stones were found by peasants while ploughing.

In the library I saw the tomb of Ariosto, which is noble, and his bust splendid. It originally stood in one of the churches; but when the French came, and converted the church into a barrack, General Miollis

¹ The court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick." Lady Shelley's allusion to the Page is not clear to us.

sent a message to the Town Council advising the removal of the tomb, as he could not be responsible for its preservation. This was effected with great pomp, and the coffin of Ariosto was opened. The custode gave us a regular inventory of its contents, and added with great solemnity: "With this hand I had the high honour of holding the skull of that great poet. It had seven teeth. To commemorate that event a beautiful coin was struck, which I shall have the pleasure of showing to your Excellency."

I must admit that this is the finest medal that I ever beheld, and Ariosto's profile is beautifully engraved. On the reverse side there is a hand holding scissors, with which it cuts out the tongue of a snake. The medal bears the inscription "*Pro bono malus*" (*sic*).

The chair in which Ariosto usually sat, and an ink-stand worthy of Benvenuto Cellini—which is said to have been made by Alfonso II. of Este—were well worth seeing. I examined with deep interest the MSS. of the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," written in a clear hand before Tasso's imprisonment, and saw the corrections which he made while in that dark cell. There is a marked difference in the writing, which shows that he worked in darkness. The good people of Ferrara have recently discovered that their town's sole attraction, in the eyes of foreigners, is the fame of their two great poets. They have therefore erected a column to the memory of Ariosto in the principal piazza. Tasso is best commemorated by his cell in the Hospital of St. Anna!

May 24, 1834.—After being devoured by insects and poisoned with water (there has not been a drop of rain here for months), we left Ferrara, and crossed the Po on a *Pont Volant*. The river has risen eight feet during the past week, owing to the melting of the snows, so that summer has also begun in the Alps. The road lies along a raised causeway of sand for about six miles; and one enjoys the whole beauty of

the river, which is wider than the Thames below Greenwich. Straight avenues of poplars lead to Rovigo, celebrated by so many battles. We have dined on some excellent tench, a fish which is caught in great numbers in all these rivers. Large square nets, which are spread in all directions along the banks of the rivers, are often managed by women. The peasantry are a beautiful race.

We approached Monselice, at the foot of a hill upon which stand seven churches. The Vetturino told us the place takes its name "*Monselice*" from that very fact.¹ The town is decidedly picturesque, and the inn remarkably clean and comfortable. The landlady, who is very pretty, was smartly dressed, and had fresh roses in her hair. She wore the neatest possible shoes and stockings, and spoke the prettiest Venetian dialect imaginable. She told me there were "*Ventesinque corpi morti di santi*" in the shrines, all dried in glass cases. Alas! when I went up the hill, I found all the doors were locked, and, much as we should have liked to remain in this pretty spot, we did not think it right to spend two napoleons for our post-horses. We therefore resolved to make an excursion to Arquà on the following morning, and not to ascend the Hill of Churches.

We rose at four o'clock next morning, and found a pretty light *calessa* at the door, with a pair of post-horses. We flew along the high road for four miles, and then, crossing a bridge at Battaglia, we entered a pretty lane which leads to the Euganean Hills. The hedges were decked with English garden flowers, and bright green pomegranates in the full luxuriance of their scarlet blossoms.

At the top of a steep hill we found ourselves close to the church at Arquà. Here we alighted and walked to Petrarch's house beyond the Piazzetta. It happened

¹ The allusion is obscure, as the place takes its name from the silex or flint, of which the hill is formed.

to be Trinity Sunday, so the peasants were decorating with flowers a shrine of the Virgin, which stood on the path that leads to the summit of a hill. Tables, laden with edibles for the evening *fiesta*, were spread on the Piazza; this gave a peculiar brightness to the scene.

Petrarch's house has been so accurately and so beautifully described by Byron,¹ that I fully expected to find his name among those who have visited this romantic spot; but there was no trace of it. Alfieri has written a sonnet on the wall, but it has been scribbled over and much damaged.² It is now protected by a glass frame. The inkstand, which is said to have belonged to Petrarch, is evidently of the Cinquecento period, and is beautiful. The poet's chair is probably genuine, as the house was consecrated to Petrarch's memory soon after his death. The frescoes on the walls commemorate the events of his life. One painting depicts Petrarch's tears springing into a fountain from the ground. The others are in much the same style, and were evidently painted before the Cinquecento. An old wardrobe, which the custode called Petrarch's *credenza*—or buffet—is preserved here. The closet or boudoir in which he died is only about eight feet square! The view from the house is pleasing on all sides, and there

¹ "Childe Harold," Canto iv. stanza xxxi.

² O Cameretta, che già in te chiudesti
Quel Grande alla cui fama è augusto il mondo,
Quel gentile d' amor mastro profondo
Per cui Laura ebbe in terra onor celesti.

O di pensier soavemente mesti
Solitario ricovero giocondo !
Di che lagrime amare il petto inondo
In veder che ora inonorato resti !

Prezioso diaspro, agata, ed oro
Foran debito fregio e appena degno
Di rivestir sì nobile tesoro.

Ma no ; tomba fregiar d' uom che' ebbe regno
Vuolsi, e por gemme ove disdice alloro :
Qui basta il nome di quel Divo Ingegno.

is a pretty garden. I felt that I could live there very happily during the summer months.

We descended the hill which shows "a distant prospect far away of busy cities," and visited the tomb, "pillared in air," with Petrarch's bust in bronze. The tomb—a sarcophagus—is of porphyry. We saw the rent made by the Florentines, when they stole one of the poet's limbs.

The villagers were most eager to point out the tomb, and every memorial of their great poet. Although Petrarch died in 1470, his memory is still preserved here. Public enthusiasm for him is as great as when he died, but, by his description, not greater than it was before he made Arquà a place of pilgrimage. I longed to pass the day here, but this was impossible. I entered the pretty church, which was filled by a devout congregation, all humbly kneeling; the women in their white veils waiting for the priest. After making a slight sketch of the tomb, my son Frederick and I returned to our *calessa*, and found Shelley waiting for us on the high road. I never enjoyed any excursion so much, not even in my most enthusiastic days. My son Frederick is a delightful companion for a pilgrimage of this kind.

After a pleasant drive of three hours in the freshness of an Italian morning we reached Padua.

We went to the celebration of High Mass in the Church of St. Anthony, an immense Gothic pile richly decorated. The monuments of three old Doges are very fine. Everything outside was bathed in brilliant sunshine, and I never saw anything so like the Italy of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as the coquettish beauty of the women, the lover-like airs of the men; the veil, the fan, and the small "Book of Hours." All these attributes heighten the effect of the most lovely and attractive faces that I ever saw. Some of the veils were of black lace, some white muslin trimmed with yellow point, or Brussels; there

was not a bonnet to be seen. Happily there were no English, and no travellers except ourselves; so everything was in keeping with the place, the bright sun, and the romantic atmosphere of ancient Padua.

I never suffered more from the heat than during our five hours' drive to Mestre. The villas and gardens along the Brenta looked very different under this sunshine from what they did when Shelley sneered at Brenta's muddy stream. The country-house of the Emperor of Austria—the Villa Pisani—with its fine wood, and lovely garden, seemed to me like Paradise!

The inn at Mestre was noisy beyond all belief, owing to a *fiesta* that was going on. At the moment of our arrival Mrs. Huskisson had just set off with two carriages. Lord Pembroke was expected every moment; and three carriages stood waiting for him. In the centre of all this din I had to give orders to the coachmaker (who spoke bad Venetian) about mending the wheels of our carriage, which had been split by the heat; and I had also to settle with our *vetturini* after six days' travelling.

As we crossed the lagoon our only light was from the stars. The moon was not yet up; and, as we glided peacefully along, a phosphoric light gleamed from the waters at each beat of the musical oars.

May 27.—A Venetian wet day! Torrents of rain are being driven against our windows by the sea breeze; so we remain at home, and I am thoroughly enjoying a day's rest, after so much travelling!

May 28.—Rose early, and walked into the Piazza San Marco. I had never *walked* in Venice before. Our inn is separated from the Ducal Palace only by the narrow canal which passes under the Bridge of Sighs.

I never saw anything so lovely as the Piazza. I seem to have been transported to Constantinople! Everything is so Eastern and so Moresque. I did not

half enjoy Venice when I last saw it under a December sky. Venice requires sunshine. My daughter, Cecilia, and I ascended the great staircase of the Palazzo Ducale. We traversed the galleries, and revelled in the recollections of Marino Faliero, Dandolo, Foscari—in short, of Byron; for *he* has completely brushed aside the images raised by Shakespeare. Every spot is vivified by the author of "Childe Harold," and is reminiscent of his tragedies. Until I had read Byron's works actually on the spot, I had no idea of the Shakespearean force of his descriptions. To me, even Shakespeare's Rialto has become of secondary interest.

We walked round the Piazza, and conversed with a bookseller, who showed us a meagre catalogue of the books which he is permitted to sell. He told us that even of that catalogue one-third has lately been prohibited. All English, and most French, works are forbidden; and not a Shakespeare is to be had. Frederick, unknown to me, had given his copy of Shakespeare to Fanny; and the loss is irreparable! We went in a gondola to the Galleria di Belle Arti, which has been built under the direction of Cigognara. It is magnificent, and the pictures are splendid. I saw the head of a Spanish prince, painted about 1640, by an English artist named Riley,¹ a pupil of Vandyck, and worthy of his master.

Riley was historical painter to the King of Spain. In a singular marble room, which Cigognara arranged to contain bronze busts, we saw an urn of antique porphyry, which contains the right hand of Canova, and the actual chisel with which he worked! In the great hall we saw that *chef d'œuvre* of painting,

¹ Possibly John Riley, born 1646, a pupil of the Dutch painter Gerard Soest. He painted portraits of Charles II. and James II., and became Court painter to William and Mary. He died in 1691. John Riley could not have been a pupil of Vandyck, who died in 1641.

Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin"; it is still in all its perfection and brightness, as though it were fresh from his easel.

We then went to the Confrérie of San Marco, a charitable institution located in a splendid building. My favourite "Crucifixion" is even more faded than when I last saw it, but it is wonderful.

Close to the island of San Giorgio is the first *Porto Franco*, which was given before Venice was made a free port. This popular measure excited for a time the greatest joy in Venice. No sooner was the declaration made, than people crossed the lagoon, and towed in all the vessels. Merchants from the mainland came to Venice to buy their cargoes. But, after leaving Venice, such heavy duties were imposed when the goods were landed on the mainland that it virtually amounted to a prohibition. This caused the greatest disappointment to all Venetians, and trade drifted to the channel which had been opened for it at Trieste, where a *Porto Franco* is given, and where no export duties are levied.

The church of San Paolo is enriched by the return of the "San Pietro Martire," and the Bellini, both of which had been taken to Paris.¹

We have twice visited the Manfrini Palace, which contains more lovely pictures than any other. The "Lucrezia" of Guido has all the warmth of Venetian colouring. There is a small "Descent from the Cross," by Raffaele; "The Queen of Candia," by Titian; and the celebrated Giorgione, which Byron's "Beppo" has made famous. There are also two Carlo Dolces, superior to those in the Corsini Palace at Florence.

I looked at the cortile of the Palazzo Grimani, which was built by the old Doge; and at the Ducal Palace visited the Pozzi and the Piombi. The prison of

¹ During a fire, which broke out in an adjoining chapel, both these pictures have since been burned.

Silvio Pellico was not in the Piombi, but in the new prisons that were constructed during the Regno d'Italia for State criminals. The rooms are lofty, have plenty of air, and are presumably healthy. Some of Pellico's writing remains on the walls of the first prison, but I could not decipher it. The librarian—an old Abate—showed us these; and also the private apartments of the Doges, which were built in the time of the Barbarigo. The chimneypieces and ceilings are rich with arabesques. In the public archives I saw a Decree, conferring Marino Faliero's goods on his widow. They had been confiscated to the State.

I walked on the Rialto, and on its piazza, where still stands the pillar from which sentence of banishment was passed on criminals. Here, on the Rialto, all business was formerly transacted; as we know by the "Merchant of Venice."

The ancient Palace of the Doges, now the fish market, is not far off.

In the so-called Library of St. Mark, in the Ducal Palace, is the celebrated *onyx agato*—the head and bust of Jupiter with an ægis on his shoulder. The countenance is magnificent, an effect which Morghen has quite failed to produce in the engraving which appears in Visconti's work.

This treasure was, in the eighteenth century, found at Ephesus. A Venetian patrician, who was ambassador, bought it for a mere trifle, and took it with him, first to Florence, and afterwards to Rome, where it was engraved. At his death he left it to the public library here. The French carried it off, with some other gems and manuscripts; but eventually Prince Metternich brought it back in his own baggage from Paris!

We saw the "Bridge of Sighs," which is now no longer open to the public. Byron, according to his usual practice, has inscribed his *name* here, and his personality on all Venice.

Just as the sun was setting in a cloudless sky, we

ascended the Campanile, and beheld that enchanting panorama to perfection. I saw, in my mind's eye, the Venetian galleys towing the captive Ottoman fleet through the lagoons.

The only dirty place in Venice is the interior of that Campanile. Everywhere else refuse of all kinds is removed to the mainland, early in the morning, under the superintendence of the police. There are very severe penalties inflicted for breaking those regulations, especially for throwing refuse into the canals.

Every evening we crossed over to the Lido, a delightful spot for riding, or bathing. We generally landed at the Public Gardens on the way.

The Armenian Convent forms a picturesque object. Our first visit to it was very interesting. Padre Pasquale—Byron's preceptor—is fully equal to his reputation; so also is Solaro, the learned man of the Archives. This building contains an immense quantity of volumes. Solaro told me that if the shelves were arranged in a row, the books would cover miles. I was shown autograph letters written by European sovereigns to the Venetian Republic. The famous Golden Book is here. The inscription of names in that book, of which history says so much, appears to have been merely a figurative expression; as only the names of patricians were inscribed in it. When they married amongst each other, their marriage was, of course, legal; but if they wished to marry any one whose name had not been inscribed in the Golden Book, they were compelled to apply to the Senate. If the marriage was not approved, their children could not inherit; but if the Senate approved, the marriage was duly inscribed in the Golden Book.

On Sunday evening I sat at the door of one of the cafés on the Piazza. No one spoke to me; and the waiters at the café did not bother me to order anything, though I sat on one of their chairs! Nothing can be more delicious than the sea breeze, which is

warm and soft. The sun is bright, but not burning, and, were it not for the *sirocco*, Venice would be a paradise.

We have been here eight days; and the whole time has been an enchantment. The gondola prevents one feeling the fatigue which is inseparable from sight-seeing.

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We arrived at Milan in the last week of June. As I had been interested in the antiquities which had been discovered six years ago at Brescia, we determined to stay there *en route*, and to make sketches. At nine o'clock next morning, it being at that time intensely cold, my son Frederick and I started off with our sketch-books, for a happy day. To our dismay we were formally forbidden to make any sketches whatever, not even in outline. This was the more astonishing as on our last visit we had announced our intentions of returning to Brescia for that purpose. I therefore went to the house of the artist, and asked the reason of this order; and why he had led me to believe that I might sketch? He replied that at my last visit he could not make up his mind to tell me the truth "*per non farmi dispiacere*," hoping that I should not fulfil my intentions.

That night we slept at Desenzano. There was a most terrifying storm, and, for the first time in my life, I *heard the sound* of lightning!

From MRS. ARBUTHNOT to LADY SHELLEY

"WOODFORD, *August 23, 1833.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"You will I daresay be quite angry at my not having written for so long, but I have been quietly settled here ever since the 15th of July, and really there is very little use in my writing from such a retirement. You probably see the English papers,

and know what passes in parliament, and can draw your own conclusions. In my judgment nothing can exceed the exquisite folly, knavery, and vulgarity of the Ministers and their worthy allies the *reformed* House of Commons. They are quite fit for each other. But we can do nothing, our *conservative* (as he calls himself) leader in the Commons finds it very pleasant to enjoy his wealth out of office; and until his individual property is attacked he cares nothing for the ruin of others; so that, till the Conservative body can produce another leader, the Ministers will be like the bull in the china shop. But if ever by good luck we do find a Commoner with the spirit, perseverance, and talent that our leader in the Lords has, we should find it as easy to turn them out as it would be to expel the aforesaid quadruped from a shop. The Duke is fighting the battle to the last, and by dint of argument and commonsense will have, in a trifling degree, mitigated some of the mischiefs of these important bills, which, tho' vital to every great interest in the empire, are from the period at which they are brought forward, discussed in empty Houses. He has been down here once since we left London, and was then perfectly well. I expect him here again early in September; and about the 20th we shall adjourn to Walmer. I really can send you no news from here worth having. We are told that English bribes and promises caused the success of Dom Pedro at Lisbon; that all the troops and all the population remain true to Miguel, and that he does not give up the game. If this be true, Lord Palmerston may do his worst, spend money and shed blood, but he will not succeed in forcing a pretender upon the Portuguese. The best of the joke is that Pedro will soon be as unpopular with our wise Ministers as Miguel. Their object is Donna Maria, with *Palmella* as Regent; and Pedro's first exploit, on arriving at Lisbon, was to dismiss Palmella and tell him to go about his business. I hear they want to establish a *National Guard* at Lisbon! but the Portuguese think *that* more trouble than a Constitution is worth, and have shown such an awkward temper that Pedro has been obliged to *disarm* them again. However, I need not write to you of Portuguese news; it would be quite old by the time this reaches you. The only event in society is

Lord Ailesbury's marriage.¹ My son was married last week, and we expect them here in three or four days. I am sure I shall like her; she writes so sensibly, and everybody speaks so highly of her. . . . There is no accounting for taste, but how you can like to hear Mr. Croker *prove* that we must be all ruined, is to me very wonderful; he annoyed me by his croaking to such a degree that I at last dreaded the sight of him. If in the course of your travels in Italy you fall in with, or hear of a Lady Chamberlain, pray be kind to her for my sake. She is the widow of Sir Henry Chamberlain, who for many years was our Minister at Rio; and having chiefly lived abroad she knows very few English. But she is an excellent person, and has some very nice daughters; and I am much interested about them. I will write to you again soon, particularly when I have seen the Duke; and pray let me hear from you and tell me what you see and do, for I like letters from abroad. I wonder whether I shall ever go myself? I should like it so very much. My love to Sir John, who I expect to see return twenty-one again.

"Ever yours very affly.,
"H. ARBUTHNOT."

From LORD PALMERSTON'S SECRETARY *to*
LADY SHELLEY

"FOREIGN OFFICE, *October 1, 1833.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Your letter of the 16th was indeed a most agreeable surprise, and makes me hope, still more than I did before, that the next angel visit of the kind may be in contradiction to the old quotation upon such subjects. I was afraid from all I had heard of the place that you would find Florence only one degree better than Turin in point of agreeableness. It must have lost half its charms, as far as society is concerned, by losing Lord Mulgrave; and he, I should think, has not much benefited by the change; for even if, according to Lord Brougham, we may hope in less than a century to see black peers and chancellors, it

¹ Lord Ailesbury had just married, as his second wife, Maria, daughter of Hon. Charles Tollemache, a lady by over thirty years his junior.

will take many centuries to give *niggers* a relish for operas, or a taste for 'Matilda' and 'Yes or No.'

"I was amused with your account of the Duke and Duchess of Lucca joining in a Catholick procession, for he is become a regular Protestant, and actually received the Sacrament, according to the Protestant fashion, publicly in Dresden. If his subjects are as good Catholicks as one has been always led to suppose, he will soon dwindle down into Charles Bourbon, Esq., and will then I suppose come over here as a Lion. The Duchess, I hear, is an icicle in Italy; what would she be if she came into this cold and *moral* climate of ours? I suppose you will stay in Rome some little time? How I do envy you, for, in spite of the never-ending accounts that one reads of that city, and of everything belonging to it, I should like to see the Coliseum by moonlight.

"It is certainly a very agreeable thing to be able, in the month of October, to write to a lady who never sees a newspaper, for the little odds and ends that one does pick up are sure to be in them the next day; however, I am a little puzzled what newspaper to take my extracts from, for I do not dare to tell you what is said in the *Times* or the *Globe*; and as to quoting *John Bull*, or the *Morning Post*, they abuse *our* doings in the Foreign Office so unmercifully, that it is better to say nothing about them.

"London is a perfect desert; not a soul left except old General Capel, who sits on three chairs in the bow window of White's, and reads the papers by the hour together, looking the very image of despair. The Ministers are all gone into the country, with the exception of *my master*. Lord Althorp is fattening his live stock in Northamptonshire, which he has been doing so well that he has already won a gold medal for a fat ox, and a silver one for a fat pig. Lord Grey is making preparations for the threatened visit of the Lievens; I should think they would not be pleasant people to have in a house *en partie carrée*.

"I cannot tell you what Lord Brougham has been doing, but his brother has written a letter to one of the papers to inform the public that he neither drinks port wine, nor eats opium, and is not given to sleeping on a journey! The Cowpers are going abroad as soon as Lord Fordwich's marriage is over;

and that ceremony is to take place next Friday. I sent your letter to Lady C., and hope your argument will produce the desired effect. Lord Wellesley has made his triumphant entry into Dublin, and Lord Anglesey his untriumphant exit: the contrast must have struck him forcibly; certainly no one ever contrived to arrive in so short a time from the height of popularity to the depth of unpopularity. Lord Wellesley will not add much to the *gaiety* of Dublin; but I only hope that Lady W. will have the good taste not to go publicly to the Catholic Chapel, as she did when she was in Dublin before. If she avoids that she must be very much liked by all parties, even in that quarrelsome capital. I suppose you have heard of Lord Stewart's¹ mysterious disappearance? It certainly is very extraordinary; what has become of him, nobody knows: his friends gave out that he was drowned in a Scotch loch; and one or two people professed to have seen him upon *one or two* steamboats; it is presumed that he is either gone to give Dom Miguel the assistance of his good advice, or that he is gone to look after the Royal and Imperial Conference at München Grätz. Tommy Moore wrote some rather good lines upon him a little while ago, in the shape of a poetical advertisement, offering a reward to any one who would bring him in safety to Apsley House. I cannot recollect whether I told you of the King's exploit a few weeks ago? He gave a grand dinner to some guardsmen, and to some old admirals, and, as a matter of course, became somewhat tipsy. Old recollections came over him, and he made them a long speech, in which he talked about going to war; and expressed a hope that if they were obliged to draw their swords it would be against 'our natural enemy France.' This of course rather astonished the company! After dinner it occurred to His Majesty that he had made himself a little ridiculous; so he went up to Sir George Scott, who was an old friend of his, and, putting his hands upon Sir George's shoulders, he whispered to him: 'You d——d rascal, it was all your fault; if you had not made me drink so much grog, I should not have made such a fool of myself.'

¹ This probably refers to Lord Stuart de Rothesay, who had been Ambassador in Paris 1815-30, and was afterwards for many years Ambassador in St. Petersburg.

"I am afraid I have no political news to send you. Portugal we have not heard of lately, but according to the last accounts Lisbon was safe; Bourmont had retired, and did not appear to be meditating another attack. Holland is as *well as can be expected*; and Constantinople, by all accounts, seems to be half burnt down. To ask if your patience was exhausted would I fear be adding *insult to injury*. I really am quite ashamed of myself for having bored you with so much nonsense; in spite of which I must beg you to believe me to be,

"Yours very sincerely,
"S. H. SULLIVAN.

"I fear I led you into an error by my last note, as the messenger who brings this is the messenger about whom I wrote to you, and who I thought would not have been sent off for some time. I sent timely notice of his departure to the Treasury.

"October 2.—As the messenger has been delayed a day, I reopen my letter to tell you that we have just received news from Lisbon as late as the 24th. Bourmont made a second attack on the 14th, and was completely repulsed. He has given up the cause, and with La Roche Jacquelin and Clouet, has left the army, and fled into Spain. Donna Maria arrived at Lisbon on the 23rd, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm."

"October 7.

"I am afraid some of your letters have been rather delayed; but the messenger has *been to go* every night, and I have not liked to send them by post, as I thought every day would have been his last. The Fordwich marriage took place this morning. Lady Anne was rather nervous, and Lord F. so much so that his brother, and John Ponsonby, were obliged to lead him into the church. I hear there was no crying till about the end of the performance, when Madame Lieven mustered a few tears! Miss de Ros is to be married to Mr. Wellesley¹ next week, and they are to return to Stuttgart immediately, as his leave has nearly expired. Miss Hudson, the sister of the little

¹ Afterwards 2nd Baron and 1st Earl Cowley.

man who spreads trains at the Drawing Rooms, is to be the new Maid of Honour.

"Lord Howard de Walden is going to Lisbon, which I should think would suit Lord Howard much better than Stockholm; and Edward Desbrowe is going to Stockholm. I think I ought to head these *important* bits of news, '5 o'clock express just arrived,' as one sees in the papers.

"There was a debate last night about the propriety of removing from the bench an Irish judge, Smith; in which Sir James Graham and Spring Rice chose to differ from the rest of their colleagues, and vote in opposition to them, but I hear that it will not make any difference. Our last news from *foreign parts* seems to be very good. The capture of Leyria has been a great help to Pedro; and his subsequent successes lead one to hope that Miguel will soon evacuate Santarem. As to Spain, the Revolution seems almost entirely at an end, and the new Minister, Martinez de la Rosa, is more likely to be popular, and to do good than M. Zea. I shall hope soon to hear from you, my dear Lady Shelley.

"Yours very sincerely,

"S. H. SULLIVAN."

[On August 3, 1834, Mrs. Arbuthnot—the intimate friend and *confidante* of the Duke of Wellington—died, after a short illness.

Two days afterwards Mr. Charles Greville thus mentions her in his journal:

"On coming to Town yesterday I heard of the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot. The Duke of Wellington, with whom Mrs. Arbuthnot had lived in the most intimate relations for many years, evinced a good deal of feeling; but he is accused of insensibility because he had the good taste and sense to smooth his brow, and go to the House of Lords with a cheerful aspect. She was not a clever woman, but she was neither dull nor deficient, and very prudent and silent."

Lady Shelley, who was at that time still in Italy, felt the shock acutely.]

LADY SHELLEY *to the* DUKE OF WELLINGTON

"MILAN [no date].

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"I cannot be silent, and yet I scarcely know *how* to write to you! I am so deeply afflicted, and I feel so much for your loss, for the loss of your home—for such to you was her house. I have scarcely yet recovered from the shock which awaited me on my arrival here. Neither you, nor anyone except Shelley knew how much I loved her, and with what delight I looked forward to increased intimacy, as the world became less attractive to her—to that time when she would find full enjoyment in talking over past happiness! That we should survive her, never entered my thoughts.

"Alas! I feel as if you both were gone from me for ever; for it was from her that I heard of your health, of your employments, of those details of daily life which I had long ceased to witness. With her I could talk of you, as I never could have talked to you!

"I entreat you to give me some particulars of her last moments; whether you were in time to bid her farewell? and whether she was resigned to part from her joyous existence? Believe me, your letter shall be *sacred*—do not sign it—but let me feel that I have not lost you both; and that, if I do return to England, I may still be remembered by you as one who loved her in singleness of heart.

"It will be long before I can think—far less speak—of her without tears. It is well that I am away from that cold English Society where none would understand, or believe in the depth of my grief.

"Ever your attached,

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

[The Duke of Wellington's reply to this letter has been destroyed.]

"September 22, 1834.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"Thank you most cordially for your letter, with all its sad details. Much I had heard, but not the truth; and it is some comfort to know that Sir Henry

Halford was there, and that her sufferings were not great.

"How well I understand your feelings; no one can replace her! That union of frankness and discretion which I so much appreciated, and which made her so valuable a friend, gave you—from the experience of many years—a repose in her society which no one else could replace.

"Your description of your present feelings bears that stamp of absolute truth which distinguished you both. I feel that I must send you an extract from the last letter I received from her, just after the Installation. 'I have'—she wrote—'been very happy this last week. We passed it at Oxford; and having seen the Duke pelted, and hooted in a way that made me *hate* England and Englishmen for the past few years, it gave me new life to witness again an enthusiasm that, strange to say, was greater than I ever witnessed—even during the year after the Battle of Waterloo.'

"She went on then to describe, most graphically, all that glorious triumph, and adds: 'He is now the most popular man in England! Is it not strange and disgusting to see how vacillating mankind is? *for he has never changed!*'

"She ends her letter by saying, 'How I wish I could go up the Rhine, and meet you somewhere in the mountains! Nothing would delight me so much as to pass the months of July and August in that way. But I fear it would be less difficult to move a mountain than my husband; so I must content myself with England.'

"She begged me to write immediately—which I did, and I feel most anxious to know that she received my letter, in which I spoke of the delight with which I looked forward to our being so much together, when both my girls are married, and my duties lessened, as they already were by Fanny's marriage.

"A closer companionship was often the dream of us both; for I honestly think that she liked to talk to me of you, quite as much as I liked to hear her do so. We had perfect confidence in each other.

"The loss of her letters—the knowledge that I shall never see her again, makes a terrible blank in my life! I much regret being so far away just now, for I feel that I could have been some comfort in your

affliction. But I dread to feel how impossible it would be for me, or for any one else, to add to your happiness.

"I have sometimes dared, without possessing either the knowledge or the right, to differ from you; and I know that you have disapproved! But you know me well enough to be sure that there is no one for whose opinion I have a greater respect.

"I intend to pass the winter at Paris, where I can live as economically as I please, and where Cecilia can have good masters. Shelley will go to England to try and get my darling Frederick's promotion,¹ which Sir James Graham faithfully promised within a year from the time we left England. He is an old friend of Shelley's. Alas! he has not kept his promise!

"Cecilia ought to come out after Easter, but I shall not be able to afford the expense of a Season in London, though I hope to be in England for the summer, for I must go into Lancashire on business. It is probable that our financial affairs will compel us to pass the greater part of our lives abroad. I have quite recovered my health, and so has Shelley. I constantly meet with so much kindness from our old German friends that I do not object to living abroad so much as I had expected. . . .

"Fanny's marriage will, I believe, be really a happy one; they suit exactly, and Edgcumbe is an excellent creature, and will never neglect her. They have the same tastes, but very different characters, and this I believe to be the secret of a happy marriage.

"I am just returned from a delightful tour to see the islands on the Lago Maggiore, Varese, etc., etc., and in the whole of my wanderings I never was so enchanted as I am with these lakes. There is a charm in the climate, and an appearance of happiness among the people not to be seen elsewhere. The Austrian Government is making converts to despotism among all the Whig travellers, including Lady Davy.

"We are to go next Thursday to see a review of General Walmoden's Corps d'Armée, thirty thousand strong, before it moves to Verona, where the great reviews begin on October 6. The French general from Ancona has expressed his intention of being

¹ Afterwards Sir Frederick Shelley. He was at this time in the Royal Navy. He subsequently took Holy Orders.

there. There will, I am told, be an army of seventy thousand men assembled at Verona.

"We go to Milan on the 27th, and return after the reviews to Varese, where Shelley is to shoot with Count Cigogna. This I hope will keep him in Italy until November—if we can *then* pass the Simplon. All the Alpine passes except Mont Cenis have been broken up completely, and all the bridges broken down, so that nothing has been able to pass for some weeks. The loss in property and also in lives is great. The celerity with which the Austrians have restored their roads and bridges has surprised those who remember their doings in former times.

"We passed from the Tyrol by the Stelvio—a new military road, uniting Vienna and Milan, passing wholly through Austrian territory. It is formed up the face of a mountain *above* the glaciers. It far surpasses any of the other roads both in construction and in sublimity. Pent-houses are constructed of whole trees, to protect vehicles and people passing along the road from avalanches and falling rocks. Throughout the late awful storms this road remained perfectly solid, though all the bridges in the adjoining valleys, and many dwellings, were swept away. The inn at Sondrio, in which we dined, was, two days later, carried away so suddenly by the Malero torrent that the owners, and those who happened to be in the house, only escaped with their lives; their whole property was lost. We were fortunate in reaching Varenna just before the storm began.

"Shelley has had some good quail shooting; and is now gone into Piedmont with Count Cigogna after snipe. I only hope that he may not suffer, and that you will see him looking, as he does now, twenty years younger than when he left England.

"Believe me, ever your attached

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

"WALMER CASTLE, *October 8, 1834.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 22nd, which reached me two days ago. Alas! our poor friend! I wish that she had gone to meet you, or anything rather than to her last home.

"You regret her, and lament her, as everybody does. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by her death. It is felt by all. I had here Matuscewicz¹ two days ago, who talked of her, and of the way in which she was taken from us, with tears in his eyes.

"Poor soul! This is the very time which she had settled to come here. Arbuthnot wrote me that leaving town she had said: 'On the 22nd September, in the morning, we will get into the carriage to go to Walmer Castle!'

"But it is impossible not to reflect upon these things; and not to lament her every day, more and more.

"I shall be delighted to see you and Shelley in England. But I am afraid that some time will elapse yet before you will come.

"I am very glad to learn that the Austrians are going on so well in Italy. I'll tell you what is converting the Whigs to them: the fear of mischief that they have done in England, and the view of the misery which they have occasioned here. They are delighted—as all must be—to witness happiness and contentment; and they cannot avoid to acknowledge that these blessings are cheaply bought even at the expense of a monarchical constitution.

"After all—despotism for despotism—it is better in the hands of one than in the hands of the mob!

"Remember me kindly to Shelley, and

"Believe me, my dear Lady Shelley,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

"LONDON, *May* 29, 1835.

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY

"I received your note last night; and I am delighted to hear of your arrival.²

"Would you, and Shelley, and Miss Cecilia, and your son if with you, dine here to-day?

"I am not certain that you will meet anybody; as we are grown so good, that we don't give dinners on Sundays! I'll call in the meantime.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

¹ The Russian Ambassador.

² From abroad.

"LONDON, *November 16, 1835.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I cannot express to you the satisfaction with which I perused the latter part of your letter of November 15. A man who is rich may not be happy. But it is quite certain that, whether a man's income be comparatively small, or large, he cannot be comfortable at all if he does not live within it. I don't mean, 'to make both ends meet,' as it is said; but to manage his establishment and expenditure, whatever may be its scale, in such manner as that there may be a surplus of income over expenditure.

"Economy in this respect is the parent, the very source of generosity. I know well that no man can give away money, whose establishment and expenditure run away with his whole income.

"I am endeavouring to get home, to have a little repose, but up to the present moment I have not been able.

"If you will write to me when you have fixed your plans I will let you know if I can receive you. I have got upon my hands, however, still two Yeomanry Reviews in Hants in the months of November and December, and I cannot tell you exactly when I shall be at home.

"I shall be at Burghley, and Belvoir, and probably at Apethorpe in December and January, and it might be convenient to me that you should come in January rather than December. However, I will let you know when I know *your* time.

"Alas! our poor friend!¹ I miss her more and more every day. Her poor husband has been with me these two months, and is still here. He is rather better; but will never recover.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

From the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND to LADY SHELLEY

"BROSTEAD LODGE, *November 25, 1835.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"My not being at Brighton, having taken a flight to see Mrs. Smith and the Mayos for a fortnight, occasions my letter to be later than it ought to be

¹ Mrs. Arbuthnot.

You may believe, dear Lady Shelley, that all that gives you and Sir John pleasure must cause it in me, and I am very happy to learn from you that Mrs. Edgcumbe and your little granddaughter are so well.

"I had a letter from Seymour the other day, as happy as possible with his wife having at last produced a healthy child, promising everything he ever could wish.

"We shall all, I am sure, be glad to see you and Sir John at Brighton; and rejoice that business stops you till after the second, by which time I shall be returned; for I mean to be there on Monday next. I have enjoyed myself more than I can tell you, here, for the excellence and extreme attention I have met with has been most gratifying. They are the best of friends; all I hope is, that they have not quite spoilt me! they have done everything to do so, but being old and wiser than formerly, I trust I shall put it all to their good-nature, and *not* to my own merit. I am quite delighted with Sussex, and the kindness of all those I have met with. I have those about me I love and value, and seeing how much good Mrs. Smith does, and the delightful manner in which she lives, makes me feel very happy amongst them. I write in the greatest haste, as I have so many that call in. I fancied you in Ireland, for I thought you had talked of it. Tell Sir John I hope we may have a game of whist together before long. You will be pleased with Sir F. Burdett's letter; that is *delightful*; but more of this when we meet. God bless you! time for no more; pardon my horrid scrawl.

"Yours affectionately,

"ERNEST."

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *February 17, 1836.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have received your note. I must go to town on Saturday, and if I should return here it will be only for a moment, till after the Drawing Room. The Judges dine here on the 26th, and I shall remain here afterwards till after Easter, if I should be allowed. But I am called upon every day to go to the House of Lords. But if you should be in London, and will

come on the 27th, or 29th, I should be very happy to see you. But I don't answer for staying here; as I am liable to be called up every day.

"I wish that I could offer you a horse. But being deaf, I have been obliged to take out with me a groom to guide me through our large woods; and I have at this moment five horses lamed by my groom; one bought lame for 300 guineas; and another lamed by inattention in shoeing. So that I am obliged to find my way as I can through the woods; and I am reduced very low in my stud.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *February 26, 1836.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am very sorry indeed to hear of your misfortune, particularly as it is to deprive me of the pleasure of receiving you.

"I spoke to Ramard about the horse to which you refer. He said that he would try him, and let me know.

"I should be afraid of his being too old for me. In fact, I cannot hunt without going long distances. My horses frequently go as much as twenty-five, and twenty miles to covert. I am now obliged to weed out the old and infirm; although excellent in the woodlands—so good, indeed, that I cannot replace them. It would not answer to replace them by others nearly worn out and as old.

"Let me know if Lord Robert's groom can ride, and particularly if he can be trusted to ride young horses.

"I hate to part with a servant, and there is no use in parting with one who is only not able to ride, and take another equally unfit.

"They have lamed so many horses for me, that I now ride without one, after the fox is found.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *November 28, 1838.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I am very glad to learn that you like the appearance of the pine-apples, and I hope that the taste of them will at least be equal to their appearance.

"So I am the man to settle Canada!

"I should like to see the man able to settle anything. We must have Van Amburg.¹ How nicely our Leopards will caress him!

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *December 12, 1838.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I shall be delighted to see you. But you must allow me to get rid of Mr. Dordbigan and his myrmidons first.

"When the house was repaired and painted, and all finished, it was discovered that the old furniture would not do; that it must be uncovered, cleaned, repaired, renewed, replaced, etc., etc.

"The house was therefore to be pulled to pieces again, after I came here in November. Here we are, therefore, full of workmen; scarcely a bed put up, and no sleeping room completely finished.

"I was obliged to postpone to receive Lady Bathurst, etc. I hope to finish all and to have everybody out of the house by the end of the week. I should think that they will be very happy to go, as I never see one of them that I don't blow him up.

"I will write to you by Friday's post, and let you know the progress, and fix a day for your coming. Does Shelley shoot?

"Ever yours most affectionately,
"WELLINGTON."

"I see that you don't wish to come before Xmas, and that Shelley does not shoot."

From LORD PALMERSTON to LADY SHELLEY

"BROADLANDS, *January 3, 1839.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Notwithstanding your injunction, I must thank you for your very kind letter, which, I can

¹ The celebrated Lion Tamer. The allusion to the Leopards may possibly be connected with the Duke's recollection of Napoleon's proclamation to his armies—*circa* Nov. 1808:

"Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the Leopard contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal Eagles to the pillars of Hercules."

This was before Sir John Moore's great achievement at Corunna.

assure you, has gratified me very much. I am a great deal better in consequence of ten days' air and exercise in the country. I am very glad to hear the good account you send me of the Duke.

"Yours sincerely,

"PALMERSTON."

From MR. W. W. STEPHENSON to LADY SHELLEY

"ALTYRE, FORRES, *September 24, 1839.*

"DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I stand convicted of having made a compact with you and failed to fulfil it, at least till the object of it had passed away, and now I might as well send you an epitome of the reign of Queen Anne as an account of the Eglinton Tournament. How it passed you must know by heart: how it rained, and the people grieved; how the sun shone and the folks rejoiced; how the weather spoiled the banquet, and how the villainy of the Pratts made it rain, on purpose that they might charge for it in their bill. In fact, I feel you must now know all so well that I cannot bring myself to inflict upon you a tale so often told, so I must make my note take the form apologetic, instead of historical. Besides, I am by no means sure that you may not have received already a partial account of our proceedings from me, though anonymous, for I wrote four sides of note-paper two days after, just before I left the Castle, which disappeared while I was writing, in a most unaccountable manner. In vain I searched every possible and impossible place—blotting-books, pockets, sofa; in fact I am sure I must have searched every place but the right one, for I never found it. The table at the time was surrounded by scribblers, taking advantage of an inundation of franks, and rain, to inflict upon their correspondents their various views of the Tournament; and I have very little doubt that the note intended for you helped to swell the despatches of one of them. I think it quite possible, whoever may have got it, that seeing your name at the head of it, it will be forwarded to its proper destination.

"I am quite grieved you could not be induced to come down yourself; for, in spite of the many

difficulties it had to contend with, the whole affair was most splendid, and successful too. In the absence of the sun nothing shone more conspicuously than the great good-humour and equanimity with which Eglinton bore the *contretemps* which threatened to mar all his splendid preparations; and I cannot help thinking that if some of his late guests would test their own merits by the standard of his good-humour, they would be more inclined to remember the difficulties he encountered, and overcame, than dwell upon the trifles that may have annoyed them, and the few errors that were committed. Among the discontented I hear there is a knight, or two, who think they were not sufficiently brought forward, or their services adequately honoured. There are also some seeds of discord thrown among the natives, which seriously threaten the peace of the county; and it seems Eglinton had contented himself with expressing generally his desire that those who attended the Tournament should adopt some costume of the period it was supposed to represent. Now this was clearly understood, but there were some who thought they ought to have been particularly requested, and made up their minds not to dress without it. At the head of this was Lady . . . never mind who; she may be a friend of yours! However, she formed a bonnet faction, and appeared at the lists the first day in one of Madame Devy's last importations from Paris. Now, however exquisite, it sorted ill with the splendid costumes of the fifteenth century; and so, I suppose, *she* thought! for she never appeared after the first day, and left her followers, some to lament their mistake, and the wiser half to repair it. The Queen looked her part well; but I think she had not many willing subjects among the ladies at the Castle. They fancied she gave herself airs (I think it was fancy); at all events, there were some anti-Queenites, composed of not only those who might have aspired to her honours, but of others whom no stretch of imagination could torture into Queens of Love and Beauty: but human nature will out, whether at tournaments or tea-tables! You hear, I suppose, that we have entered into a subscription to present Eglinton with a piece of plate, to commemorate the revival of the days of chivalry! I don't know if our

ancestors were equally pugnacious, but we cannot even carry this through without quarrelling! A committee had been formed to carry this into effect; at the head of it was Lord Londonderry (not to promote the pugnacity, but the subscription), and till he left the Castle all went on smoothly. But, after his departure, the names of Burghersh and Lord Chelsea were added, which was no sooner made known to the King of the Lists than he wrote a most frantic letter, declaring they ought to have nothing to do with it, and withdrawing his own name. I have not heard since if the matter has been set right, but I believe the first intention was to take him at his word! There was too much world at Eglinton to see a tithe of the fun that happened. One could not see the wood for the trees. A few incipient flirtations advanced a step, and the old ones did not retrograde. The events travelled in such quick succession, and lovers, seeing so little of each other, their imaginations were allowed full scope, and there is nothing like that for the advancement of sweet delusions. This may perhaps account for both!

"I see I have come to the end of my paper without having told you anything. I am sorry that I did not send you a completed history at the time; it might then perhaps have been more amusing. But now the *prestige* is over, the imagination has cooled, and naturally sinks into the dull narration of duller facts. With this conviction I am rather surprised I should have broached another page, but you see I had not left room for my name, so I am sure you will pardon it. I am just starting for Inverness, for the Northern meeting, which I hear is to be good this year. I shall carry my epistle with me for a Frank. I return here again later to meet the Seymours, and the Charlevilles, and shortly after shall probably bend my steps to the South. Pray make my kind remembrances to Sir John and to Miss Shelley. I am sure you will be sorry to hear that my poor old friend Cork has had an attack of apoplexy, which has severely affected him; not his mind, I hear, but he has partially lost the use of his side, and must abandon his favourite amusement of hunting. I have heard nothing for some weeks, but he was then recovering, and proposes to fill his house as usual.

"Now let me congratulate you upon your arrival at the last line, if you ever reach so far. However that may be, I shall equally subscribe myself,

"Yours most sincerely,

"W. W. STEPHENSON."

January 1843.—I have just copied the following note, in the handwriting of Lord Wellesley, from the copy of Count Bjornstjerna's "British Empire in the East," which the author had presented to his lordship.

"The defeat of the French in India was the first, and main step towards their defeat in Europe. This was exclusively Lord Wellesley's act. Sir Arthur Wellesley was a mere subordinate to the Governor-General. Where would the British power now be if Lord Wellesley had not fronted Tippoo Sahib, in opposition to all the authorities both in India and at home? Would Lord Wellesley have failed in India if the Duke of Wellington had not been there? No. There were many others quite equal to carry Lord Wellesley's (not Sir Arthur Wellesley's) plans into execution. Both these wars were planned by Lord Wellesley, who was at the distance of hundreds of miles from Sir Arthur, to whom the good Count ascribes so much. The Count seems to be entirely ignorant of the fact that Lord Wellesley is eight years older than the Duke—that Lord Wellesley was a practised and established statesman when he went to India. That he was the intimate friend of the truly great Pitt and for some years an active member of the India Board. When, in 1797, Lord Wellesley went to India, his brother Arthur was Lieut.-Colonel of a regiment, not distinguished by anything but his connection with Lord Wellesley. This is no disparagement to the Duke of Wellington. History is spacious enough for the fame of both brothers without injury to either. History will be just, and will not place Lord Wellesley's laurels below those

of the Duke. The Count seems to be ill qualified to decide the question."

The paragraph in Count Bjornstjerna's book, which drew from Lord Wellesley the rejoinder given above, is as follows :

"At this time the happy star of England had placed a great and remarkable man at the head of the Government of India—the Marquis Wellesley (then Earl of Mornington), elder brother of the still greater, and more remarkable Duke of Wellington, with whom he shared the uncommonly honourable lot of being above all others instrumental in deciding the fate of two hemispheres: that of India by the defeat of Tippoo Sahib and the destruction of the Mahratta power; that of Europe by the fall of the almost equally oppressive sway of Napoleon."

CHAPTER XIII

December 1845.—We came to London on the 3rd of this month. There were rumours of dissension in the Cabinet, and frequent meetings followed Lord John Russell's letter to the Corn Law League. In October, when we were at Gordon Castle, the Duke of Richmond said he was convinced that Peel was about to alter the sliding scale, and would diminish protection to the land. Sir George Clerk scouted the possibility of his having any such intention. He maintained that the reported scarcity and total destruction of the potato crop was much exaggerated. He said that corn was abundant, and that the deficiency in some kinds of potato was amply made up by superabundant crops in other parts of the country. In these circumstances, why should Peel change the sliding scale, which works so well, even under the threatened scarcity? Sir George Clerk said that prices continued low and steady, while there was an abundance of supplies. When I met Sir George Clerk yesterday, his face began to tell tales. He avoided all conversation, and looked crest-fallen.

At a wedding breakfast I sat by Lord Stanley, and thought him in forced spirits; while Lady Stanley was fidgety, and not as amiable as she had lately been to me.

A few days ago the Queen sent for Lord John Russell and, on Wednesday, Peel and the Cabinet

resigned. I am told by Pemberton (Goulburn's¹ private secretary) that the subject in dispute was Peel's proposal to make some change in the Corn Laws. Lord Stanley, the Duke of Wellington, and others, did not wish the subject to be broached at all, but Peel was inflexible. Stanley declined to form a Protectionist Government; but, in order to keep the Conservative Party together, they agreed to resign *en masse*, and to leave Lord John to propose the Corn Laws. Lord Stanley's failure to form a Cabinet was occasioned by Lord Grey's resolve not to take part in any Government that had Lord Palmerston at the head of the Foreign Office. Meanwhile, Lord Palmerston informed Lord John Russell that he would not take any other post. "Bear" Ellice did not like to tell Lord John Russell of Lord Grey's fixed determination. He preferred to trust to the chapter of accidents, not caring which of the two was got rid of, so long as the Whig Government was formed. I can well imagine Lord John Russell's disgust when at last he was informed of Lord Grey's determination.

That very morning Lord John Russell received a message from his wife to inform him that she was dying, and that she would never set eyes on him again! He had left her dangerously ill. He set off for Windsor in the morning of the day that Peel went down to give up the Seals of Office. On Peel's arrival at the Castle the Queen stated the situation in which she found herself, being without a Minister or a Government, and she asked Peel to take office again. He at once agreed to do so, even though he should stand alone. The situation was a delicate one; but when Peel reassembled his colleagues, they all (with the exception of Lord Stanley) agreed to join him, and to waive all minor differences. Lord Stanley, I believe, was glad of the excuse to get out of office,

¹ Henry Goulburn was at this time Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was the friend and executor of Sir Robert Peel. He died in 1856.

a situation of which he had long been weary. The Ministers then separated for the Christmas holidays, and Lady Fuller (who passed them at Drayton) told me that she had not, for years, seen Sir Robert Peel in such high spirits. It seemed as if he had been relieved from an oppressive burthen.

Last Monday, as I rode up Constitution Hill, I met the Duke of Wellington on his way to attend a Cabinet Council. He bade me turn back with him, and said that when his horses came he would have a gallop with me. His step was remarkably firm. He bade me tell Shelley that he had walked through his woods with the beaters as easily as ever he did, and felt as well as he did twenty years ago. He talked a great deal about the Jerseys, *her* sayings and doings; and spoke with such animation and fun, and was altogether in such high spirits, that I am convinced he is satisfied that Peel's plan will not injure the landed interest. From the beginning, I have stoutly held to the opinion that whenever Peel considers it time to make a change, he is so sagacious, has such means of information, and has taken such pains to master the subject, that implicit confidence may be placed in his decision. The question of a sliding scale is purely administrative. That of Protection is interwoven with the whole framework of Society; and I will never believe that Peel is not prepared to give adequate compensation, by relieving the burdens which press so hard upon the land. Such a course I consider fully adequate to the very doubtful protection which landlords now receive under the sliding scale of duties, a system for which they bear most unjust odium.

Query? What is Peel's plan? In the first place, I expect he means to take off the Malt Tax entirely. Secondly, to put all county rates on the Consolidated Fund. Thirdly, that he will make a new assessment to the poor rate, rating mills, factories, mines, etc.,

according to the number of hands which have been employed, say, during the last three years. Fourthly, that he will take the high roads into the hands of Government; funding the money lent on the turnpike trusts, according to the plan drawn up and presented to William IV. by Sir Herbert Taylor, in accordance with Sir John Shelley's suggestion, which was made with the approval of the then Postmaster-General, and the Duke of Richmond. The railroads render this measure doubly necessary, and it would be a great relief to the country gentlemen who have chiefly found this money, and for which they now receive precarious interest. How the money is to be provided, to meet the loss of the Malt Tax, is a question which Peel will have to solve. I am told that to tax the exempted incomes, namely, those under £150 per annum, would produce two millions, and by raising the Property Tax to four per cent., the remainder could be raised. *Nous verrons.*

January 18, 1846.—Shelley thinks that Peel will not carry the opening of the ports during this Parliament. I say that, in this case, success is the test of his conduct. If Peel succeeds, he is the greatest Prime Minister that England ever saw. If he fails he is a traitor; and will well deserve the ignominy which would attach itself to his name. Like other great changes, even Revolution, success stamps the enterprise as being the work of either a hero or a traitor.

I went on Friday to a private meeting in Faraday's Laboratory at the Royal Institution, to hear him explain his great discovery. He explained to us that all non-magnetic bodies take up a position at right angles to the magnet. This wide class of substances, of every form and kind, are, by Faraday's discovery, given a new magnetic quality, almost as remarkable as that of the magnetic metals. He said that a non-magnetic body, suspended in a state of free movement

in the line of magnetic force, is repelled by either pole, and finally assumes a position at right angles to the position which a magnetic body would assume under precisely the same circumstances. He cited Saturn's ring as an example, and said that, although there was no positive proof of it, his ring is supposed to be in that position. He said that if Saturn were a magnet, and his ring composed of diamagnetic substances, the tendency of the magnetic forces would be to place it where it actually is. Another experiment was shown in making a ray of light rotate. A ray of light was reflected from glass, and passed through an eye-piece which revolved horizontally. The glass acted as air, water, or any indifferent substance would do, and if the eye-glass were turned, the polarised ray was rendered invisible. When an electric current passed through its coils the image of light became visible, and continued to be so as long as the arrangement continued magnetic. When the magnetic force ceased, the light instantly disappeared. Why this is so, I do not clearly understand.

Faraday showed another experiment with some kind of liquid. When it contained oxygen it was magnetic, but, by removing the oxygen, it became diamagnetic.

The party consisted of Chev^r. Bunsen, Chev^r. Neucome, the musician, the Bishop of London, Mr. Cardwell, Sir E. Codrington, and about twenty other people.

Though I but imperfectly understood the gist of these experiments, I suspect there were many present as ignorant as myself. Faraday anticipates immense results from these discoveries, and thinks that we may find the source of heat and magnetism in the atmosphere which surrounds us.

Mr. Barlow explained to me afterwards that oxygen is a great atmospheric magnet. Like all other magnets, it is weakened by heat, therefore its magnetic intensity

in any particular latitude depends on the remoteness, or nearness, of the sun.

I went to the House of Commons on the memorable 22nd, and was in despair at Peel's want of courage. He did not say that the time had arrived when the Corn Laws could be safely done away with. He did not propose to give any compensation to the landed interests; but merely to take away protection both from agriculture and manufactures. His attitude is evidently the result of mere panic about scarcity of food (owing to the failure of the potato crop), though it is well known that the Irish peasant cannot buy potatoes; and without any change in the law, maize, ground oatmeal, etc., have been sent in large quantities to Ireland in case of famine.

The proposed relief in highway rates, assessment for the poor, etc., could, and ought to be given without making any change in the Corn Laws.

The lack of a statesman in the House of Commons powerful enough to cope with Peel makes it impossible to form a Protectionist Government. Peel's conduct has destroyed all confidence in our public men, and the Conservative party is annihilated! I expect that, after Easter, Lord John Russell and Peel will join hands.

It seems to be the general opinion that the Corn Laws will pass the House of Commons by a majority of a hundred, and that the Lords will not therefore dare to throw it out. Personally, I have more fear of a scarcity of corn in future years than any belief in lowered prices.

Sir Robert Peel's sarcastic manner, notably when he talked of the difficulty in reconciling an ancient monarchy and a proud aristocracy with a Reformed House of Commons, was odious; and I am not surprised that his words gave great offence. He tried afterwards to explain them away; but his plea, that he meant his words to be interpreted in a sense different from the obvious one, is not tenable.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DEFENCELESS STATE OF ENGLAND

ON January 9, 1847, the Duke of Wellington wrote a long letter to Major-General Sir John Burgoyne, at that time Inspector-General of Fortifications, on the defenceless state of England. From the Duke's point of view, that letter was in the nature of a confidential communication, and apparently was intended only for the information of the individual to whom it was addressed. Owing to a general feeling of uneasiness among all classes in England, Sir John Burgoyne did not regard the Duke's letter as a private matter, and, in view of the high authority of the writer on such subjects, he thought that his country's interests would be best served by making the Duke's views known to as many influential persons as possible. Among those to whom the letter was shown was Lady Shelley, who, with the most patriotic intentions, exerted herself to make its contents generally known. As the whole subject is especially interesting at the present time, we will reprint the Duke's letter and the correspondence which for two years cast a cloud over Lady Shelley's intimacy with the Duke of Wellington.

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *January 9, 1847.*

"MY DEAR GENERAL,

"Some days have elapsed, indeed, a fortnight has, since I received your note, with a copy of your

observations on the possible results of a war with France, under our present system of military preparation.

"You are aware that I have for years been sensible of the alteration produced in maritime warfare and operations by the application of steam to the propelling of ships at sea. This discovery immediately exposed all parts of the coasts of these islands, which a vessel could approach at all, to be approached at all times of tide, and in all seasons, by vessels so propelled, from all quarters. We are in fact assailable, and at least liable to insult, and to have contributions levied upon us, on all parts of our coast; that is, the coasts of these, including the Channel Islands, which till this time, from the period of the Norman conquest, have never been successfully invaded.

"I have in vain endeavoured to awaken the attention of different administrations to this state of things; as well known to our neighbours, rivals in power at least, former adversaries and enemies, as it is to ourselves.

"I hope that your paper may be attended by more success than my representations have been.

"I have above in a few words represented our danger. We have no defence, or hope of chance of defence, excepting in our fleet.

"We hear a good deal of the spirit of the people of England, for which no man entertains higher respect than I do; but unorganised, without systematic subordination established and well understood, this spirit, opposed to the fire of musketry and cannon, and sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose those animated by such spirit to confusion and destruction. Let any man only make the attempt to turn to some use this spirit in a case of partial local disturbance. The want of previous systematic organisation and subordination will prevent him even from communicating with more than his own menial servants and dependants; and while mobs are in movement through the country, the most powerful will find that he can scarcely move from his own door.

"It is perfectly true that, as we stand at present, with our naval arsenals and dockyards not half garrisoned, 5,000 men of all arms could not be

put under arms if required for any service whatever, without leaving standing without relief all employed on any duty, not excepting even the guards over the palaces and the person of the Sovereign.

"I calculate that a declaration of war should properly find our home garrisons of the strength as follows (particularly considering that one of the most common accusations against this country is, that the practice has been to commence reprisals at sea simultaneously with a declaration of war, the order for the first of which must have been issued before the last can have been published). We ought to be with garrisons as follows at the moment war is declared.

"Channel Islands, besides the militia of each, well organised, trained, and disciplined, 10,000 men; Plymouth, 10,000 men; Milford Haven, 5,000 men; Cork, 10,000 men; Portsmouth, 10,000 men; Dover, 10,000 men; Sheerness, Chatham and the Thames, 10,000 men.

"I suppose that one-half of the whole regular force of the country would be stationed in Ireland, which half would give the garrison for Cork. The remainder must be supplied from the half of the whole force at home stationed in Great Britain.

"The whole force employed at home, in Great Britain and Ireland, would not afford a sufficient number of men for the mere occupation and defence, on the breaking out of war, of the works constructed for the defence of the dockyards and naval arsenals, without leaving a single man disposable.

"The measure upon which I have earnestly entreated different administrations to decide—which is constitutional, and has been invariably adopted in time of peace for the last eighty years—is to raise, embody, organise, and discipline the militia, of the same numbers for each of the three kingdoms united as during the late war. This would give a mass of organised force amounting to about 150,000 men, which we might immediately set to work to discipline. This alone would enable us to re-establish the staff of our army. This, with an augmentation of the force of the regular army, which would not cost £400,000, would put the country on its legs in respect to personal force, and I would engage for its defence,

old as I am.¹ But as we stand now, and if it be true that the exertions of the fleet alone are not sufficient to provide for our defence, we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war.

"I am accustomed to the consideration of these questions, and have examined and reconnoitred over and over again the whole coast from the North Foreland, by Dover, Folkestone, Beachy Head, Brighton, Arundel, to Selsey Bill, near Portsmouth; and I say that, excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore at any time of tide, with any wind, and in any weather; and from which such body of infantry thrown on shore would not find within the distance of five miles a road into the interior of the country through the cliffs, practicable for the march of a body of troops.

"That in that space of coast, that is, between the North Foreland and Selsey Bill, there are not less than seven small harbours or mouths of rivers, each without defence, of which an enemy, having landed his infantry on the coast, might take possession, and therein land his cavalry and artillery of all calibre, and establish himself and his communication with France.

"The nearest part of the coast to the metropolis is undoubtedly the coast of Sussex, from the east and west sides of Beachy Head, and to Selsey Bill.

"There are not less than twelve great roads leading from Brighton upon London, and the French army must be much altered indeed since the time at which I was better acquainted with it, if there are not now belonging to it forty *chefs d'état-major général*, capable of sitting down and ordering the march to the coast of 40,000 men, their embarkation, with their horses and artillery, at the several French ports; their disembarkation at named points on the English coast, that of the cavalry and artillery in named ports or mouths of rivers; and the assembly at named points of the several columns; and the march of each of these, from stage to stage, to London.

"Let any man examine our maps and road-books, consider of the matter, and judge for himself.

"I know of no mode of resistance, much less of

¹ The Duke was close on his seventy-eighth year.

protection, from this danger, excepting by an army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy, aided by all the means of fortification which experience in war and science can suggest.

"I shall be deemed foolhardy in engaging for the defence of the empire with an army composed of such a force of militia. I may be so; I confess it, I should infinitely prefer, and I should feel more confidence in, an army of regular troops; but *I know* that I shall not have these. I may have the others, and if an addition is made to the existing regular army allotted for home defence, of a force which will cost £400,000 a year, there would be a sufficient force in the field to enable him who should command to defend the country.

"This is my view of our danger and our resources."

[Here follow details relating to a deficiency in arms, ammunition, etc., at that time.]

"You will see from what I have above written that I have contemplated the danger to which you have referred. I have done so for years. I have drawn to it the attention of different administrations at different times.

"You will observe likewise that I have considered of the measures of prospective security, and of the mode and cost of their attainment; how such knowledge can be acquired. I have done more: I have looked at, and considered these localities in great detail, and have made up my mind upon the details of their defence.

"These are questions to which my mind has not been unaccustomed. I have considered and provided for the defence, the successful defence, of the frontiers of many countries.

"You are the confidential head of the principal defence department of the country. I will, if you and the Master-general of the Ordnance choose, converse or otherwise communicate confidentially with you upon all the details of this subject—will inform you of all that I know, have seen, and think upon it; and what my notions are of the details of the defensive system to be adopted, and eventually carried into execution.

"I quite concur in all your views of the danger of our position, of the magnitude of the stake at issue.

"I am specially sensible of the certainty of failure, if we do not at an early moment attend to the measures necessary to be taken for our defence; and of the disgrace, the indelible disgrace, of such failure; putting out of view all the other unfortunate consequences, such as the loss of the political and social position of this country among the nations of Europe; of all its allies, in concert with, and in aid of whom, it has in our own times contended successfully in arms for its own honour and safety, and the independence and freedom of the world.

"Where did any man hear of allies of a country unable to defend itself?

"Views of economy of some, and I admit that the high views of national finance of others, induce them to postpone those measures absolutely necessary for mere defence and safety under existing circumstances; forgetting altogether the common practice of successful armies, of *all* armies in modern times, imposing upon the conquered enormous pecuniary contributions, as well as of other valuable and ornamental property.

"Look at the course pursued by France in Italy and Germany and Russia.

"At Vienna repeatedly, at Berlin, at Moscow, the contributions levied, besides the subsistence, maintenance, clothing, and equipments of the army which made the conquest. Look at the conduct of the Allied army which invaded France, and had possession of Paris in 1815. Look at the account of the pecuniary sacrifices made upon that occasion under their different heads of contributions: payments for subsistence and maintenance of the invading armies, including clothing and other equipments; payment of old repudiated State debts; payments of debts due to individuals in war to the different countries of Europe; repayment for contributions levied; and movable and immovable property sold in the course of the Revolutionary War.

"But such an account cannot be made out against this country. No! But I believe that the means of making some demands would not be wanting. Are there no claims for a fleet at Toulon in 1793? None for debts left unpaid by British subjects in France,

who escaped from confinement under cover of the invasion in 1814 by the Allied armies? Can any man pretend to limit the amount of the demand on account of *contribution de guerre*?

"Then look at the conditions of the treaties of peace of 1814, 1815.

"France, having been in possession of nearly every capital in Europe, and having levied contributions in each, and had in its possession or under its influence the whole of Italy and Germany and Poland, is reduced to its territorial limits as they stood in the year 1792.

"Do we suppose that we should be allowed to keep, could we advance a pretension to keep, more than the islands composing the United Kingdom—ceding disgracefully the Channel Islands, on which an invader had never established himself since the period of the Norman Conquest?

"I am bordering upon seventy-seven years of age, passed in honour.

"I hope that the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy, which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert.

"Believe me,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

LADY SHELLEY to GENERAL SIR JOHN BURGOYNE

"36, BERKELEY SQUARE, *January 5, 1848.*

"DEAR SIR JOHN BURGOYNE,

"I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of congratulating you on the publicity now given to the state of the country's defences. I claim your thanks for my co-operation, and for having borne the brunt of the Duke's displeasure at his letter having been 'shown about.' He, however, listened to my representations as to the policy of enlisting public opinion in order to strengthen the hands of the authorities in bringing forward their plans for a proper defence of the country. I have lent a copy of the Duke's letter to Lords Ellesmere, Colchester, Hardwicke, Stanley, Aylmer, Beaumont, Gage, the Duke of Rutland, and

many others, and have the satisfaction of knowing that Lord Ellesmere has received the Duke's approval of his letter to the papers. Lord John Russell has also written to thank Lord Ellesmere for its 'opportune appearance,' adding that it will prove of great assistance to the Government.

"Yours very truly,

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

From SIR JOHN BURGOYNE to LADY SHELLEY

"FULHAM, *January 6, 1848.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Whatever good may result from the publication of the Duke of Wellington's letter, you have no reason to congratulate *me* on the occasion, for I feel that *I* have lost caste by it with the public, and, what is more unpleasant, with the Duke.

"I have good reason to believe that he deems it an indiscretion—if not a breach of confidence—that I should have allowed it to be so promulgated. I feel that I have now sacrificed his offer of future confidential communication with him, that would have been so gratifying to me, and, as I hoped, indirectly advantageous to the country.

"The document being shown to such persons as those you name could only be attended with good; but I doubt the advantage of its going before the general public. At all events, the Government had it in their possession; and it was not becoming in me to appear to assume a discretion in the matter of publication.

"Believe me,

"My dear Lady Shelley,

"Yours faithfully,

"J. F. BURGOYNE."

LADY SHELLEY to SIR JOHN BURGOYNE

"BERKELEY SQUARE, *January 6, 1848.*

"DEAR SIR JOHN BURGOYNE,

"In consequence of your note I begin to hope that Mr. Pigou did not receive from you, as reported, a copy of the Duke's letter from which he made his

first extract for the *Morning Chronicle*, and subsequently published the Duke's letter in full. I should be very glad to be able to deny this report, which I now disbelieve. It seems to me that after his first unauthorised publication, and your knowledge of the Duke's displeasure, you would naturally have forbidden him to publish anything further.

"As Lord Hardwicke's motion would have obliged the Duke to state the whole case in Parliament, it is most unfortunate that the weight of his opinion on so important a matter should have been forestalled.

"As I know how tenacious—how punctilious—the Duke is about official secrecy, I think it probable, and many are of that opinion, that had you remained passive, and had preserved official reserve, the Duke's views, so unpalatable to a Government with a falling revenue, would never have been made public, and our country would have remained in its defenceless condition.

"In these circumstances you must be satisfied with having achieved this great good, even at the price of personal martyrdom. What we must all regret is that so indiscreet a man as Mr. Pigou should have had the power of doing you such an injury. This I deeply lament.

"Very truly yours,

"FRANCES SHELLEY."

From JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART *to* LADY SHELLEY

"January 6, 1848.

"DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I return the MS., which I certainly have been well pleased to see in its completeness. It is, no doubt, very much to be regretted that the Duke's letter got into public view—*unless* that was the only chance of his wisdom being attended to by the Government, and by Parliament. But I fear it was the sole chance; and I believe, when future men study our present condition, one fact will be sufficient to satisfy them: that our liberal and reforming plans led directly to a most woeful degradation in the governing principle of the Empire—namely, the fact that three successive Cabinets received with mere neglect the warnings of the Duke of Wellington on the state of

our National defences! May the impression his voice *has* made on the people at large, prove enough now at last to arouse the apathy of Whitehall.

"Why the devil did they disband the Yeomanry Cavalry, at any rate? That cost a mere nothing, and the service was not only of the highest political value (not in a party sense, but to the maintenance of loyal feelings, and kindly feelings). It also afforded a nucleus for recruiting the regular Cavalry and Horse Artillery, from the best class of men, at brief warning. It was a grand bond between gentry and commonalty, and a great stimulus to all manly notions and active habits, both in the towns and in the country. I am quite ready, even now, to mount once more.

"Ever yours truly,
"J. G. LOCKHART."¹

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *January 23, 1848.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"Notwithstanding the delight with which you, and the ladies and gentlemen, your friends, have annotated and at last published my confidential letter of January 1847, upon the defences of the country, the course which you have taken has been most distressing, painful, and grievous to me, on account of the injury which such publication is calculated to do to the country.

"You have constituted yourself a sort of authority upon this subject, and it is in that character that I address you these few lines!

"Sir John Burgoyne has sent me two letters addressed by you to him; one on the 5th and the other on the 6th January, 1848. In the first you express your satisfaction at knowing that Lord Ellesmere had received 'the Duke's approval of his letter.'

"I request you, as an act of justice to a gentleman, a soldier, and a faithful servant of the Crown, to state what you really KNOW on that subject.

"I *know* that I have neither seen, written to, nor

¹ John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and at this time editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

communicated by message with Lord Ellesmere—will he recite the letter in question?

"I am afraid that you have asserted in this letter that you had a *knowledge* which you had not: which you could not have: because the fact did not exist, and is not true!

"You will excuse me for being very urgent upon this subject; because it is very important to me as a gentleman, and a faithful servant of the Crown, that I should not be suspected of being concerned in the scandalous, disgraceful, and grievous mischief done to the publick interests by the circulation and publication in the newspapers of a confidential letter upon the state of the defences of the country, written by the Commander-in-Chief to the officer at the head of the Engineer Department, in answer to a communication from that officer marked Confidential, or that I have ever had a wish, or even an idea, of enforcing by clamour a consideration or discussion of the subject in Parliament.

"My views were always very different. They were, by facts and reasoning, to convince the minds of those who alone can with regularity originate such discussions, and who must be responsible for the consequences!

"Believe me,

"Ever your ladyship's

"Most obedient humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *January 27, 1848.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I left London on December 22. I have not been there since. I had not seen Lord Ellesmere for some days before I left London. Nor have I written to him a line upon any subject, or communicated with him by message through any individual whatever!

"We are living in happy times! I am the servant of the Crown! While serving the Crown it is important to me, and I have engaged to avoid to communicate with others—not the servants of the Crown—upon measures to be submitted to Parliament. I have continually acted accordingly; but a

gentleman, married to your niece, thinks proper to repeat what he hears in the house of a relation; and I am set down instantly as having betrayed my trust, and engagements; and to be written down accordingly!

"It is quite delightful to live in times with your Ladyship, with Sir John, Lady and Miss Burgoyne!

"I am not surprised that a copy of my confidential letter to the Chief Engineer should have been heard of in a letter by Lord Howick.¹ I have heard of a copy of it at Rome; and I know of a gentleman who bought from [name illegible] a copy of it, and was about to take it with him to Vienna! But a discreet friend advised him not to do so; and got it from him!

"Believe me ever,

"Your Ladyship's most obedient, humble servant,
"WELLINGTON."

"BERKELEY SQUARE, *January 28, 1848.*

"DEAR CAPTAIN GREVILLE,

"... I should be obliged if you would tell me whether, when you told us that the Duke of Wellington had signified to Lord Ellesmere his approval of the letter which the latter published, you had heard it from Lord Ellesmere, as we supposed, or from a third person? I had heard it rumoured that the Duke did *not* approve of it; but as you were at that time in daily communication with Lord Ellesmere, we considered that you were a good authority on the subject. You will remember that you, at the same time, told us that Lord John Russell had written to thank Lord Ellesmere for its 'opportune appearance.' Please send me a reply by the carriage which I send with this note. Love to all.

"Yours ever,

"FRANCES SHELLEY."²

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *January 28, 1848.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"It is certainly true that although my letter to you of the 23rd was put up and directed to you on

¹ Earl Grey, who was so much better known by his former title of Lord Howick, that his friends usually referred to him as Howick.

² A note in Lady Shelley's writing says: "He never sent any answer to this letter,
F. S."

that day, it was not sent off from here till Monday the 24th. It referred to a correspondence with Sir John Burgoyne, which likewise referred to my letter to you; of which a copy was sent to Sir John Burgoyne. As I have much to do, besides defending myself from the consequences of the meddling gossip of the ladies of modern times, the whole was not prepared to be sent off by the post on Sunday evening.

"I must then inform you, that as I am made the principal topick of discussion on every subject, and am made responsible for every word that falls from me, whether verbally, or in writing; and which is annotated upon—its meaning tortured, misrepresented; I am anxious to know exactly what it is I write, at least; accordingly I take care to have a copy of everything, and I send all these letters to my secretary. He may be out of town, or may have more to do than he can easily perform; and he may have been under the necessity of postponing to copy your letter. This must account for the delay of your reception of it.

"I return your letter to Sir John Burgoyne, upon which I decline to form any opinion; and I will positively give none!

"I again positively and distinctly deny that I gave Lord Ellesmere any opinion whatever on his letter in the *Times* newspaper, which I saw, as the whole world did, and everybody else did—but I particularly avoided to give any opinion upon it. I repeat that you have made yourself an authority in this case. It was you who first circulated the letter written by me to Sir John Burgoyne. It was your name that was mentioned to me as having the copy of it, which was shown to whoever chose to see it! It was on that point I wrote to you about it. It was from your hands that Mr. Pigou had it, and, in consequence, first drew the publick attention to it. *You* wrote to Sir John Burgoyne that I was not insensible to the advantage of publick discussion on the subject! That is not an accurate, or in fact a true representation of what passed between us in the only interview I had with you.

"It is true that I allowed you to retain—or rather, returned to you the copy which I had received from you of my own letter; which I had no right or power to keep from you. But it is not true that I consented

to its being circulated! I particularly desired that it should not be copied; and, of course, never consented to its being published in the newspapers!

"Then it is *you* who, to crown the whole, write to Sir John Burgoyne that you heard that I *had approved* of Lord Ellesmere's publication of his letter! Thus putting yourself forward as being the person ready to prove that I had betrayed my trust, and excited noble lords to create a clamour in Parliament against the Government, after a difficulty had been created, and the publick interests had been put in peril by the shameful and disgraceful circulation, and final publication in the newspapers of the confidential letter of the Commander-in-Chief addressed to the Officer at that time at the head of the Engineer Department.

"You have brought all this upon yourself, and I regret it for your sake, as much as you can do! But I will not allow myself to be accused of a breach of trust, and abused by my party, without answering firmly, and loudly proclaiming that the charge is groundless, and false, come it from what quarter it may!

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

"STRATFIELD SAYE, *January 30, 1848.*

"MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I have this morning received your letter of the 29th. There is certainly nothing so successful in the world as gossip. It ought to be true, for it prevai^{leth}!

"I am in office professionally, by desire of the Queen. I have no political connection with her Ministers, and have nothing to say to their political measures. But, on the other hand, I have no relation with any other political party. To this system I have invariably adhered.

"Upon the subject of the Defences of the Country I have formed, and have expressed opinions to several Administrations. But it is well known that my opinion has been, that the subject could be considered with advantage by the Government alone, in the first instance; the rules of procedure so require. It is quite certain that the House of Lords, of which

I am a member, is the place in which it would be least advantageous to open a discussion on such a subject!

"I have acted upon this principle. It is well known that in the course of the last Session of Parliament a discussion did take place in the House of Lords on the state of the Defences of the Country. Lord Ellenborough spoke; others spoke: I did not say one word! In a letter which I lately wrote, to be communicated to Major-General Sir John Burgoyne, I have reminded him that in several—certainly in more than one discussion in his presence on the subject of the Defences of the Country—I objected to the movement at the outset on the part of any, excepting the servants of the Crown; and positively declared that I would not move in it.

"By the diligence of Lady and Miss Burgoyne, assisted by your ladyship, the confidential letter of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army to the Chief Engineer, commenting upon a confidential paper from that officer, has first been pretty generally circulated, and has at last been published in the newspapers! Lord Ellesmere thought proper to write a paper upon the same subject to the *Times* newspaper! and, notwithstanding the delicate position in which I am placed as a servant of the Crown, and the course which I have invariably taken upon all subjects of discipline in Parliament—but particularly so on this one. I am further accused by your ladyship of having approved of this letter! That you knew that I had approved of it! I answered that you could know no such thing! That I had quitted London, and had not been there since December 22. That I had never written nor sent a message to Lord Ellesmere, on that, or on any other subject. That I had not seen his lordship for many days previous to my quitting London.

"But it appears that a gentleman who is in the habit of seeing Lord Ellesmere reports otherwise to your ladyship! Am I to be set down as a liar, and as a person who, notwithstanding my invariable course in Parliament—and most particularly on this subject of the Defences of the Country—and my known, and by me acknowledged, duty to the Sovereign—am I to be supposed to have volunteered to express my

approbation to Lord Ellesmere of his endeavour to open the subject to a public discussion?

"Cobbett¹ wrote, some years ago, that nobody could, with truth, accuse me of being a fool! I hope that I am not become foolish in my old age!

"Look at what is passing all over the country on this subject, in consequence of the ill-timed, and indiscreet measures adopted by the ladies—your ladyship, Lady and Miss Burgoyne among them—and the gossips of the world, in order to bring it under discussion. I foresaw this; but I must say that my principal view in trying to keep the subject in its regular channel was that I knew it was the only efficient one; and moreover, the only safe [one] for the Publick Interests.

"However, there you have it; so make the most of it! I have had no communication with Lord Ellesmere, he could not have had any with me—I desire to have none with him. Wherever I go, or wherever I may be, I will positively deny, upon my honour, that I ever communicated to him any opinion whatever on his letter in the *Times* newspaper.

"Ever your Ladyship's most obedient

"Humble servant,
"WELLINGTON."

From SIR JOHN BURGoyNE to LADY SHELLEY

"84, PALL MALL, *February 1, 1848.*

"DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

"I enclose, according to your desire, copies of your two notes to me. The originals I sent to the Duke of Wellington, and I did so in consequence of a formal demand from his Grace that I should explain fully and explicitly what had been my course of proceeding regarding his Letter, referring to you in particular as having had a copy. I thought it best, therefore, to let him have your own notes, as the only explanation I could give of any part you might have had in his opinions having been made public.

"Dear Lady Shelley,

"Yours faithfully,

"J. F. BURGoyNE."

¹ William Cobbett (1762-1835), essayist.

From the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to LADY SHELLEY

"LONDON, *February 1*, 1848.

"You are very right, My dear Lady Shelley, to contradict that you showed to Mr. Pigou my letter to Sir John Burgoyne. I had been informed that you had. But I consider your contradiction as final. But, considering the numbers to whom you did show it, I don't think that you can feel quite confident that the knowledge of its contents did not reach Mr. Pigou by your meddling in the circulation of this letter.

"As you are so sensitive about my erroneously attributing your having shown the letter to Mr. Pigou, I hope you will excuse my sensitiveness about your stating to Sir John Burgoyne, in your letter of last October, that you knew that I had approved of Lord Ellesmere's letter in the *Times* newspaper!

"My statement only referred to your meddling in circulation of the letter. (Sentence illegible.)

"But, in charging me with having approved of Lord Ellesmere's letter in the *Times*, you charged me with that which would have rendered me infamous if it had been true; and if I could not at once have shaken it off, by declaring that I had neither seen, nor written to, nor sent a message to Lord Ellesmere since he wrote that letter. By expressing approbation of his letter I should, in fact, have encouraged his taking a line against the Queen's Servants in Parliament. I have never objected to Lord Ellesmere's letter. He writes what he pleases; I have no relation with his writings, however warm the regard I feel for him, and sincere my respect for him.

"But I think it might have occurred to you, when writing that you *knew* that I approved his letter, that there were parts of it of which my approbation might be doubtful, particularly as you had seen my letter to Sir John Burgoyne. However, upon all this you pin your faith upon Captain Greville, and I there leave the subject respecting my positive and distinct denial that I have given any opinion whatever upon Lord Ellesmere's letter.

"While writing upon this subject, I venture to ask you, do you ever read the newspapers? Have you perceived the abuse heaped upon me by the Queen's Servants in their addresses to their constituents, on

account of my sentiments inserted in this famous letter? Abuse very justly heaped upon me if they could suppose me capable of publishing such a paper!

"But what do Sir John Burgoyne and his family, and your ladyship, and others—talking of old friendship—say to the share which each of you has had in this transaction: which, in my opinion, is disgraceful to the times in which we live!

"I do not know who is legitimate Commander-in-Chief of the Army! I write confidentially to the Chief Engineer comments on a subject on which he has sent me a confidential paper. From him, his family, and your ladyship, this paper reaches the publick newspapers, and I am to be abused, and to bear the blame! Is this just? Ought not those to be censured who were the instruments of circulating, and finally publishing, this paper?

"Ever your Ladyship's most obedient,

"Humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

CHAPTER XV

August 12, 1850.—We are just returned from visiting the poor Duchess of Gloucester, whom I saw for the first time since the death of the Duke of Cambridge. She is well in health, but deeply mourns her loss. She gave us an account of his illness, which was brought on by over-exertion about the charities. He not only attended all the dinners, but, in order to qualify himself for pleading their cause, he attended meetings, and superintended the finances of the various charities. Having heard that a Bishop was to preach a charity sermon at Kew, the Duke left London at eight o'clock in the morning, attended church, and afterwards walked all over the gardens, under a broiling sun, to show them to the Bishop. At luncheon that day he ate something which disagreed with him. Afterwards, on his return to London, he went to the Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park; and did not get home until eight o'clock. The Duchess of Gloucester dined with him that evening, and he told her that he felt very ill. He saw the apothecary, but would not stay at home; even when Dr. Hawkins was called in, the Duke was not forbidden to leave the house. As the Duke grew gradually worse, Dr. Watson was called in; and, on Saturday, Dr. Bright came. It was not then thought that the Duke was in any immediate danger. On Monday there was a great change, and the apothecary came to summon the Duchess of Gloucester to the Duke's bedside. On entering the

room she found the Duchess of Cambridge on her knees, holding the Duke's hand. While she was walking up the room the Duke died, but mercifully without any pain. It appears that during his illness he only felt weakness; this is not surprising, as he had not taken food for some days!

Prince George, who never left his father during his illness, had unfortunately just left the apartment, to change his dress, and was not present when his father died.

The Duchess of Gloucester has given me an interesting account of a visit which she paid to Lady Peel a few days ago. She found her more composed, though shedding floods of tears. She told the Duchess that on the night of the Debate—when Sir Robert made his last speech—she felt very unwell, but was determined not to go to bed until her husband came home, at three o'clock in the morning. Sir Robert complained of great fatigue and exhaustion, so she entreated him to go to bed. She saw him wind up his watch as usual, but he remained so long in his dressing-room that she became alarmed, and went in. She found him on his knees saying his prayers, which he never failed to do before going to bed, however late it might be. The next morning, Lady Peel was so tired and unwell, that he begged her not to get up to make his breakfast, which she usually did. Sir Robert expressed himself satisfied with the speech he had made. She read it in bed, and was so pleased with it that she wrote him a little note, to tell him how delighted she had been, as she did not expect to see him till dinner-time. Peel wrote an answer to say that he never was so happy as when his dear Julia approved of what he said.

Lady Peel passed that morning as usual, and was crossing the hall when, to her surprise, she saw Sir Robert, who had not yet gone out. Lady Peel said, "Oh, pray make haste, and take your ride. We dine

at the Jerseys' and must not be late." Peel said he would be back in time; and, as she passed on, he called her back, and said: "Julia, you are not going without wishing me 'goodbye,' or saying those sweet words: 'God bless you.'" They embraced; and he mounted his horse. Alas! to be brought home, after that dreadful accident!

I do not remember ever to have heard of a clearer case of presentiment.

Lady Peel said it was her greatest comfort to talk of him, and thereby to recall the minutest circumstances of their happy married life. She said, what we all know, that every other feeling was swallowed up in her devotion to him; a devotion that was so tenderly returned. Another case of an idol being removed. Alas! alas!

I heard from Madame Mébuyer (where I last saw Lady Peel ordering her Court dress), that Sir Robert always accompanied her, and entered into all the details, the ornaments she was to wear, etc. The last time that I saw poor Sir Robert, he talked to me for a long time. It was at Lady Londonderry's, after a military dinner. The Nepaul Princes were present; the Prince had made a speech, so good and sensible that Sir Robert expressed his surprise at his talent. As the speech had been translated by the interpreter, Sir Robert repeated to me, word for word, what the Prince had said.

On August 9 I had a child's party to welcome Fanny Edgcumbe's children, who had just arrived from Hanover. We all felt sad, and missed the poor Duke of Cambridge, who only a few days before had been walking about my garden, and staying so late that I begged him to go away, for the dew was falling. When I led him to the stable yard, how little did I think that I should never see him again!

The Duchess of Cambridge is very unwell, owing to the fatigue of her constant exertions during the Duke's

illness. Princess Mary is deeply grieved, and has frequent bursts of grief. The Duchess of Gloucester told me that nothing could exceed the Queen's kindness to her. Her Majesty remained with her during the whole time of the interment at Kew; and the funeral service was read to them both, by a clergyman. Soon afterwards, the Queen, in her kindest manner, appointed the Duchess Ranger of Richmond Park; saying: "You will need a new interest in your melancholy home."

August 14.—Went to Lord Lonsdale's for the wedding breakfast, after the marriage of George Bentinck with Miss Leslie. The Duke of Wellington was in great spirits, and seemed very proud of his "cousin." He had acted "father" to the bride, and told me that she had two heathen names, Penelope, and Prudence! The Duke looked remarkably well, and is not at all deaf.

The tickets for the closing of Parliament by the Queen are in such request, that only one is given to each peer. The Speaker is to come from the new House of Commons, where, on opening the doors, he will be seen by the Queen.

The Nepaul princes were at the breakfast. On taking leave of me they said they did so with great regret. The elder one's countenance is most interesting; he is the only Oriental that I ever admired. Colonel Kavanagh says that, in opinion and feelings, the Prince is a complete European. Lord Elphinstone gave me his whole history the other evening; I must try and find time to write it out; but not to-night.

August 15.—I took Emma Edgcumbe to see the closing of Parliament by her Majesty; Richard Edgcumbe went with some other children from St. James's Palace, to see the procession from Whitehall.

The box of the Corps Diplomatique was remarkably full. The Nepaulese and Turkish Ambassadors wore splendid costumes. There were very few peers, or

peeresses present. The dear old Duke came in early, with Lady Douro and Lady Charles Wellesley ; one on each arm. I heard him congratulate Lord Strafford on having the colonelcy of the Coldstream Guards given to him. He had commanded it at Hougoumont !

The gossip of the day is about the new Chancellor, Sir Thomas Wilde,¹ whose appearance is most undignified. When asked for the Queen's Speech he said that he knew nothing about it, and declared that he had not even a copy ! It seems that this curious Lord Chancellor, while every one was waiting for the usual prayers to be read, jumped up from the Woolsack and walked out of the House ! Mr. Pepys, his secretary, had to fetch him back !

As the Queen's Speech was not forthcoming, there was an awful pause, which must have disconcerted her Majesty. Messengers had been sent in all directions to search for a copy of it. Meanwhile the guns in the Park were booming, and every one was fussed. Several minutes passed, and yet, no Speech ! At length a rough copy—not very legible—which a lord-in-waiting had given to the Chancellor on the Queen's arrival at the House of Lords, was produced. It proved to be the Queen's private copy, which her Majesty had brought with her. The imperturbable Chancellor, taking it in his hand, coolly remarked : " You see, it was no business of mine to have the Speech." And yet, it undoubtedly was.

On the Queen's entrance into the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor attempted to thrust a paper into her hand, a *gaucherie* which was stopped by the lord-in-waiting until, in accordance with precedent, the Queen was seated on her throne.

Mr. Pepys tells me that the Chancellor literally knows nothing of his business. I first made his acquaintance in Scotland before he was married to

¹ Created Lord Truro.

Mdlle. d'Este.¹ On his arrival at the inn at Taymouth, Lord Breadalbane hesitated about inviting him to the castle; but at last he decided to do so, and during a three days' visit we all found him exceedingly agreeable. We happened to visit a waterfall together, and he delighted me by quoting Burns, and various other poets, in a sentimental manner which did not exactly suit his figure of Punch! It certainly had an odd effect. Shelley was much taken by his clever stories, and his conversation. He was at that time employed by Mdlle. d'Este and her brother to plead their cause in a case of legitimacy. I heard the case argued in the House of Lords. When the time for payment came, Sir Thomas Wilde refused to take any money, and asked Mdlle. d'Este for her portrait. It has been asserted by that lady's intimate friends, that, when the portrait was presented, Wilde asked for the original! Though all Mdlle. d'Este's royal relations and friends were indignant at her accepting him, they have now forgiven her. She has not only made her husband respected by them, but is happy in her married life. She always accompanied him on his circuits, and took him, not only to the House of Lords, but to his Law Courts. She at once gave up all her royal airs, took her place in society as Lady Wilde, and is now Baroness Truro. She has shown the greatest good sense; and has vastly improved Wilde's manners, though the old leaven of the attorney still remains.

When Mdlle. d'Este announced her marriage to the Duchess of Gloucester, she said: "Ma'am, you will *hate* him. He is a vulgar dog, and a Radical; but I intend to marry him, and be happy with him." She has certainly made good her words. I was present at an evening party at her house, this year.

¹ Sir Thomas Wilde in 1845 married as his second wife Augusta Emma d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Sussex, and of Lady Augusta Murray, whose marriage with the Duke was dissolved under the Royal Marriage Act.

It was attended by the Duchess of Cambridge, and all the fine people. Lord Truro displayed a lovely conservatory to the guests as they arrived. It contained fountains of his own invention.

On Saturday we took Fanny and her two eldest girls to Sir John Lowther's box at the Opera. Sontag in the *Figlia* was quite a failure. She was vulgar, and not *naïve*, like dear Jenny Lind.

Tuesday, 20.—Lord Jersey and others came to take leave; every one is going out of town. Went again to the Opera to hear the new singer, Fiorentini, in *Norma*. She is very handsome, and her arms are quite beautiful. She promises to be first-rate, having much that is excellent, and faults which—if she is not spoilt—she will correct. Sontag again a failure in the last act of *Sonnambula*. She is worn out with the fatigue of the Season; and looks ugly and vulgar in those parts. In the *Tempesta*, earlier in the year, Sontag was admirable, but nothing will ever equal the rush of song in Jenny Lind, who is so well named “The Nightingale.” Sontag reaches perfection in certain parts which suit her; but those parts are few, and she is more successful in concerts. The Haymarket Opera fails completely, especially in the *mise en scène*, dresses, orchestra, etc. The house looks dirty, and is neglected. The orchestra at Covent Garden under Costa is perfect; and nothing that I ever saw, or heard, equalled *The Prophète*, as sung by Mario, and Viardot. I met her at the House of Lords. She says that singing does not fatigue her voice. Off the stage she is hideous; her face is like a mask.

March 7, 1851.—Dined with Mr. Barlow.¹ There were present Bunsen, Colonel Rawlinson,² Muir, the

¹ Peter Barlow, a mathematician and physicist, was born 1776. He was a Member of the Royal Society. He published mathematical and philosophical works. Died 1862.

² Colonel (afterwards Sir Henry) Rawlinson was a great Assyriologist. He began life in the East India Company's military service, and acquired a perfect knowledge, not only of the Persian language, but also of the Indian

Lyalls,¹ Sir Charles Fellowes, and Monckton Milnes.² The latter was very amusing. There was an interesting discussion upon the researches and discoveries of Colonel Rawlinson. He says he has ascertained that the language of the Jews was, in the first place, Egyptian, and afterwards, when they entered Syria, they adopted the language of that country, and the Old Testament became a dead language. When Esdras returned from the Babylonian captivity he translated the Scriptures into Babylonian, keeping the old characters. Colonel Rawlinson says that there is no difference between this cuneiform Babylonian and the Hebrew language.

Bunsen objected, and required proof, which Colonel Rawlinson says he will be able to give.

The whole discussion was deeply interesting; and during a pause Monckton Milnes said: "As the Babylonian is revived in the Hebrew, I should like to see a revival of Nebuchadnezzar in Disraeli, now that he is the representative of the 'grazing' interest."

I am sick of politics, and feel little interest in anything. We had a stupid dinner on Thursday, at the Verschoyles', but it was a pleasure to see the dear old Duke meet Shelley, for the first time for three years, as he never comes to Fulham. He was very cordial to Shelley; told him that he had grown fat, and looked younger than ever!

The only pleasure that I can find in these political vernacular. He was Political Agent at Kandahar in 1840, and distinguished himself in the Afghan War two years later.

In 1844 he became Consul at Bagdad, and deciphered the celebrated cuneiform inscription of Darius Hystaspes, at Behistun, in 1846. He subsequently became President of the Royal Asiatic Society, and was created a baronet in 1891.

¹ Alfred Lyall, born 1795, was a philosopher and a traveller. He was at this time rector of Harbledown. He was an author of repute. He died in 1865. George Lyall, brother to the above, was Member for the City of London and Chairman of the East India Company.

² Afterwards created Lord Houghton.

affairs is that, after having tried for ten days to form a Ministry, the Queen was obliged to send to Stratfield Saye for the Duke of Wellington. He is required to patch up the old Ministry, so that they may pass the Catholic Bill.

Cardinal Wiseman has a *Levée* every Sunday, when every one on arrival kisses his hand. His prestige is immense, and no Catholic, except Lord Camoys, dares to question his power. A few days ago Cardinal Wiseman went to call at a house in Hill Street. He was accompanied by an architect, who told Mr. Barlow the story. The door was opened by a maid-servant, who, when she heard his name, and realised that he was a Cardinal, prostrated herself on the floor of the stone passage. The Cardinal looked at her for a moment, and then coolly stepped over her, saying, "This is a faithful creature."

Sir Benjamin Hall called yesterday, and gave us some more details relative to the Bishop of London and the vicar of Wells Street Chapel. He says that an old pianoforte-maker in his parish was ill, and without being sent for Mr. Oakley came. The old man asked his reason for coming, and added that he had no wish to see a Roman Catholic. Mr. Oakley asked what made him say that? The old man replied: "You go on Sunday evenings to the Oratory." This Mr. Oakley denied, whereupon the old man rang for a maid, and asked her who Mr. Oakley was. She at once recognised him as a person whom she frequently saw at the Oratory. Mr. Oakley assured her that she must be mistaken; but the girl stuck to her statement, and said she was one of Mr. Oakley's congregation in Wells Street, adding: "He converted me, and advised me to go to the Oratory." Another maid-servant, a Roman Catholic, on being questioned, said: "There be many Protestant clergymen who go there, and we are expecting that they will soon declare themselves Converts."

I fear the numbers are really increasing. How will it all end?

March 22.—I heard last night a saying of Lord Melbourne which pleases me. After he had seen the effects produced in Ireland by passing the Catholic Relief Bill, he said: "Well, all the cleverest men, the deepest thinkers, the greatest divines, the most intelligent in all classes, have stood for perfect toleration, and for this Bill; while all the dolts, blunder-headed squires, bigoted and ignorant clergy, were against it; and yet all the evils which the latter predicted have come to pass!"

How much truer is that saying now? Perhaps it may be the same with Free Trade! Who knows? Of one thing I am certain: that the instinct or mother-wit of unlettered Anglo-Saxons is often composed of more sterling ore than the highly-wrought, fretted book-learning of the hair-splitting race of this generation, who, seeing a flaw in every argument, cannot make up their minds to a firm course of policy, with the inevitable result that our country cannot be governed.

Every young lady now feels herself competent to argue about divinity and political economy better than many clergymen; and not being afraid to walk where angels fear to tread, these young persons make the Sacred Mysteries a gabble for the tea-table.

February 1852.—We have been staying with Mr. Banks,¹ at Kingston Lacy, in Dorsetshire.

It was a very pleasant party, and we often sat with Mr. Banks in his library, talking over the men and politics of his time. I am sorry to say that I found myself utterly powerless to stop the quantity of port wine which Shelley and Mr. Banks drank

¹ William John Banks was Byron's friend at Trinity College, Cambridge, from 1810 to 1812, when he left England on his Eastern travels; he was in Parliament, off and on, till 1834. Byron told Lady Blessington that Banks was very clever, very original, and had a fund of information. Banks died at Venice in 1855.

at dinner, as I knew that it must end in my husband having a fit of the gout.

May 28, 1852.—I grieve to say that my fears were soon realised, and for many days before we left Kingston Lacy my husband was very seriously ill. I will not dwell upon all the pain and anxiety which so suddenly entered into my life. On looking back, I am amazed at the great fortitude and foresight which enabled me to get him home so cheerfully and happily. Alas! he was never more to visit any of his friends. The weather was very bad, and Shelley was never able to leave his fireside, but, fortunately, he had plenty of visitors. He was visited by Dr. Holland, as well as Mr. Covey, our family physician. The doctors did not think that he was so seriously ill, and I was buoyed up by false hopes. After a fortnight of suffering and delirium, he died.

It is a consolation to me to remember that on New Year's Day he assured me that he loved me better than when first we married. He allowed me to talk of death, and a future state of being, without distaste. He had always disliked what he called my "church-yard talk." I now feel crushed to the earth by a sense of deep humiliation for having so enjoyed his praises, though I knew how unworthily bestowed they were; and it is only now, when I miss it, that I realise what an idol he made of me! May God forgive me if occasionally I undervalued the inestimable blessing of having added to the happiness of a being so full of feeling and intellect!



SIR JOHN SHELLEY, AS AN OLD MAN.

From a Sketch at Shobrooke, by Charles Landseer in the possession of Sir John Shelley, Bt.

CHAPTER XVI

June 1852.—I write this at the rectory of my dear son Frederick. What happiness to see this excellent being placed in a situation so suited to him! The enjoyment I feel in the calm of this dear home, where every wish of its inmates is to do good, has already completely restored my jaded feelings. I hope that every day I pass here will add to my appreciation of this great blessing. All my business is completed. I have insured by life, so that my dear husband's debts would be paid in the event of my death. How much I have to be thankful for in seeing all my children settled in life!

This place, Beer Ferrers, was the deer-park of the Ferrers family, and is bounded by the two rivers, Tamar and Tavy. It rises into an elevated plateau, dotted here and there with farmhouses and fine trees. On the Tavy there is a tiny port and old church. It once returned a member to Parliament. It has now a large mining population. Wages are high. In the mines they work for eight hours out of the twenty-four, and the men relieve each other in gangs. Every month the work is "bid" for, and taken by three or more labourers, who earn good wages. But the work is unhealthy, owing to the great heat in some of the deep mines. The men are paid a portion of the value of the ore, which, there being no coal on the spot, is sent to Wales to be smelted. The stratum is shale, and the depth of the soil is not great. The pasture-fields are full of white clover, and the hedges are

decked with every variety of wild flower and fern. From the high ground you see the men-of-war anchored in the Tamar, with the picturesque village of Saltash rising above the river. The distance from Tavistock is about nine miles.

When Sir Harry Smith returned from the Cape, he was much fêted in London. He seems to have been completely taken in by the Kaffirs, and imagined that they had given him their entire submission. On his arrival in London he was sent for by Lord Grey, who had previously written him an apologetic letter to atone for the violent despatch which disgusted every one who read it. Lord Grey welcomed him in the most affectionate manner, while Lady Grey waited upstairs to receive him. Last Saturday Lady Grey and Sir Harry Smith entered the room, at Lord Palmerston's *Soirée*, arm in arm!

Disraeli's address has impressed the public favourably. Previous to that, Ministers had been sinking in public estimation. I cannot discover any reason for this, but, according to the laws of Nature, nothing remains stationary.

July 7.—The calculations for the forthcoming election give Lord Derby 300. If they are united he will surely be able to make headway, for the Opposition must be disunited on many points. The Peelites have been justly punished for standing aloof from the Conservatives, when they knew that Protection had been given up. Lord Mahon, Cardwell, Sir G. Clerk, and others, have been turned out. This might have been expected, as Englishmen cannot bear turncoats who act by word of command. It was the same at the time of the Catholic Question. How my dear Shelley would have rejoiced at this justice! Although he had intended to support the Duke of Wellington's Government, he was staunch to his principles, and, as soon as the Duke changed upon the Catholic Question, Shelley left him.

July 8.—On this day my son was elected Member for Westminster. Sir Benjamin Hall has written to me to say that I have every reason to be proud of my son's proceedings. His tact, talent, and good temper have gained him many supporters. Abraham Hayward writes to give me Lord Maidstone's opinion, in the following words: "Your son has quite enough talent to cut a figure in Parliament if he chooses to do so."¹

August 12.—We felt a tremendous earthquake shock at Beer Ferrers at 7.30 this morning. It was not felt at Plymouth, but, so far as we can ascertain, it was first felt at Beer Town, where all the crockery ware on the shelves rattled for some seconds. We heard a great noise, like the blowing up of a powder magazine, which we thought must have occurred at Plymouth. The house rocked to its foundations. I happened to be writing at the time, and the pen was dashed out of my hand. At Beer Alston, due north from here, the shock was greater. Tiles were thrown from the roof, people rushed into the street, and in the new mine close to the Tamar, those who were working in the upper gallery rushed below, believing that the earth had fallen in upon the men working there. At Tavistock a chemist told me that all his bottles rattled and shook so much that he expected them to fall to the floor. On the Moor many of the great stones were detached from the Tor, and at Two Bridges the landlord told us that while he was in his stable the noise and shaking was so great that he ran out thinking that the building would fall about his ears. On the first floor of his house the children screamed, and his wife expected the floor to give way. A wall had been thrown down at Widdicombe, on the Exeter road. We have traced the shock in a direction from east to west, increasing in intensity as it proceeded.

The last recorded convulsion of this kind was in October 1752, just a hundred years ago. During the

¹ Sir John Villiers Shelley was Member for Westminster from 1852 to 1865.

evening service in Widdicombe church, a ball of fire burst through one of the windows, and passed down the nave. Large stones, which were detached from the tower of the church, broke through the roof. The clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Lynn, and his clerk remained in their places, and a huge beam from the roof actually fell between them. The clergyman continued to pray aloud, in the presence only of the dead and the wounded. Four persons were killed, and sixty-two persons seriously injured. The most harrowing tales respecting this shock are still told by the peasantry of Dartmoor. A hundred years ago the shock was heralded by a violent storm of thunder and lightning. On the present occasion there was no storm. The sky was overcast, the air was heavily charged, and had been so for some days.

We visited the Croken Tor, the headquarters of Druid superstition, which rises abruptly from the Wiseman's Wood, below the Hill of Bards. This wood is a curious survival of the ancient forest. A tree, that had been cut down a few years ago, showed seven hundred circles, which, under a microscope, were so close together that Archdeacon Froude, who examined it, was of opinion that it must have been in existence during the expulsion of the Druids and the destruction of their pagan rites. As the Stan-naries Court was, during the last century, held within the Druid circle above the wood, it is probable that this tree was flourishing during the period of the Roman occupation.

Druidical history has always interested me. Two years ago I visited Stonehenge; and I had long wished to explore Dartmoor. So I mounted a forest pony, which I procured at Two Bridges, and made a circuit of the Moor. I believe myself to have been the first person who ever attempted to reach the Wiseman's Wood on horseback. It was a fine day when I started, and there was no wind. But three weeks'

rain had made the ground very boggy and the moss-covered stones exceedingly slippery. My clever pony picked his way over great blocks of granite, and I found it harder to keep my seat than if I had been taking a Lancashire double post and rail. At last, having with difficulty reached the wood, I dismounted, and broke off a small branch from one of those curious, stunted oaks that are not more than twelve feet high. These trees, which are grafted into each other, are covered with moss, like long hair, all over their trunks. Their foliage is luxuriant, and their leaves have a flat surface like those by the sea-shore.

They may perhaps resemble those African thickets in which the Kaffirs lie in ambush. I could well imagine the persecuted Druids, hunted like wolves, hiding themselves in these trees!

Having tied up my pony, I began to ascend the Tor on foot, an ascent which I found far steeper than before, and the tract more closely strewn with granite boulders. The hill was very soppy, and I regretted that I had not worn a Bloomer costume! However, I breasted it, undaunted by the thunder which growled overhead, and the large raindrops which descended upon me. When, at last, I reached the Tor, and stood on a spot sacred to justice and to human sacrifice in Druid days, I experienced a sense of exaltation mingled with awe.

This wood is not more than three miles from Tor Royal (the Duchy House), and Prince's Town, where convicts are employed building, draining the land, and cutting peat for fuel. I venture to prophesy that this wild district will, through man's labour, develop into fruitful fields. The fine soil, the gushing streams (for here rise most of the Devonshire rivers), will make this wilderness bloom like the rose; and one hundred years hence all trace of former solitude will have disappeared. Plantations are in the making, and

thrive wonderfully. Clover, which springs among the boulders, marks a kindly soil upon which sheep prosper.

August 24.—We went by water from Beer Town to the Admiral's Hard at Stonehouse. The Hamoaze is very picturesque. It happened to be a calm day, and the few clouds which flecked the sky disappeared as we neared Mount Edgcumbe.

After luncheon we visited the Dockyard, and I was much impressed by the enormous quantity and dimensions of the masts and anchors. We went on board H.M.S. *St. Jeanne d'Arc*, a new steam ship which is to carry one hundred guns. She is 236 feet in length! In another place I saw them making a screw-propeller. I believe that no ship will in future be without one. In the biscuit-making, which is now done by machinery, four men now do the work which formerly employed forty. There are no convicts working in the Yard. From a summer-house in the centre of the Dockyard we obtained a fine view of the surrounding country. The Queen was at Mount Edgcumbe not long ago, and the police are full of stories about her activity. At seven o'clock one morning her Majesty landed at Cremyll and walked up to the stables at Mount Edgcumbe. Having sent for the coachman, whom she knew, her Majesty said: "Joseph, get a carriage ready at once, and drive us round the Park."

The Queen would not allow any one to call Lady Mount Edgcumbe, and after a very pleasant drive, she returned to breakfast on board the Royal yacht. Later in the day her Majesty playfully quizzed Lady Mount Edgcumbe, and called her a "lazy lay-a-bed." A week later the Queen of the French also visited Mount Edgcumbe, but her proceedings attracted no special attention.

September 13.—My attention has been called by the *Church and State Gazette* to the remarkable

fulfilment of that hitherto incomprehensible prophecy of the seventh and eighth Heads, expounded by Dr. Faber. In the book which he published in 1844, Dr. Faber endeavoured to prove that the seventh head of the Beast was Napoleon Bonaparte. These are his words :

“Those students of prophecy who have adopted the generally admitted interpretation that Napoleon Bonaparte was the seventh head of the Beast, will not perhaps find much difficulty in yielding to our argument in favour of our interpretation of the eighth head. If the hesitation rests upon the unprecedented and wonderful character of the act itself—namely, that a man should be raised from the dead, and perform a series of actions upon the earth, we have simply to reply that the objection itself furnishes the strongest argument in support of the interpretation, inasmuch as the *wonder of the world* is created by something extraordinary in the being and existence of this individual, so wholly different from other men; otherwise there would be no cause of astonishment at all. Moreover the supposition is in no way contrary to Scripture, rather receiving a sanction from its expressed declarations.

“Now, if Napoleon’s appearance typified, in any degree, the manner of the rise of the *eighth* head, we have a remarkable corroboration of our conjecture, that he will spring up from amidst the confusion of the Revolution of the seventh Vial, inasmuch as it was out of the Revolution in France (which was the earthquake of the sixth Seal) that he arose into prominence as a ruling power.”

I take the following from the *Church and State Gazette*, March 5, 1852 :

“First Revolution in France from 1792 to 1815. The third Woe Trumpet.

“Commencement of the Prophetic Cycle, B.C. 608 and 546.

“Looking at the prophetic number 1260, so definitely revealed in the Apocalypse, the Revelation will terminate between the years of Christ 1868 and 1875.

"The retrospect includes from 1847 to 1867. The rise, growth, actions, and final destruction of the last mystery of iniquity, the Triple Confederacy of the Dragon. The infidel Antichrist and the false prophet who combined shall succeed for their allotted time, in deceiving the nations of Christendom.

"The Beast who *was*, and *is not*, and yet *is*' (the seventh head) is universally allowed to be the Emperor Napoleon, who after 1806 constituted himself the seventh head (his head is to be wounded to death); but that which excites the wonder of the world is 'that his deadly wound shall be healed.'"

The author argues from the texts that this irresistibly points to Napoleon himself. He then proceeds to expound the probability of the reappearance of Napoleon (as we now see, in Louis Napoleon).

Since March 5, 1852, how wonderfully has Louis Napoleon continued the progress of the eighth head, in the reappearance of the Emperor! That name alone is his tower of strength, and guides his progress to the throne, supported by the Papacy, and the revival of its power all over Europe.

It would be interesting to live until the date fixed as the end of the Cycle of Prophecy.¹ But far better is it to go where we shall know, even as we are known, and there learn the wondrous mystery and purpose of our creation.

September 14.—On this day Arthur, Duke of Wellington, perhaps the greatest man that ever drew breath, departed in that blessed calm, and freedom from suffering, which attends the death of the righteous. May my end be like his! There were no dying words to be chronicled; and, above all—no deathbed scene. In the beautiful words of the Bible, "He fell asleep." I feel confident that he awoke in the presence of his God.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

¹ Lady Shelley died February 1873. Napoleon III. had died on the preceding January 9.

His heart was not set on *this* world. His simple habits, warm affections, and his keen delight in giving pleasure, made him, in the eyes of those who knew him best, a hero in the loftiest sense of that word. Yes, his memory will never fade from the hearts of those who really understood his character.

It is always a memorable event in the lives of ordinary beings, when they are privileged to obtain a close view of some great and good man. It revivifies feelings which too close a contact with the world may have withered. It drives from our memory all traces of those base, mean, and sordid passions by which mankind is so commonly afflicted. The pretensions of plodding mediocrity, the triumphs of time-serving place-hunters, and the selfish views of party politicians vanish in the presence of a really great man.

To have conversed with the Duke of Wellington ; to have listened while he deigned to open that mind—so full of knowledge and experience—afforded me such unadulterated pleasure, that its remembrance can only pass away with my life.

The Duke was always kind to his dependants, and to those who were in trouble. He had no patience with weak, or wavering men ; or for those who could not give good reasons for opposing his views ; and he especially distrusted those who became confused and shrank beneath those eagle eyes. He seemed to be able to dive into the recesses of every heart ; and to those who sought his advice, it would be given even to the sacrifice of Time, his most precious possession. Those who followed his advice implicitly—without demur or question—obtained his constant interest and affection. This was especially the case with mothers who sought his advice in their anxieties for their sons' welfare. Well might the mothers and women of England erect the first monument to the glory of such a hero ! We have erected his monument in Hyde

Park, and I am proud to remember that I entered my name as a subscriber immediately after that of Lady Spencer, who headed the list. This was before I had ever seen the Duke of Wellington.

When, in 1825, after an accident which might have proved fatal, a family sorrow fell upon me, I appealed for counsel to the Duke, I did not appeal in vain. His daily visits—sometimes for one minute only—on his way to the Horse Guards, with his cheery: "How are ye to-day?" kept up my spirits, and was a better cordial than any which my physician could devise.

My dear husband meant to be kind, but he knew not what to do with an invalid. The mere fact of my illness worried him; so I was glad when he went to Newmarket, where I knew he was happy, and innocently amused.

Dear Mrs. Arbuthnot and the Duke often came together and stayed a long time, telling me all the news of the day. The Duke would bring me pamphlets, letters, and MSS. to amuse me; and sometimes he would read interesting dispatches to me, and talk over public affairs.

Mrs. Arbuthnot, who was often the Duke's adviser, and gave him her clear and honest opinion on matters of which others were afraid to speak—views inspired by her clear brain—was invaluable to the Duke. Their intimacy may have given gossips an excuse for scandal; but I, who knew them both so well, am convinced that the Duke was not her lover. He admired her very much—for she had a manlike sense—but Mrs. Arbuthnot was devoid of womanly passions, and was, above all, a loyal and truthful woman. She had, from her childhood, been accustomed to live in the society of clever old people. She married, when very young, old Arbuthnot, who found her so perfectly discreet, that he and Lord Castlereagh—when in office—talked openly in her presence, with a sense of

absolute security. The Duke of Wellington fell into the same habit at her house, and would see people there, without the fuss of an interview which would have found its way into the newspapers. We three together formed a perfect union, where no jealousy or littleness of feeling ever intruded to destroy its harmony.

When I recovered my health Mrs. Arbuthnot and I were much together. One day I told her that she need never be afraid of my taking the Duke's friendship from her, although I was far more devoted to him than she was. Mrs. Arbuthnot used to laugh at my reverence for, and my shyness with the Duke : she had no such feeling.

The Duke required a fireside friend, and one quite without nerves. Mrs. Arbuthnot often said that he ought to have found this at his own fireside ; and how easy it would have been for his wife to have made him happy. He only asked for repose from the turmoil of public affairs, for absolute truth, and the absence of little-mindedness. Alas ! the Duchess had precisely those faults which annoyed him most. Under the mistaken impression that she was smoothing family difficulties, she made the Duke's children as afraid of speaking openly to him as she was herself. The words, "Don't tell your father," were ever on her lips. She even tried to induce her visitors to share in this folly. She has often said to me : "Don't tell the Duke—now mind, don't tell the Duke," in such small details as that the fire had been allowed to burn itself out ; that the bread had a bitter taste ; that such or such a person had called, and so forth. This foolish habit, which began very soon after her marriage, afterwards caused all the misunderstanding which existed between father and son. Lord Douro had been warned by his mother never to speak to his father about his debts. The poor Duchess, who managed the household and paid the bills, could never

make up her mind to ask the Duke for the full amount required, lest her management might be called in question ! The result was, that when she died it was found that bills were owing which the Duke thought had been paid month by month in accordance with his wishes.

As I know these facts I put them on record, to vindicate that noble being from the only blot which has ever—with any semblance of truth—been brought against him. It is true that he seldom conversed with his wife. Whenever he did so he had cause to regret it, owing to some indiscretion on her part.

It seemed to be the one object of her life to pose as a cruelly neglected wife. Unfortunately, she succeeded in making that impression upon her eldest son.

The Duchess was the slave of her boys when they came home for the holidays. I have seen her carrying their fishing-nets, their bats, balls, and stumps, apparently not perceiving how bad it was for them to regard a woman, far less their mother, as a simple drudge, fit only to minister to their pleasures. In consequence her sons pitied, without respecting her. Poor thing ! during her long illness she at last learnt to know her husband better.

The Duke had ever required the greatest respect to be shown towards her by every one who went to Stratfield Saye. He made it a rule always to send her a list of the company *d'avance*, and, with military habits, he directed where they were to be lodged. The Duchess considered this an act of unkindness, but how could it have been otherwise ? She invariably called all the party "the Duke's company," and sat apart from her guests, dressed, even in winter, in white muslin, without any ornaments, when every one else was in full dress !

The Duchess talked principally to the tutor, or to one of their country neighbours, and seemed to be uneasy at being taken to dinner by a Royal person

or an Ambassador. She seldom spoke, but looked through her eyeglass lovingly upon the Duke, who sat opposite to her. When the ladies went into the drawing-room, she retired to her own room. She was always very kind to me, and wrote me affectionate letters.

CHAPTER XVII

WHILE my mind is full of remembrance, and my heart of sorrow at the eternal severance of a friendship which, with only one brief interval, has endured since 1814, I will try to write down all that I remember of incidents which happened during the long period of my convalescence in the winter of 1827.

I was then living in a small house at the corner of Chester Street and Belgrave Street. The Duke and Mrs. Arbuthnot often came to visit me there. One day, while I was being carried down a very steep staircase, the Duke called, and very good-naturedly invited me to occupy an apartment in Apsley House while he was out of town. The great inducement held out to me was that my apartment would be on the ground floor, which for a helpless invalid was a great convenience. I of course accepted the Duke's kind offer with gratitude. The move was not to be made immediately; meanwhile the Duke continued to visit me frequently, and often dined with us. During the time that Sir Walter Scott was sitting to Chantrey for his bust, he also was a frequent visitor at my little house. One day I gave a small "breakfast," which Scott attended. When most of the people had gone, my daughter Fanny¹ stole up

¹ Afterwards the Hon. Mrs. George Edgcumbe. The lock of hair is in the editor's possession. The incident was mentioned by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*.

to Walter Scott, and, while the great man was intent on his conversation, she cut off a lock of his hair!

On another occasion, while Scott and the Duke of Wellington were passing the evening with us, Scott told ghost stories until we were afraid to separate. He had a wonderful power of making everything seem real; and it was long before I got over a feeling of awe when alone in the dark.

As the Duke of Wellington frequently renewed his invitation that I should, in my helpless state, move into more comfortable quarters, I at last went with my daughter to reside for a time at Apsley House. The Duke very kindly gave up to me the whole of the ground-floor dwelling-rooms, reserving for himself (when he should happen to spend a night in town) a room at the top of the house.

The society that I enjoyed during that memorable visit was in the fullest sense charming. Nothing could be more graceful than the Duke's attentions to me at this time. He used to draw me in my wheeled chair from my sitting-room to meet, *en petit comité*, the greatest men of the day. Whenever the Duke dined out, he would come to see me before dinner, and would sit, sometimes for a long time in silence, reading, writing, and tearing his papers. After he had been to a play he would come next morning to tell me the story. I well remember his admirable description of Miss Kelly¹ in "The Surgeon's Wife."

At one of our little dinners Sir Robert Peel discussed the subject of the new police force. This was not long before that measure was introduced, and the vast change made which has had such marvellous results.

¹ Frances Maria Kelly was born in 1790, and made her first appearance at Drury Lane when only seven years of age. Her acting impressed Sheridan, Fox and Mrs. Siddons. She played Ophelia to Edmund Kean's Hamlet. She excelled in melodrama. She died in 1882.

It is now a satisfaction to feel that during all those months of almost daily intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, he never had cause to complain of any act of indiscretion on my part. I lay great stress upon this—not for the purpose of extenuating an indiscretion which I subsequently committed, but—in mitigation of the Duke's censure, to which that fault gave rise.

But there is no rose without thorns; even the brightest morning sky may be darkened by the clouds of noon! An incident occurred which for a time interrupted a friendship which I valued as much as life itself.

In 1847 the Duke wrote a private memorandum to Sir John Burgoyne relative to the Defences of the Country. This letter, in the opinion of those to whom it had been shown, was of very great importance, owing to our defenceless condition at that time.

When that letter was placed in my hands by Sir John Burgoyne himself, I was requested to show it to my parliamentary friends, so that the Duke's opinion on that subject should be known. This I was indiscreet enough to do. Alas! I had, for the moment, forgotten the Duke's chivalrous sense of honour in not wishing to damage the Queen's Ministers. He considered that any indirect pressure thus brought upon them was a dishonourable act. When, eventually, the Duke's memorandum got into the newspapers through the action of Mr. Pigou, the Duke was very angry, and punished me severely by the cruel manner in which he reproached me in Society for my indiscretion. I could not complain of this, as my conscience told me that I had done wrong, and was unworthy of the confidence I had so long enjoyed, in failing to appreciate the Duke's noble patriotism. He had persuaded himself that it was through my personal interference that this famous document had appeared

in the papers. He made me feel the deepest humiliation in being no longer worthy of his confidence. I kissed the rod, and felt that I deserved to be dashed from the pinnacle on which our friendship had placed me!

As I look back upon this miserable time, I realise that I was carried away by impulse. I was indeed too glad of an opportunity—and, oh! woman's weakness! I thought it was my *duty* to serve my country! The weakness of England's defences at that moment had caused grave anxiety to all classes, and I thought that the Duke's opinion should be more generally known.

I now thank God that before the Duke died he gave me back my peace of mind; and by a playful letter he restored me to the friendship which I so deeply valued. Shelley, who knew the whole truth, and that I was not responsible for the publication of that document in the newspapers, thought that I had been too harshly used. When, at last, that letter of forgiveness came, no one was more delighted than my dear husband.

But those two years—during which time I neither saw nor heard from the Duke—made a gap in our friendship which could never again be filled! The threads of an intimacy once broken are not easily joined. Once more I heard the friendly voice, but it seemed to come from afar. Alas! when confidence has received a shock, nothing can revive it!

And now he is dead! That noble soul has gone away from us for ever, and we are poor indeed! To have known so good, so great a man, was indeed an honour; and the remembrance of his kindness will be a consolation to me in all the sorrow and the pain that it may be my lot to bear.

[The following lines were found among Lady Shelley's papers. They may, perhaps appropriately, be inserted here:

TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Not only that thy puissant arm could bind
The Tyrant of a world, and conquering Fate
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great ;
But that in all thine actions I do find
Exact propriety : no gusts of mind—
Fitful and wild—but that continuous state
Of ordered impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind,
The breath ordained of Nature. Thy calm mien
Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed ;
Duty thine only Idol, and serene
When all are troubled ; in the utmost need
Prescient ; thy Country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself, whate'er may speed !

B. DISRAELI.

STOWE, *April 15.*]

CHAPTER XVIII

February 25, 1853.—I arrived to-day at my son's rectory at Bere Ferrers in Cornwall.

April 1.—The snow and frost have disappeared, the sun is brilliant and hot, and the high banks are covered with primroses. March 28, and succeeding days, brought back many sad recollections of this time last year; but the predominant feeling in my heart is one of thankfulness for the great blessings which have so completely softened the blow, and have enabled me to realise that, though my great task is ended, my life is still of value to my children, and to many kind friends. I now wish to live, if it please God to prolong my days, as He has given me the inclination, as well as the power, to do good. I now revert to the feelings of my youth, when such a life was my *beau-idéal* of happiness. How much happier I feel (now that the practical life of duty is closed) in the knowledge that I possess the love of all around me! I know not one who bears me any ill-will, or that I can remember to have injured. I wonder, when the Great Book of Life is opened, will our repented-of sins be registered? Perhaps so, in order that they may produce that humility of spirit which is so essential to Salvation. I feel gratitude to the Giver for all the gifts that have been bestowed upon me! and there is not a day, scarcely an hour, when I am not offering thanksgiving for the lot which has been accorded to me. May such be my feelings on my

death-bed! and may I then feel a trusting love, unmixed with fear, for my Saviour! Let me now prepare my mind for any changes which may befall me, and be ready to bear those future troubles which I will not cloud the present by anticipating.

My son Frederick constantly walked out with me during the sad week, so that it has passed without anguish; and I can now open a new page of my widowed existence with an earnest prayer that the Christian feeling which my residence here—after a severance of the ties of forty-five years—may produce, will have a beneficial effect upon my future life.

I interest myself in preparing for a bazaar at Preston, to enlarge the church where I was christened. In 1844 I went with my dear Shelley to look at the old church where my earliest prayers were offered; and, as I knelt at the altar rails, I resolved to try and obtain in that church free sittings for the poor, who, owing to the pew arrangements, had been completely excluded. I spoke to the Vicar, to Lord Derby, and to Sir Henry Houghton without any success whatever. I nevertheless kept up an occasional correspondence with the Vicar; and now my earnest wishes will be effected, and the work will be begun at Easter!

I have just received a letter from Mr. Barlow. He writes: "How you have realised what Schiller says so beautifully in the 'Ideale,' in seeking your happiness in the only two things that accompany us through life! In the first place, the gentle, tender hand of friendship; and, secondly, occupation which never wearies." He writes of Gladstone as follows: "In everything which I have seen of him I have noticed a perversity, for which not all his integrity of purpose can atone. It is like the poisoned vein in the lamprey."

I also have observed in Gladstone a habit of hair-splitting, and over-conscientiousness; a weakness

which mars any decision of purpose; and I know not how he can ever become a great statesman. It is of course possible that he may suit these time-serving days, when greatness of purpose is only given to the cleverest in homœopathic doses.

August 2.—I left Fulham with my grandson, Arthur Shelley, and my granddaughter Katty for an extended tour abroad. At Ghent I visited one of the old municipal buildings of the time of Philip Van Arteveld. They showed me an old book containing the names of the most distinguished persons of that period. In 1819 the Duke of Wellington wrote his name in that book. It appears that, for some reason, the book was sent to London for the present Duke to enter his own name. Below his signature he wrote the strange words: "J'ai payé pour mon Père." I must ask him about this. We drove along the promenades, which are wretched. I saw a house where Louis XVIII. lived for so many years, and where he heard the news of the Battle of Waterloo! The tables are again turned!

We passed by Cologne and Bonn. The Rhine, as usual, disappointing. The old castles have been repaired and are now inhabited. Every spot of once wild ground is now covered by vines! I read the third Canto of "Childe Harold" on the scene itself, but the romance had faded, and I sadly wanted "the hand to clasp in mine!"

Alas! I now see things as they are, and not as they used to be when I cast around them a halo of historical and legendary romance. Every castle and every rock has been so often described, that the subject is worn threadbare.

At Coblenz I went up to the fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein; but their proportions have shrunk since that happy morning, nearly thirty years ago, when I looked at this rock from the steamer's deck. I was then slowly recovering from my long illness,

and I remember thinking how I should enjoy the beauteous Rhine, if only I were strong enough to walk! But now I realise that the whole period of my illness, when everybody pitied, and was devoted to me, was indeed a happy time. How much more happiness we find in being surrounded by those who love us, than in any other worldly enjoyment! This is especially true in my case; and I am afraid that I am disenchanted with everything—even with the beauties of Nature! They cannot supply me with the love that I have lost, and I sadly feel that my soul is really alone in the world!

August 6.—Oh! how I hate all the bustle, and scramble of that vulgar steamer, and how glad I am to land at Biebrich! At Frankfurt I went to see the dear Duke of Nassau's Palace, and the round dining-room where the kind Duke used to make me so happy, and where I have been so often with Shelley in his happy shooting days. As I looked at these empty rooms, memories of the past flooded my mind. I recalled the happy days in Paris, when I was the Duke of Wellington's aide-de-camp, and I remembered the Duke of Nassau's chivalrous devotion—for he was in those days my most active attendant. I remembered how he used to mount me on my horse at the reviews—how thoroughly he enjoyed those times, and how he would tell me all his plans for the improvement of his country! It was shortly afterwards that he established the Zollverein, which has so completely civilised the whole country. Poor man! he is dead! And yet it was well that he should not have known of the Revolution; for that would have broken his heart.

I entered the music gallery, where the orchestra played with so much feeling, and not too loud to preclude private converse. How beautiful was that music! I remember that Prince Leopold, when on a visit to his sister, Princess Mensdorf, at Mayence, often came

to see me here ; and he once persuaded me to allow Fanny to go to a ball at the Kursaal with Shelley and himself as chaperons. Oh ! the mirth and jollity of those happy days ! The Duke of Nassau gave me a review of his little army of 3,000 men ! By the way, this small army, in coming over to the English side in the Peninsula, was of great material assistance to Wellington, as it led to the defection of other German regiments, who had been compelled to serve under Bonaparte, very much *contre cœur*. I remember how Shelley used to call the Duke of Nassau "the Aquaduca," because he had five watering-places in his small territory !

FRANKFURT, *August 7*.—We arrived here late on Saturday, and passed a quiet Sunday. The church here was built on the expulsion of the Protestants from France at the period of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It is lent to the English for service on Sundays. We drove through the Judengasse to see the house of the mother of the first Rothschild. This old lady lived to within a few months of a hundred, setting all sanitary rules at defiance. I never beheld such dirt as in this street—not excepting the old crones, who sat at their doors apparently pouring out maledictions upon us for making them a sight !

August 8.—We left Frankfurt with regret ; reached Heidelberg at noon ; and Baden-Baden this evening.

August 9.—The new Schloss where the Grand Duchess Sophie lives is a charming residence. We visited the old vaults which are said to have been used as dungeons by the Inquisition. They no longer show the Virgin, at whose feet the unsuspecting victim knelt, before being precipitated through a trap door, down a deep hole lined with spikes. The stone doors move on noiseless hinges, and when closed it is impossible to detect any aperture. The dungeons form a complete labyrinth, so that escape would be impossible.

Lord Augustus Loftus has given me an interesting account of the Revolution of 1848. He says that the Austrian general made a great mistake in not marching direct through Baden to Rastadt; he would then have caught the rebels in a net. Instead of this he lost a valuable morning by gourmandising with his troops, while the rebels escaped in the direction of Strasbourg. There had been severe fighting between the rebels and the Prussians at Kuppenheim, so if the Austrians had advanced, not a man would have escaped. Rastadt was besieged and taken by storm. The people here seem now to be contented, happy, and prosperous. Nothing could be more peaceful and industrious than the peasantry—the women, as usual, working like slaves in the fields, while the men enjoy their pipes.

Feudalism perished at the Revolution; but I hear that the nobles—with all the folly and ignorance of their class—are petitioning the Grand Duke to restore their feudal rights! If he yields, the next Revolution will be a bloody one, indeed! I am told that in Saxony feudal rights have been redeemed by payment of twenty-seven years' purchase (at our tithe rate), and this has proved an inestimable blessing to that country.

The Princess Caroline Vasa, granddaughter of Stephanie, who declined to marry Louis Napoleon, is now married to the heir of the King of Saxony. We heard much in England of Louis Napoleon throwing a bridge of boats over the Rhine, when he came to court this fair princess (who, I am told, is most distinguished in every way), but it now appears that it is all an invention. Pontooning is a frequent exercise with the Strasbourg garrison, who always throw a bridge of boats across the Rhine, whenever the authorities wish to pay a compliment to any distinguished person who may pass through that city. It was done for Louis Napoleon on the

occasion of his visit, and this gave rise to a romantic story !

Owing to a long spell of rainy weather I have not much to record. The bad weather has thrown me much into society. I have frequently drunk tea either with the Berkeleys or with Emma Loftus, and have seen my dear Marquise de Salvo, who is at once my friend in Italian fashion, and is very *simpatica*. I rejoice to think that after we part here, I shall meet her again in Paris. Her husband is an old Vienna acquaintance of mine. He might be of any age from seventy to a hundred, with china teeth and bright eyes. He reminds me of my dear old Prince Ruffo, and his vehement excitement in conversation is truly Neapolitan. Lord Augustus made him very angry by saying that he believed Gladstone's report about the Neapolitan prisons, and added that unless absolute monarchs reformed their practices it would not be long before they lost their crowns ! The Marquis de Salvo warmly defended his king, and said that he is trying hard to ameliorate the condition of his people ; that he is a merciful king, and that he has not hanged as many of his subjects as the English did in the Ionian Islands.

The Marquis de Salvo then turned to me, and said : " Milady, you are going to Naples ; I will give you a letter to some one there who is in a position to know the truth ; I beg you will make enquiries."

Nous verrons. Lord Augustus afterwards assured me that de Salvo is a spy of the King of Naples. He himself admits that he is in correspondence with the King ; which may well be, as that potentate is fully justified in not trusting entirely to one envoy. No absolute monarch can do so.

Our conversation lasted fully three hours, and was animated throughout. It was a lovely evening, and we all sat on the promenade, which was very pleasant.

There was a lovely moon, and a band which was about as good as the street music of London. However, although every one praised it, no one listened to it; and when it was all over everybody admitted that it was far inferior to the music of last year!

I did my duty to the Royalties, and asked to be presented to the Princess of Prussia.¹ I found her *très aimable*, but, like most royalties, full of her maladies, her baths, her *traitement*, etc., and saying nothing worth remembering. Her young lady, the Countess Oriola, is pretty and pleasing, but I hear that she gives herself great airs. I heard her discuss religion with M. de Baccour, quite in the style of a Belgravian young lady, when I dined in her company at Lady Augustus Loftus' little round table. The last news of her is that she hesitates to present Mr. Knox, at Lady Augustus' request, to the Princess! She seems to have acquired these fine-lady ideas of exclusiveness during a recent visit to England. Though all Germans are perfectly absurd about their etiquette, their meanness is remarkable.

Madame de Haske, who accompanied the Princess to England, has set up a kind of shop, and is selling all the bonnets and caps she had taken with her, but which she was not able to wear owing to the Court being in mourning. Last year this provident lady sold all the presents that had been given to her!

I trust that the expected will happen, and that all these petty German Courts will be absorbed in the German Empire. But I sincerely hope that this interminable Eastern Question will not lead to the establishment of a Slavonic Empire on the ruins of Turkey. An Italian kingdom would, in that case, be inevitable. But, before this happens, what bloodshed, and distress of all kinds, must ensue; and the havoc of war will

¹ Augusta Catherine, daughter of Charles Frederic, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, married in 1829 Prince William of Prussia, who succeeded his brother as king in 1861, and became German Emperor in 1871.

inevitably destroy that rich pasturage, which now makes the whole of this part of Germany like a cultivated garden!

We left Baden for Carlsruhe by train, and thence by diligence through a lovely country to Fortsheim, which surpasses all my previous experience of dirt and smell. Before every wooden house stands a huge dung-heap, which blocks up the door, and emits an intolerable odour. No wonder the people all smoke! On leaving Fortsheim our conveyance at a sharp turn very nearly turned over. The pole snapped, and the frightened horses began to kick furiously. We all jumped out with alacrity, and eventually the pole was more or less mended, and we proceeded to Stuttgart, which we reached at half-past eight that evening. On the following day, Sunday, I read the Church Service to Katty,¹ and while reading our beautiful Liturgy my thoughts went back to our happy Florence days. I missed my Shelley, who always enjoyed our Home Service so much!

Afterwards we went into the Palace gardens, and admired the fine avenues which lead to Rosenstein, the King's villa. The public gallery is full of horrors—bad copies and black originals.

On the following day we went by rail to Ulm, and thence by diligence to Augsburg. I was much struck at first view of that city by a setting sun. It has the appearance of a Turkish town, with domes and minarets shimmering in the golden sunbeams.

MUNICH.—The Bülow's have been here two days, awaiting my arrival to see the sights of this wonderful city. My mind is too confused to describe in detail all the pictures and statues that appealed to me. I saw several statues here which I remember to have seen

¹ Lady Shelley's granddaughter, who afterwards married Mr. James Bontein, of Balglass.

in Italy, and which were purchased by the King from the Barberini Palace. This town is full of statues cast in bronze from Turkish cannon, fished up out of the waters of Greece, and presented by King Otho to his father. Munich owes her artistic pre-eminence to King Lüdwig, who abdicated at the period of the Revolution.

In my opinion the finest of all modern works of Art is the Ruhmeshalle, with the figure of Bavaria, sixty-four feet high, standing on a granite pedestal which is ascended by steps. An open colonnade will contain the busts of the greatest men of Bavaria. This figure, symbolic of Bavaria, seems to me the acme of female beauty. Her face is indescribably lovely, and luxuriant masses of hair fall down her back, reminding me of a Titian Venus. Although the proportions are gigantic, there is nothing masculine in her strength. I should say that this figure combines all that dignity and repose which distinguish the Egyptian Sphinx. She is calm, and inscrutable; apparently absorbed in the contemplation of human destiny. Above all, the figure stands alone—a sheen of golden glory backed by a clear blue sky. It was long before I could tear myself away; I know nothing equal to this in the whole world!

Saturday.—We have visited the Palace. The white-and-gold Throne-room is the most magnificent apartment that I ever saw. For a fête all the apartments can be thrown together, thus forming a suite of six hundred feet, all richly decorated. The ceiling of the ball-room can be raised by machinery to admit fresh air. It is lighted by one thousand wax candles. All the floors are parquet, and two rooms are filled with the portraits of the beauties who have adorned the Bavarian Court. I noticed among them Miss Erskine, Lady Milbanke, and Lola Montes! I could not find Lady Ellenborough under her Bavarian name.

Last night the old King Lüdwig was at the opera with his doctor, and a young prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. The reigning King also appeared for a

short time. No notice whatever was taken of his entrance by the audience, who applauded Wagner enthusiastically.

Dr. Hoffmann tells me that the King's habits and dress are the shabbiest possible, as he devotes every penny to the Fine Arts. I met, and conversed with Liebig. I regret that I have written so many letters, that they—and not my journal—will contain all that freshness of delight with which the treasures of Munich inspired me.

But I must record an evening at Liebig's in a charming new house which was built for him. He is now Professor of Chemistry, and has a fine theatre-laboratory and a large circular room for dances. Rare specimens of palm-trees stand in the centre of the room. In one of the wards I saw rare ferns, and various specimens of snails and fish. I was much interested to see oxygen given out in sparkling bubbles, which the animals inhaled and then gave out their nitrogen. It is thus that they, and also the plants, form their own atmosphere. We had beautiful wax candles made of bog earth. These are successfully manufactured in Germany. They are like the old French wax, and sold at a very low price. Liebig says that the reason why wax candles are now so bad is that the wax comes from China, and is of inferior quality.

Our conversation eventually turned on the possibility of making diamonds. Liebig said that he had little doubt this would some day be effected. He himself had accidentally produced sparks of diamonds from charcoal, but has never been able to repeat the experiment.

On our entrance to the laboratory Liebig motioned me to sit on a sofa, and placed himself next to me, with Mrs. Barlow on his other side. From this position we did not move for three hours, and the interest of the great man's conversation never flagged.

It was occasionally interrupted by the arrival of other visitors, to whom tea and cakes were offered. After an hour or so, a supper-tray was brought in laden with every sort of cold seasoned meat, and Bayerische beer, which is the favourite beverage at Munich. Then came a fine dessert, with wine, cakes, etc., also grapes and a melon. I drank the beer, and thought it excellent. Liebig told me that it was brewed at a temperature many degrees below zero; and that last year, when they gave a ball, a whole barrel of this beer was drunk by the guests. On that occasion only one dozen of wine was consumed.

The talk turned on the so-called spiritualistic table-turning. Mr. Barlow explained to Liebig all Faraday's experiments, and showed that the effect was easily produced by an involuntary motion of the hands, which move the table, and not the table moving the hands. All this interested Liebig much; and it was curious to see the earnest attention with which he scrutinised the experiment before repeating it in German to the King's surgeon, who was present.

As I very much wished to visit the new Pinacothek, which has just been completed, I begged the King's surgeon, who sees the King daily, to obtain permission for me to see it. He assured me that this was entirely out of the question, as the King is so constantly there superintending everything, that no one would dare to admit a friend. He tells me that it contains a fine picture by Kaulbach representing the fall of Jerusalem. The exterior of the Pinacothek is adorned by Kaulbach in a series of frescoes, representing the manner in which art was first cultivated at Munich under the auspices of King Lüdwig. The painter shows that prior to the time of Lüdwig, Art was in the lowest form; and that in a few years Munich, under the wand of a royal magician, rose to be one of the wonders of Europe.

Lüdwig's stinginess is almost phenomenal. When

he purchased the marbles from Ægina, which are the glory of the Glyptothek, he did not reimburse the artists (who originally paid for them) until the interest on the purchase-money had produced sufficient to defray the cost of their transit to Munich. The King was so proud of this that he frequently alluded to the matter in conversation. But in other respects the King has worked wonders here. A street of palaces, colossal statues without end, to say nothing of the exquisitely beautiful gateway for which Schwanthaler has been commissioned to make thirty-two figures. It is noteworthy that everything has been executed by Munich artists. The gate leading to the Leopoldstrasse is magnificent. It is surmounted by a figure of Victory guiding four brass lions. At the end of the street stands a loggia (similar to the Lanzi one at Florence), with only the statues of Tilly, who commanded the Bavarian forces in the Thirty Years War, and of Field-Marshal Prince Wrede, the Bavarian general in the Napoleonic wars. The King has on several occasions given the site for building a house, on condition that its façade should be designed by himself.

I have been much impressed by scenes from the life of Christ painted on glass in the Maria Hof. As compositions they are exquisite, and the effect produced by the brilliant colouring is wonderful.

Now that I am on the point of leaving, I feel that I have not half expressed the pleasure which all this Munich splendour has given me.

LINDAU, LAKE OF CONSTANCE. — After leaving Munich we slept at Augsburg. Next day our railway journey came to an abrupt end two hours beyond Kempten, on the road here. We then secured the *coupé* of a diligence and passed a pretty lake in the Rhætian Alps and ascended the hills by a road cut out of the sides of the rock. Men and women were hard at

work making an embankment. In bad weather this road would be very dangerous, as the soil is quite loose at the edges. After crawling up endless hills, along an almost impracticable road, I noticed a storm gathering in the distance, which enabled me to keep the sleepy post-boy awake by telling him that if he did not get on faster he would be drenched to his skin. We had plenty of lightning to season my phophecy, but no rain until after our arrival here at a wretched old-fashioned inn.

We had a lovely morning, after last night's storm, for our steamboat journey to Constance. On the boat I met an agreeable fellow passenger, Comte de Welterholt, who, having seen me sketching, guessed that I am English. He speaks excellent English, and, of course, French. His first wife was English, probably from Derbyshire, as he had been with her to Chatsworth, and the Duke is godfather to his eldest son. He knows Rogers, Walter Scott, and all my Vienna friends. He talked politics with evident knowledge, and was modest.

I grieved to think that, as he was going to a friend at Constance, we should so soon part. That is one of the real sorrows we experience so often in travelling: the meeting, for a brief span only, with charming people from whom we are destined in so short a time to part for ever!

When I parted from the Comte de Welterholt at Constance, I felt sorry; and I wish there was a chance of our meeting again. I forgot to tell him my name, although I contrived to ask his! But I daresay he saw it on my baggage.

After seeing all the curiosities of Constance, we went to Schaffhausen, where we spent Sunday. I was at first delighted with the Falls of the Rhine, but at last the incessant roar of waters made me so nervous that I was glad to get away.

Having engaged a carriage, and horses calculated to take us forty miles a day, with a rest in the dinner-hour—quite in the old style—we slept at Zurich, and Lucerne. Here I found the hotels much larger than they were in 1816. The costumes have entirely vanished! We then went on to Berne, and Freyburg, whose suspension bridge is wonderful. I stood for some time on the terrace of our hotel, gazing on the stars, and thinking of a very happy past which can never return!

We arrived at Vevey in full view of a lovely sunset. I enjoyed the long descent into this bewitching town. Clarens and Chillon shone out on the left, with that glorious lake which is now lying in the shadow of Meillerie. Oh! that sweet haven of joyous memories! I sat by my window until the stars disappeared behind dense beds of clouds that had drifted from the west, where every tint, from scarlet to orange, gradually faded into the gloom of a calm and silent evening—a silence only broken by an occasional plash from a boatman's oar.

I turned from my window with regret; and entered the salon of the hotel, which, for that evening at least, extinguished every feeling of romance. A large lady from Boston was extended at full length on the only sofa in the room, and harangued in unmusical tones the other ladies present. Meanwhile the gentlemen, who, like myself, were eager for every scrap of news about the Eastern Question, had to bear the continual running in and out of some odious Yankee boys and girls, who displayed their national independence by utterly ignoring the comfort of others!

I must not forget to mention a charming two hours which I passed at Bulle, where I stopped to dine with Countess Pahlen, the daughter-in-law of my old friend who was so unjustly banished from Russia for a suspected participation in the plot which dethroned,

and afterwards murdered, the Emperor Paul. We became friends at once, and I honestly believe that her wish to meet me again in Italy is quite sincere. She supplied me with many interesting details relating to that period in Russian history, and confirmed my previous suspicion that Nicolas Pahlen's father, and Count Beningsen were the principal actors in that tragedy.

When the Emperor Paul was struggling, and screaming behind the curtain, it was Beningsen who struck the mortal blow; as his return to life would have infallibly caused the death of all the conspirators.

October 1.—I have just seen the sun rise above the mountains of Savoy, their summits white with freshly fallen snow. It is a lovely day—the lake is smooth as glass, and Mont Blanc has unveiled his brow. We are passing up the lake to Geneva. Ouchy is utterly spoilt by the crowds that infest it. At Geneva we are located at the Écu de Genève, a perfect inn. Lord and Lady Beaumont and Lord and Lady Ebrington are here. Also Mr. Bax, who always spends the winter at Nice. He gave me much information about the local history; and we made pilgrimages to Ferney, to the junction of the Rhône and Arve, to Diodati, and many other worthy scenes. At Ferney there are two rooms quite destitute of furniture—for it was carried off during the Revolution of 1848—but there is a stove in one of them of the time of Louis XV.; a portrait of the Empress Catherine; and the Watteau-like ceilings, all associated with the memory of the great Voltaire.

It is a singular fact that Voltaire, Gibbon, Byron, Rousseau—all men of genius (though narrow-minded, and, all except Gibbon, especially difficult to live with), should have sheltered themselves from the world in this lovely scenery! Voltaire died six months after he left Ferney. His old gardener, who assisted him to plant the fine elm trees in the adjacent wood, was

alive when I was here last. He died only seven years ago. He worked here to the end of his long life, and, only the week before he died, he placed earth around their roots!

October 11.—I left Geneva to-day, on my road to Turin.

October 15.—Arrived at Turin to-day. Lord Ebrington dined with Cavour, the Prime Minister. The papers here are very radical, and the people have a fierce, excited look which portends a storm.

October 20.—There has been a slight *émeute*, in consequence of the high price of bread. The people rushed up the stairs of Cavour's house, but the gallant little Piedmontese Chasseurs soon dispersed them.

The anger of the populace against Cavour—who is not only a Liberal, but a wise Minister—arose from the circumstance of his having been a corn merchant: and for having put on a tax, which he was eventually compelled to take off, by an *Avviso* published not only at Turin, but also at Genoa while we were there.

On Sunday I attended the Vaudois church. I was much pleased by the service there. As I entered the reader was reading from the Bible. When the pastor came a beautiful psalm was sung, in which the entire congregation joined. There was a prayer for the King of Piedmont, and for Protestants all over the world. Then there was an admirable sermon upon St. Paul's words, "I preach Christ crucified."

I have for many years longed to know these Protestants, whose creed and form of worship—as the Albigenses—has, I believe, been carried on from the earliest ages of Christianity.

I travelled to Genoa by the railway—except for the last two posts. A lovely moon was shining as I entered the city, just as it did when dear Shelley set off for England, years ago, leaving me on the steamer bound for Rome! I remember how I spent the whole night on deck feeling very deserted and disconsolate! Now

every care and attention surrounds me; and I have passed a week of enchantment. I have gazed for hours at the stars, from that balcony which overlooks the port—the balcony where, in happier days, I stood with my beloved husband! Perhaps Dante was speaking from experience when he said that there was no greater misery than the remembrance, in grief, of happier days!

They are making a railway station opposite to the Palace of Andrea Doria! How happy he would have been—could he in some prophetic vision have seen this great blessing to the city completed!

I have passed an hour, sitting on Doria's lovely terrace, close to the dark blue sea. Oh! how I love the outdoor life of this sweet Italy, to which, after eighteen long years, I have come once more!

Lord Newburgh and Miss Peel dined with us last night. Miss Peel had a fortunate escape from the recent inundations at Sestri Levante. The diligence sank into a deep chasm, and three people were drowned. Lord Newburgh had taken places in the diligence for that very day, but as he did not like the look of the weather, he gave them up!

After leaving Genoa we travelled along that lovely Riviera on a day such as can only be found in Italy. We had two carriages, with four horses to each, and trotted merrily along, and I thoroughly enjoyed the poetry of the scene. I was struck by the oriental character of the foliage and plants. Cactus was growing out of every wall. The sea was as blue as in summer, and was studded by white lateen sails emerging, like beautiful sea birds, from the various ports in that huge bay which is bounded by Portofino.

Then we entered a dark tunnel, and emerged on the Apennines in full view of the pink mountains of

Carrara. It was a long journey to Spezzia, where we slept.

LA SPEZZIA.—I was awake very early, and saw the sun rise over this lovely gulf. The King and Queen of Piedmont have spent two months here, and have decided to remove the naval arsenal from Genoa to this place. They say here that in two or three years' time the railroad will be completed as far as Florence; thus travellers would avoid the dangerous river Magra.

As we were told by apparently reliable people that the said river was in a fordable condition, I took no precautions as to sending the baggage across in a boat. The morning was lovely, and it was great fun crossing the first stream with those dear white Bovi attached to our carriage. Half-naked boys and men preceded us, and persistently demanded money for having got wet in showing us the ford! When they eventually left us I thought that all would be plain sailing, and I certainly felt no alarm. Suddenly the horses began to plunge, and I saw that they were off their feet, while the patient Bovi had very decided objections to proceed any farther. Then the water entered the carriage and the rug was lifted up. All the little boxes had to be placed on the seat, and the carriage made a very good bath. However, we got across without being carried down the stream. We entered Pisa by starlight, and found ourselves in a very comfortable inn, where everything is arranged for us, and dinner prepared and served as well as it could be done at home.

We have visited the Cathedral, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower, and have begun to study the ugly frescoes. We are bored to death by hordes of insatiable beggars, whose insolence is beyond belief.

FLORENCE.—We arrived here at seven last evening, and found excellent rooms at the Hôtel d'Italie, on

the Lung' Arno, once the residence of Queen Caroline of Naples. When I was last in Florence I used to visit her here.

As I have not written my journal from day to day, I must give a résumé of my impressions of Florence. The town remains unchanged. There is scarcely a new building anywhere. An abundance of rare kinds of flowers are thrown into passing carriages by Beppa, the (now old) favourite flower girl. She no longer walks, but is driven about in her own carriage. I noticed among the young ones in the Cascine, one flower girl in particular who has all the grace and elegance of a higher station in life.

I find many old faces here; among them the Duc de Talleyrand, Piero Dino, and Serra de Falco, the old coward who was so frightened in the Sicilian Revolution that he was persuaded to place himself at the head of it. In that position, although a personal friend of the King, he actually carried the crown to Genoa, and offered it to the second son of the King of Piedmont!

This man brought me his books on Sicily to look over; but as I do not believe that he wrote the text or made the drawings (although he assures me he did both), I leave him to his own conscience!

Mario, the prince of operatic tenors, has lately bought the Villa Salviati from Mr. Vansittart. This villa, which could be hired for £20 a month, is the most lovely house in all the neighbourhood. It combines Italian grandeur with every English comfort. Its terraced gardens overlook grass fields planted with olives. There is a garden full of orange trees, and a grotto having cascades in every corner. It is worthy of having been the scene of Boccaccio's paradise. To live there with about fifteen or twenty chosen friends—poets, painters, and other artists—to say nothing of children, to pervade the air with innocence, would make this a heaven upon earth!

Oh! how lovely is this Italian air! I had completely forgotten its subtle charm. True, I never before was so free from care and anxiety of mind!

This morning I paid a visit in her boudoir to the Duchesse de Castigliano, who had called upon me, and appointed an hour to receive me. She gave me the history of her son's intended marriage. I laughed at her notion of going with him to Rome to take care of him! But I find, on further talk, that she dreads his joining in the foolish plots of his relative the Marchese Lajatico, who has absolutely refused even to speak to an Austrian. He is only waiting for the moment to head a revolt! and yet every one knows that the Italian people are wholly unfit for liberty!

The increase in the price of bread throughout Italy is appalling. You pay as much to-day for two rolls of bread as was paid last year for ten! In Tuscany there is no wine, and in the Papal States one-third less olives.

I remember asking Angelo, my clever Terni guide, what was the best time for gathering olives. He said: "Quando vien' la Santa Caterina¹ si coglian bianchi e neri." Query: Has this proverb given name to the factions thus designated?

Monday, November 15.—We left Florence to-day and clattered along the pavement with our two carriages—each with six horses. The sun shone brightly, and I admired the upper reaches of the Arno on our road to Arezzo, where we shall spend the night.

November 16.—Passed Cortona, and came to the Thrasymene Lake, where I fought Hannibal's battle over again with deep interest, perfectly understanding the tactics which gave him a triumphant victory. My information is derived from Sir John Hobhouse's notes to "Childe Harold."

November 17.—We slept last night at Perugia, and

¹ About the end of November. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

left this morning by the new road made by Pope Leo XII., which has been made to traverse the ancient Etruscan Necropolis, where there is a fine Etruscan tomb close to the high road. We passed Assisi, which I visited in 1835. Since those days an earthquake has destroyed the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, close to the roadside. We arrived at Terni after dark.

November 18.—Leo XII. has made a fine road, which took us through scenery worthy of Switzerland to the plateau above the Falls. We saw the rainbow Iris hanging near the rushing waters, which the late rains had made coffee-coloured, and thus spoilt their beauty—but still this Fall is very grand and glorious. We scrambled down an old dry watercourse, and got thoroughly wet from the drifting spray. We then mounted donkeys, and ascended to another high point, and returned through the lovely Villa Graziani, where Queen Caroline disgraced herself and her country by her follies with Bergami. The guide told me that Bergami died some years ago as Post Master of Pesaro, that he left his family “molto ricco,” and that his “non mi ricordo” did not go unrewarded.

At noon we started for Rome, and I was very much impressed by the evident material improvement in the condition of the peasants on the Campagna. French picquets were stationed at intervals all along the road. The cutting down of so many trees enabled us to have a fine view of St. Peter's, and the approach to Rome by this route is far grander than I had remembered it. We met a Cardinal in his gorgeous equipage upon the road.

Lady Farquhar met me at the Porta del Popolo, and remained while we were settling matters with the Dogana. We had written for, and had obtained, a “lasciar passare,” to avoid Custom-house worries. But it was superfluous, as a few paoli is far better.

We are now settled in a pleasant apartment in La Grande Bretagna, Piazza di Spagna.

The *petite société* of Rome which assembles in small rooms would, I feel sure, bore me to death. One does not meet any clever people, as in former days, and with the exception of Lockhart, and the sculptors Gibson and Macdonald, I have met no one to interest me. Gibson has adopted a new style, which I think is in very bad taste. He has painted the eyes of his Venus blue, and her amber hair is tied up with blue ribbon. Her body is tinted, as nearly as possible flesh-colour!

It has been pointed out to me that in the age of Phidias (the Niobe, for example) all statues were draped. Later, the Apollo, the Venus, etc., were naked; and in these days we have everything à la Titian—and *les filles de marbre* coloured!

It is astonishing how much the delicacy of Englishwomen has deteriorated since they began to visit the Continent. I well remember when the statue of Pauline Borghese was considered "an abomination." Her sitting to Canova was regarded as an act of flagrant immodesty. When some one asked her how she *could* have sat to Canova absolutely nude, she replied: "Mais! il ne faisait pas froid." The whole episode struck the Englishwomen of those days as highly improper.

Well, on going to see that statue yesterday, I was very much surprised to find that drapery covers every part except the bust. The whole figure now appears perfectly modest, and would be quite perfect if her hair had not been *coiffé'd à la française*. The feet and ankles are lovely, so also is the pose and turn of the head.

The Borghese Villa is full of fine things. It was not injured during the Revolution, as there was no fighting on that side of Rome, but many fine trees were cut down by the mob out of pure spite.

Every noble except Piombino fled from Rome at the first outbreak. But he remained with his old mother in the Ludovisi Villa, ready to cry out whatever the mob pleased, provided that his villa was not touched! They tried him sorely, for they made him roar aloud, *A bas le Pape! à bas l'aristocratie! à bas la Constitution!*

The delighted populace then ordered him to cry out: *à bas les Princes!* But he refused to go so far, and in a loud and commanding voice he shouted: "*No—no—Son' io Principe!*"

The mob, probably disgusted, eventually spared him. Flavio Chigi ran away, and sheltered himself in a monastery, where he became a priest, and is now walking about in purple stockings. Doria took refuge at Naples, after having placed himself at the head of the movement. This incensed the people to such a degree that they broke into and destroyed everything in the Villa Pamfili Doria. This nobleman has lately erected a marble monument in honour of the French who were killed fighting in his grounds. The monument bears a grateful inscription emphasising with approbation the foreign troops that had taken Rome by storm!

Garibaldi, the leader of the people, seems to have behaved very well. With his five hundred followers—like a condottiere of the Middle Ages—he defended Rome until all his officers were killed. Then, having only Romans to depend upon, he was of course defeated! But Garibaldi seems to have been an honest Donald Bean,¹ for the Duca di Bracciano Torlonia paid a good round sum for the protection of his property; and it was preserved intact. Men were sent also to protect his palace, so the money paid was not thrown away.

Alas! Rome is no longer a "City of the Soul," and is becoming a very second-rate capital. It is very

¹ A Highland robber chief: Scott's "Waverley."

difficult to retain my enthusiasm amidst the desecration — falsely styled “improvements” — it has undergone.

The Colosseum has been repaired ! Those graceful arches, where garlands of verdure hung, are now filled with new bricks and mortar, and every vestige of vegetation has disappeared !

Gibson, the sculptor, went to the Colosseum with me to-day. I happened to say that I had been told the monument of Bavaria, at Munich, was the highest statue in the world. He said that might be so now ; but that, in the days of Nero, his colossal statue rose above the Colosseum.¹

Cleansing and repairing has been going on all over the Forum. The columns, reft of their verdure, show the fracture of their capitals. Their bases are still some thirty feet below the present surface.

I have been much struck by the subdued attitude of the population of Rome. All the spirit seems to have been knocked out of them. On the merest suspicion people are arrested, and sent to prison, without any evidence whatever. Every prison is full to overflowing. There is a French garrison in the castle of St. Angelo. The Barberini and other fine palaces are occupied by soldiers. All over the city one hears military music, and troops march from every quarter of Rome. A few days ago my carriage was stopped for half an hour by the passage of a long train of artillery. There are ten thousand French troops quartered in Rome and in Civita Castellana. All the Legations are full of Austrians. The latter purchase everything they need, whereas the French compel the authorities to provide them with both pay and rations.

Princess Doria tells me that the taxes levied here are unprecedentedly high ; that the nobles are almost ruined by the imposition of house and land taxes. As

¹ I believe this is a mistake, and that Nero's statue was only twenty-five feet high. (Note by Lady Shelley.)

the Papal revenue is wholly inadequate to meet the cost of maintaining this army of occupation, the Pope has asked that two thousand men of each nation may be withdrawn.

Meanwhile the Pope is spending huge sums in ornamenting the churches. He has also tried to improve the constitution of the Papal States, and for a time with success. But the Liberal party grew impatient at the slow progress made in that direction, and stirred up the people to assemble in the piazzas, with the most disastrous results, for they soon after murdered Count Rossi,¹ the Minister of Justice of the Pope's Government, and there was a triumph of anarchy which caused Pius IX. and most of the nobles to flee from Rome. If it had not long been suspected that the Austrians had designs on Rome, the French forces would not have occupied Civita Vecchia. It may be said that international jealousies really saved for a time the temporal power of the Papacy.

Princess Doria's excuse for the flight of the nobles, at a critical moment, when their presence and influence might have saved the situation, is that as there is no compulsory service—conscription—in the Papal States, none but the dregs of the populace enrolled themselves in the army. These men would most certainly have murdered Prince Doria, and even their own officers if they had remained in Rome.

The Dorias are turning the Pamfili gardens into an English park. The Prince is very angry with the Romans; and when I said: "How much good you must do by employing so many people!" he replied: "To do good is not my object at all. The *canaille* deserve nothing good at *my* hands. I only wish that I could do without them altogether." The Princess has been very friendly, and sent her major-domo to show me all the private apartments and reception-rooms.

¹ November 15, 1848.

We were to have gone to Albano yesterday, but the day was so gloomy that I am glad we did not go to that spot of happy memories. I could not bear to revisit those glorious scenes on a dark and dismal day. As it happened, we only passed a prosaic evening, with a good dinner and comfortable beds—all those creature comforts which I have ever despised. However, for one who, less than two years ago, thought that this world had no more attractions to offer, my present happiness is great. Two years ago I had lost, besides the friend and companion of my life, the object of my hero-worship since 1814, when a friendship was formed which only death could sever!

This afternoon, being my last day in Rome, I drove into the Campagna along the Appian Way, which the Pope has lately cleared. My carriage stopped at the tomb of Cecilia Metella, where I lingered at sunset to admire the view of Rome. The lower portion of the city was veiled in mist; but St. Peter's, under a golden canopy, stood boldly out against the lilac mountains. Some picturesque buildings stood in the middle distance, close to a grove of dark cypress trees. On the right of this sublime picture stood the tower of Cecilia Metella, and on the left an ancient ruin was gracefully festooned by masses of rich verdure. Behind me lay the Via Appia, which threads its lonely way through an avenue of tombs towards the port of Ostia. A solitary star shone brightly in a cloudless sky—the mute herald of an hour so fatal to those who loiter on this fever-stricken plain.

I re-entered my carriage with a sigh; the coachman cracked his whip. He could not have heard the words which came from the depth of my heart: "Addio, Roma!" An awful sense of loneliness had crept over me.

To-morrow night we sleep at Albano.

CHAPTER XIX

NAPLES, *December* 22.—Last night I paid a visit to Princess Torella, a Frenchwoman, who gave me an interesting account of the father of the French Empress. As he was only a cadet of a great Spanish family, no obstacles were raised against his marriage to Miss Kirkpatrick, daughter of the then English Consul at Malaga. When the French army entered Spain young Montijo¹ was serving in the Spanish army. As a Palafox, and related to the hero of Saragossa, he tried to become in every respect a patriot, but he does not seem to have loved his country with any especial fervour. When Soult subsequently urged young Montijo to enter the French service, and offered very good prospects of advancement, he merely stipulated that he should not be required to serve King Joseph.

Young Montijo was accordingly sent to Paris, and accompanied Bonaparte during the Moscow catastrophe. He was faithful to the last to the fortunes of Napoleon, and was actually found wounded under the walls of Paris, upon the advance of the Allies after Waterloo. Eventually he succeeded to the great wealth, titles, and possessions of his elder brother, who died childless. Cyprien Montijo, now Duc de Penaranda, had two daughters. The elder married the Duke of Alba, while the younger, under the title Comtesse de Teba, travelled about Europe with her mother, and eventually settled at Paris.

¹ Cyprien, Count of Montijo, afterwards Duc de Penaranda.

While in that fascinating city either love or ambition induced her to give up her pleasant independence and subject herself to the annoyances of etiquette and anxiety by marrying the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

I asked Princess Torella whether the epithet "parvenu," which the Emperor had applied to himself when announcing his intended marriage, had any other signification than the one commonly recognised? She assured me that there was nothing more in the word, as employed on that occasion, than its accepted meaning, namely, "a person who had raised himself from a lower position, or rank, to an exalted one." In that sense the use of it by Napoleon was very judicious. As the European Sovereigns, whose alliance he courted, had refused to treat him as a brother, and were disposed to throw the epithet "Parvenu" in his teeth, he himself, by applying the word to his exalted station, made it a glory instead of a slur.

New Year's Day, 1854.—At the evening service at the Cathedral I met Princess Torella, who afterwards introduced me to the Pope's Nuncio, with whom I had an agreeable talk for half an hour. We spoke of the condition of Rome, and its relations with England. The Nuncio laughed at the alarm excited by Cardinal Wiseman. He said: "Nous sommes de très bonnes gens, quand on nous connaît. Les Français ont éprouvé cela. Le Général Comte d'Hilliers est venu à Rome avec beaucoup de préventions contre nous. Il est parti les larmes aux yeux; de même avec cinque ou six autres Généraux qui l'ont succédé."

"As to conversions," added the Nuncio, "there is no end to them. I told General d'Hilliers that I had heard Cardinal Wiseman preach at St. Andrea. He replied, 'Ah! it was there that they converted Ratisbonne, the Jew. He had gone with a friend as far as the Piazza, when the idea struck him to enter

the church, and there wait the return of his friend who had gone to pay a visit in the neighbourhood. While Ratisbonne was walking round the church inspecting the monuments, he entered one of the side chapels. On the friend's return Ratisbonne was found prostrate on the floor before an image of the Virgin. He was in a semi-conscious state. On his recovery he told his friend that the Holy Virgin had appeared to him, and had converted him. Some time after this Ratisbonne was baptised at Rome, and he is now a Jesuit. He is exceedingly pious.'"

During this amusing conversation a painted lady—evidently English—came up, and insisted upon sitting next to the Nuncio; but he took no notice of her, and soon after departed.

Gladstone has made a decided imbroglio by his famous letter.¹ He has described as innocent, and injured, a man who is notoriously a confirmed Republican, and worse, a conspirator! It is only natural that after a revolution many arrests should be made unjustly—this was the case even in England, after our Civil Wars—but, after conversing with several people of diverse opinions, I have not the smallest hesitation in saying that Gladstone "a été mis dedans"—as the saying goes—and that his interference has done more harm than good, inasmuch as it has caused inaccessible prisons to be overcrowded, while those of Naples are open to inspection.

There is no place in Italy where it is so difficult to obtain accurate information as at Naples, where falsehood for a purpose is more generally adopted than in any other town.

¹ Gladstone, as a result of personal inspection of the Neapolitan prisons in 1850, was horrified at the atrocities inflicted on Poerio and other political prisoners. Wishing to induce Lord Aberdeen, who was considering the matter, to make a public protest, he sent him a detailed statement, which he soon afterwards, when Lord Aberdeen delayed in taking action, published. The vehement language of this document and its striking contents caused an immense sensation all over Europe.

The other evening, at Mrs. Craven's, I met a lady of a very remarkable appearance—an Italian beauty, *un peu passée*—I cannot get at her real history, but she passes for one possessing "the evil eye." This is still so much believed in here that there are many persons in Society who, when they meet this lady, make "the sign," without allowing her to see them do it, for she is very sensitive on that point. Her second husband is Lorenzo Colonna—a Chevalier de Compagnie to H.R.H. the Count of Syracuse—and her name is Olympia Colonna. How many associations there are connected with that name! Where is the picture-portrait of Vittoria Colonna? Although Olympia did not know where it is, I have discovered it in the Palazzo Santangelo. It is a very fine portrait indeed; her arm is resting upon her distinguished husband, Francisco d'Avalos.

January 14.—I went to-day to Capo di Monte, and afterwards to the Observatory, which is in a magnificent position. I saw Caserta through the telescope. The evening is delicious.

I begin to feel convinced that, not only has the King's character been much defamed, but that the Government of Naples has been maligned, and the position of the people misunderstood. By living on intimate terms, in a society composed of different classes, with those who know the truth, I feel sure that I must learn it at last.

We came here with strong prejudice against the ruling powers; and I was prepared to describe King Bomba upon the *Times* model. But that won't do. On every side I hear: "*Comme le Roi est bon! trop faible—il pardonne trop facilement, voilà tout. Il mène une vie sobre dans sa famille, entourée de ses enfants. On le trouve toujours avec deux ou trois, qui s'accrochent à ses jambes. Il ne mange que les choses simples, et il n'a jamais regardé de femme que son épouse.*"

This, I confess it, shook my faith in all previous reports. 'He is too fond of seclusion. After a peaceful reign of five years, all at once a revolution broke out at Naples.' They tell me that on May 15 the King made a vow that if he were permitted, under God's protection, to remain at Naples, he would lead a hermit's life. This he did. My authorities are persons who are absolutely independent of the Royal favour. In the first place, there is Chevalier Michael Santangelo, brother to the late Minister. He has never received any distinctions from the Court—not even a plain decoration. He assures me that the trial of Poerio was perfectly in order, in full accordance with the laws of the country, and was held in the hall of justice with open doors; that many foreigners were present during the trial, and that the whole proceedings were printed and published; that Poerio was condemned to the galleys on being convicted of high treason, after an impartial judgment.

My informant is of opinion that, in all probability, Poerio would be at this moment at liberty, if Gladstone had not raised a cry, and if the British Government had not mixed itself up in the affair. Santangelo says that the King absolutely refuses to allow any foreign power to dictate "*la conduite qu'il doit tenir contre un sujet rebelle.*" And he is right.

Santangelo is absolutely convinced that the story of Poerio being chained to a convicted felon is quite unfounded. I cannot remember whether Gladstone says that he actually saw them chained together, or that he simply repeated what had been told to him. While Gladstone was here he lived on intimate terms with Lady Malcolm and her coterie, whose house was open to all the leaders of the Republican party, and where most of their plots were formed. My informant says:

"It is horrible to think of the influence which the English have used to change the laws of my country. When once our Constitution was formed, the King swore to observe it faithfully, and he had every intention of doing so. He intended to have opened Parliament on May 15. On that day the Marchesa Gentile was at Portici; the Marquis, wishing to attend the ceremony, departed, and left his wife there. Shortly afterwards she heard the report of heavy firing from the direction of Naples. She thought that it must have been caused by the King's arrival; but as the cannonade continued, she became alarmed. It was then that they told her that all the nobility were destined to be massacred with the King. Her coachman offered to set off in search of the Marquis; which, in fact, he did succeed in doing, after much difficulty. He happened to have been in the palace of the Prince of Syracuse, when the mob attacked it and the King's Palace. Fortunately the troops remained loyal and did their duty unflinchingly. After much bloodshed, the Republican party were completely defeated.

"If the King had then and there declared that he had sworn to support the Constitution and had every intention of keeping his word, but that, as the people did not seem satisfied with it, he would cancel his oath and henceforward revert to the old form of absolutism, no one could have blamed him. Unfortunately some of his Ministers belonged to the Republican party, and the King, being badly advised, said nothing, and did nothing. He simply retired to Caserta, and assumed the rôle of an absolute sovereign living in seclusion. An absolute king is what is most efficacious for Neapolitans, who do not understand any form of constitutional government, and have a natural affection for their King."

Never have I seen anything approaching the enthusiasm with which the populace greeted the King when he attended, on his birthday, a gala performance at San Carlos. They tell me that this enthusiasm also greeted the King when he returned after attending the Cirque, which is mostly frequented by the humbler classes.

I would thus describe the King. "C'est un homme de six pieds avec une mine de bonhomme. Une tête un peu en pain de sucre, comme le bon Duc de Cambridge, auquel il ressemble par sa manière de causer avec les dames; les faire rire, et tout en parlant Napolitaine. Elles l'adorent."

At a party at the Accademia I was seated by the side of the Marchesa Sonara, an old acquaintance, and the Duchess of St. Elmo. The King came up to speak to these ladies. We, of course, all stood up, but the King begged them to be seated. Presently he noticed that I was still standing, when he begged me very politely to be seated, and for a quarter of an hour the King conversed in the most friendly manner mixed with polite *badinage*. The Queen remained seated the whole evening, but the King moved freely about among the company, speaking to every one. The men were all apparently vying with each other to kiss his hand in true foreign fashion. The ladies were all delighted to be spoken to; and the King had the good taste to speak to the aged, perhaps even more than to the young. The King's brothers are not much esteemed. The Count of Syracuse is a gambler—"il vit mal avec sa femme, et bien avec les femmes des autres"—at least so they tell me. Another brother is the Count of Trapponi, who married the daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He and his brother the Admiral may be seen any day driving together in a smart English phaeton along the Corso. They sometimes drive a "four-in-hand" coach, which is extremely well turned out. The horses are English, and so also are the grooms. In fact, the whole turn-out is such as poor Sefton would not, in his driving days, have been ashamed to drive. Nor would it have made the dear Duke of Beaufort blush in those days when he knew the name of every coachman and every cad on every road round London.

CHAPTER XX

I HAVE been thinking of the days when I was young, and when we all thought there was no harm in going out on Sunday evenings. At that time Markham, the Archbishop of York,¹ and tutor to the Prince of Wales, had always a large dinner party on Sundays; and in the evening his house was lighted, and ready to receive all his numerous relations, who formed a large party. Until after the passing of the Reform Bill large dinners on Sunday were even more common than on other days; and I well remember my astonishment, on arriving in London on a Saturday, in June 1835, at receiving from the Duke of Wellington an invitation to dine with him on Sunday and to bring my children. He assured me that it must be quite a dinner *en famille*. If the Duke had given a great dinner, the newspapers would have been full of abuse! And yet I am glad that this habit prevails in England, for I love my Sunday's rest "for man and beast." But here, where the coachmen and *laquais de place* would not know what to do with themselves on a Sunday evening, I feel differently. So, after a great deal of reflection and cogitation, I am resolved to go to the Court Ball on Sunday, January 21.

January 22.—I called for Mr. and Mrs. Lowther, and we drove—without a string—into the many courts of this magnificent palace. After passing through several anterooms, where the Guardia Nobile

¹ William Markham, Archbishop of York 1777–1808.

were stationed, we entered the ballroom, which is certainly the finest in Europe. I should guess it to be nearly a hundred feet square, and as lofty as a church. It is lighted by five enormous chandeliers, each as big as the one at the Opera House. Besides immense mirrors which light up the white walls studded by large raised bas-reliefs in gold, there was a square of divans, so arranged as to give sufficient space for dancing. Seats were also placed against the walls, giving sufficient room for people to walk about. One side of this large inner square was reserved for the Court. The presentation to the Queen of the few foreigners present was simple, and *sans gêne*. Madame de Bernsdorff, the Prussian Minister's wife, presented Mrs. Lowther, who afterwards presented me. Mr. Lowther, like a true English slow-coach, had assured me that I could not be presented; but I have proved to him the contrary, and gained my point! The Queen was most gracious, and talked to me for a long time. I answered *à tort et à travers*, as the music prevented my hearing exactly what she said. Her Majesty was dressed like an old woman, in red satin up to her chin, and all covered with diamonds, as was also her hat; but she has a gentle, pleasing expression, and a pretty face. The Queen, the King, and all the Princesses, excepting only La Trapponi (who reminds me of the Empress Marie Louise) are one more ugly and awkward than the other. They hobbled through the quadrilles, which they all danced every time, and looked as joyous and delighted as a parcel of school girls and boys. They all put on the true Bourbon pose. As their feet are too small to support their coarse bodies, they well deserve the common expression of "*Les Bourbons dandinant*," a family characteristic, as I hear from the Princess Taralla.

I had much conversation about peace and war. As usual, the opinions are very contradictory. General

Rath—who sees Field-Marshal Nugent¹ every day—tells me that Austria is firm against Russia; and that he is convinced war will not arise out of this intricate question. But Baron Steindorff and Colonel Kügel are wild to enter France with Russian armies. He says that the Russians would beat them out of the field, and drive them back to Paris. When I said, “But how are your finances? where is the money to come from?” he replied, “We will live at free quarters in the enemy’s country, and pay for nothing.” I said, “You don’t seem to consider the horror, and the loss to civilisation of such a war.” He replied, “Bah! La guerre n’a plus de terreurs, et fera beaucoup de bien; en faisant rentrer la population dans ses devoirs d’obéissance absolue qu’il nous faut.” This man is of the *haute société* in Vienna; his wife is clever, handsome, and well-born.

A sure sign that Vienna has retained all the prejudices of fifty years ago is that the wife of this distinguished Colonel Kügel could not be presented by the Austrian Minister here at the first Court, because she could not be presented at the Austrian Court in consequence of her father being a banker, and therefore, as Count Steinberg said, “un bourgeois!” Imagine the fury of this Colonel, who in the last war received the Cross of Maria Theresa! No wonder these men rebel! and I now quite despise the Austrians, who, I see, “*n’ont rien appris.*”

I have observed many instances of this foolish class prejudice in my old friends Thurheim, Razonmoffsky, and their proud *protégée* Countess Kolvitz; as also among the men; but old General Martini, the Austrian Minister, is an exception. He is a dear old man. My old friend Field-Marshal Nugent is not now to be seen. He is in the country at Resina, devoted to his

¹ Lavall, Count Nugent, was born in 1777. He was made an Austrian Field-Marshal in 1849. He had commanded the Neapolitan army from 1817 to 1820.

sick wife, whose recovery is very doubtful. Radetsky's¹ wife has lately died. This is a great loss to the old man, who, though eighty-eight, is still in perfect possession, not only of his faculties, but also of his powers of body. He seems to be as active and as fit for service as ever. He and his wife, after having been separated for twenty-five years, made up their minds, on the marriage of their daughter, to live together again. They were as good friends as possible.

January 29.—I yesterday paid several visits, and was admitted to the old Princess Angré, in her Grand Palazzo of Serra Falcone. She was seated in a dark, miserable room, with a sort of gentleman-in-attendance, who came to the door to receive me, and whenever there was a knock, he got up to open it, like a real *cavalier servente* of old times!² In the course of conversation having mentioned Lady Strachan's friend, Vanotte, she said that his father was a tailor! then, turning to the gentleman, she said, "N'est-ce pas; quand nous étions jeunes, il nous faisait les habits; moi mes Amazones?" She told me where I could order ices for the Mercers' ball: "pour épargner nos estomacs, et les bourses de vos amies." In speaking of the supper at Court, I told her that the Cavalier Santangelo had complained that everything was bad; even to the wild boars.

The Princess replied archly: "*Ah! pauvre homme! puisqu'il n'a pas de quoi manger chez lui—c'était cruel de ne pas lui donner à souper! Cependant, les autres disent que le souper était très bon!*" In truth, such was my opinion also. But it seems that, later, all the hungry officers surrounded the table, and would not allow the ladies to get near it. This was very much

¹ General Count Radetsky, an Austrian general, was born in 1766. He defeated King Charles Albert at Novara, and in 1849 placed Lombardy and Venetia once more under the yoke of Austria. He died in 1858

² I find that Princess Angré has such a jealous husband that she is in fear of her life!

like the Barlows' description of a ball supper at St. Cloud! As soon as the Royal Family had left the supper-room I entered it; and nothing could have been more attentive than the servants.

My next visit was to the Marchesa Santangelo. I never saw anything more wretched than her apartment. It faces due north, and there was no fire. The wind that day was piercingly cold; and when the fire was lighted for my comfort, the chimney smoked as if a fire had never been lit there before! There was a pianoforte in the room, with music open, as though she occasionally used it. As her husband has a fine tenor voice, and also sketches, I hope that she is happy. She looks so, and is very innocent and good. The family is distinguished.

CHAPTER XXI

SALERNO, *February* 23, 1854.—I am just returned from Pæstum, and have thus accomplished my object in coming to Naples, where I arrived on December 3.

The mountains were covered with snow, and Vesuvius had on his white shirt, in addition to his usual nightcap.

I started with my maid by the railway to Nocera, and for the first time saw, at one of the railway stations, some violets. The country here is more bleak and desolate-looking than a London square in February. The trees have not put out their leaves, and the evergreens are quite black. A common-looking shrub with bunches of dark yellow flowers alone relieves the sombreness of the scene. The camellias look pinched, and the palms have turned black in consequence of the unusual circumstance of two degrees of frost. Everybody has been ill with influenza, and it is said to be an exceptional winter. After leaving the railroad I passed by the picturesque La Cava. The hills were covered with primroses, and I entered the most beautiful old town, down a narrow street with arcades on both sides. The people looked happy, and there were quantities of provisions in stalls and cellars, under the clean white arcades; there were oranges in abundance. Presently we came to the Gulf of Salerno, and saw this beautiful town beneath us, circling the shore. The descent into it was by a charming road below a fine range of rocks,

dotted, almost to the snow line, with olive grounds, vineyards, and villas. On the opposite side of the gulf stand the famous temples of Pæstum, on a flat, marshy shore, where, from the end of March until November, malaria reigns supreme.

The inn here is good, and I enjoyed my solitary evening and wood fire in a comfortable armchair, where I read Byron. The evening had closed in gloomily, and just as I finished a sketch from the window the rain began to fall, so that I trembled for the morrow, and thought that my little genius had deserted me! But when I got up at six next morning the night's rain had ceased, and a grey morning promised well.

When we set off, at seven, the land wind was blowing very cold, but long before eleven o'clock, when we came in sight of the Temple of Ceres, the sun shone out and warmed the air. Oh! how disappointed I was to find this Temple close to the high road! and a little albergo (bearing the sign "Albergo di Pæstum") facing it, with heaps of loaded carts, waggons, and travelling country carriages of all descriptions. I refused to stop here, and, taking my guide, proceeded on foot to the great Temple of Neptune, with a grand basilica near it. There was no disenchantment here! An enclosure has been formed, and there they stand, on the wild ground which harmonises so well with their desolation. It would not have been possible to have seen them to greater advantage. As I looked at them the sun shone out brilliantly and lighted the rich colouring of the stone, with the background of magnificent mountains, a rich blue shadow lying in their hollows, while their peaked summits had an Alpine aspect. The crevices of their sides were filled by streaks of snow.

From a sheltered spot, where I sat for more than an hour, I gazed with growing admiration as each line

of the purest Grecian architecture appeared in its lovely and inimitable simplicity and purity.

It would require days to make a perfect drawing, and I could only bring away a souvenir of the lovely colouring. I was indeed fortunate in the brightness of the day; the air was such as poets tell of in Italy, and which I have so rarely felt since I came to the South.

As the beggars are not allowed within the enclosure, there is a sense of repose here; but I must confess that I do not feel the same interest in these unknown inhabitants of the country, which to many constitute the chief charm of these temples.

All that we know of the inhabitants of this world, prior to the introduction of Christianity, shows a debasing superstition, and impure morals. Probably these people were wise only on the fine arts; and in other things were as unrefined as the Romans.

The Etruscans have left no literature, and no decipherable inscriptions. There is no record of any inscriptions having been discovered when these temples were first found. The people were probably sensual and ignorant, merely bringing with them (if, as it is supposed, they were of Eastern origin) the mechanical arts to which they had been accustomed in their own land. It is strange that while we find in the earliest times the Pyramids, the Tower of Babel, Babylon the Great, with her splendid city and buildings, walls, gates, palaces; the most cultivated intellects of modern times are unable to produce any similar works; and least of all in England. It would seem as though the modern practical mind is unable to enter into the spirit of such useless magnificence and beauty. It is only fair to say that where railway bridges, tunnels, etc., are constructed, both beauty and grandeur of design are exhibited equal, if not superior, to any works of Roman or Grecian origin of that kind. We, who look beyond the grave, we who believe in a future life, do

not raise such monuments as the Tombs of Augustus and Cecilia Metella for a perishable body. I believe that the deeper the feeling of religion there is in a nation, the less will be the interest felt in temples, or in monuments to the dead. Who does not feel that the monument most worthy of Wellington lies in the heart and remembrance of his countrymen? Who cares for the tomb that will be erected in St. Paul's? Time was, and not long since, when the deathless words "Westminster Abbey or Victory" thrilled through the pulses of our nation. Now a more sober feeling of duty has arisen, and those volunteers who enter the Navy are moved by a different impulse. It is their wish to terminate an unjust war, and to help the weak against the tyranny of the strong. In the late war hatred of France was the master passion of England; now we are united in a righteous cause. No newspaper has taken the side of those who wish to eat the oyster while others are fighting for the shell.

Do I fancy all this? or is there really an improved national spirit due to the education and culture in the manufacturing districts, now so influential in forming public opinion?

In going to Pæstum we crossed the River Sarno without difficulty, but on our return we found the hollow leading to the river completely filled with loaded carts, waiting for the return of one which had just passed. Alas! they had restive and weak horses, so for three-quarters of an hour we remained watching their stupid and cruel attempts to drive the cart up the opposite bank: horses kicking, traces breaking, and all running back into the boat. Another horse was fetched, equally unsuccessful, and they could not be induced to unload part of the cargo until, at last, a sort of Guard insisted upon the great corn sacks being taken off. Then up they went. While we waited the diligence arrived to complete the block. Happily this

is such an aristocratic country that our carriage was allowed to take precedence of the carts ; so by dint of most skilful cutting in and out, and removal of timber which was sticking out of one cart, etc., the carriage got past, and at last we arrived on the other side of the river, and had a lovely drive home, with such a sunset as Claude Lorraine only can paint, and quite warm. But the postilion, to make up for lost time, and get home before dark, cruelly lashed the dear little horses, which before had never felt the whip. This made me quite unhappy ; for we had been such friends, standing close to their heads in the boat, and they are the most intelligent and wonderful things to go. Three little ponies took us the twenty-eight miles in four hours ; and back the *same* (after two hours' baiting) to catch up the time lost in crossing the river. I saw flocks of peewits, who go to England to lay their eggs, a sea eagle, and a hawk, great droves of beautiful pigs, and lambs, excellent farm houses and buildings, and good flocks of sheep. There are manufactories here of lace and blankets, rugs, etc., and Salerno seems a prosperous place.

February 23.—Started at seven o'clock, in the same little carriage, with the charming little horses and quiet driver, for Amalfi. Sketched Salerno from the road, and arrived at 10.30. The day most lovely, the land wind not felt on the Cornice road, and the sunrise lovely. A violent wind met us on our return to La Cava—a lovely summer inn, but cold. The Albergo Vittoria, at Amalfi, once the Capuchin convent, described by Hugh Cholmondeley, with its arcades round the interior court, and outside staircase cut in the rock, exactly answered his description. But I longed to see more, and determined to go to the front, from whence Capri and the Sirens' Isles are best seen. They proposed a boat, but happily I refused, and decided upon a donkey so far as it would go, and then to walk. Set off on foot to the Market-place

and Cathedral, and then rode the donkey up the steep covered stairs which lead to the present Convent of the Capuchins. I was in admiration of the creature's surefootedness, as it went along the cliff, up one staircase, down another, still ascending the grand and apparently inaccessible rocks on the road to Castellamare. At last the donkey could go no farther; and I found a *portantina*, with five men to relieve each other; so I thought it better to avoid the fatiguing climb (which I certainly could not have accomplished in the given time), and thus began the most tremendous ascent that I ever remember, or could have imagined. The chair was attached with ropes to two poles, and the men slipped their heads, covered with a sack, under the ropes, and relieved each other without stopping, in the manner described in Indian dak travelling. They assured me that it was perfectly safe, and I soon gained confidence as I noticed how sure-footed these picturesque figures were, with legs and feet claspings the stones, and stepping up the stairs as if on flat ground, while the *portantina* was often at a dangerous slant. But, after a time, I leant back without a fear, and the view overlooking the dark blue sea was infinitely sublime and enjoyable.

No one's life and happiness now depends upon my being well and strong; therefore my nerves are now of iron, as they never were before, and I should like to pass my life among these mountains. Nature I can still enjoy. In this way Lady Spencer described her passage of the Alps in old times, though there must always have been a good road compared to that which I threaded this morning. We continued to climb the bare face of the rock, up these *scalini* without any parapet, and the winter rains had often broken away the path. Still my noble peasants breasted the hill, and landed me safely at the Chapel of the Sacramento. Here I stopped half an hour, to enjoy the most lovely view I ever beheld, and to make a pencil sketch.

Stanfiled passed a month, and painted these scenes attended by my guide Andrea, who seems well imbued with the love of the picturesque. Our return was more rapid, and I thought less alarming, though I believe there was more risk; but not one of the five men ever made the slightest false step. When the men seemed to flag in strength, the guide began to sing, and those by the side of the *portantina* joined in chorus, while the others seemed to enjoy the chant of "Italia bella." The dark leaves of the corimbo glittered in the sunbeams! The white boats looked like swans, on the dark blue sea, which shone like mackerel scales in the sunlight. The distant Apennines beyond Pæstum, and the picturesque crags of the nearer rocks, gave a charm to the scene which will be ever present in my mind as a foretaste of Heaven. This is indeed Italy! not that vile Naples; where man is debased, and the soil exhausted, and especially disgusting to me. We left the *portantina* in a fine cave below the Capuchin Monastery. I walked down a *scalina* to the shore, where the transparent waters, and the exquisite views of caverns, boats, and figures, realised all that poetry ever described. There were no beggars, and all the people—men and women—were busily employed mending nets neatly laid in baskets. At half-past three I reached the carriage, enchanted with my expedition; and drove back in a lovely sunset along the same new Cornice road, which received fresh charms from the evening tints. I write this at La Cava, not tired, and sorry to go to bed at 10 p.m.

Saturday, 25: Naples.—Arrived here by carriage through Nocera and Castellamare to Sorrento. The sun bright with an intensely cold wind; this is generally the case at Naples. I returned home by a lovely sunset, and found all well.

Monday, 27.—Went early with Katty¹ and Mademoiselle Veit to see Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed.

¹ Katherine Shelley, afterwards Mrs. Bontein.

The Temple of Serapis, and the Amphitheatre, all interesting, and the day very fine. As usual, the wind was piercingly cold; but we went in a glass carriage, and therefore enjoyed the clear, bright atmosphere without danger. We drove to Fusaro, where we were *offered* oysters, and the people followed us to Baiæ, through which we passed to go to the extreme end of the Elysian fields, a wretched marsh. We then ascended the Capo Misene, and I saw the picturesque Piscene Mirabilis. On the summit I looked upon the Villa of Lucullus. The town is even dirtier than Naples, and I now feel just as poor Shelley did, about all this classic ground, and cannot, alas, recall the illusions which made me formerly see it as the poets painted it. In going to Baiæ we stopped at the Arco Felice, and climbed up the hills, where we had a fine extended view almost to the Mola de Gaeta. We overlooked Cumæ and the Sibyl's Grotto, associated with so many amusing incidents of old times; but now quite uninteresting! We returned home by five o'clock, and went with the Mercer-Hendersons to the Accademia ball, where I passed an agreeable evening talking over my tour with the Wharncliffes, Mrs. Craven, etc.

Tuesday.—The Baron and Baronne de Mertius arrived. They gave me such accounts of the cold, wretchedness, and barrenness of Sicily that I am glad I did not go there. They say the hills look as barren and treeless as at Naples, but with a red oriental tinge. In three days you can see all that is worth seeing at Palermo; and at this time it is impossible to go elsewhere owing to a lack of accommodation. They say that the roads are all much worse since the Revolution; and that Prince George of Saxony, when he returned from an excursion, said it was quite impossible for any woman to make the tour of the island. My informants did not see Mount Etna. In these circumstances I should have been

much disappointed if I had gone there for a month. The Viceroy, Frelanguro, lives in a wretched barraque; he was ill besides, and his charming daughter arrived only the day before they left Palermo.

On Ash Wednesday, after church, I called for the Baronne de Mertius and her little boy, and we went on an expedition to Le Camaldulé, a convent finely situated near Naples, and now of easy access, part of the way by carriage, and then on donkeys. We found violets, lilac, anemones, and periwinkle in flower. We had a lovely calm day, and I thoroughly enjoyed the excursion.

Thursday.—In the evening bade farewell to Lady Holland.

Friday.—Katty and I alone; went along the new drive just marked out, called Strada Maria Theresa, in honour of the Queen. The inscription is marked May 1853. They are beginning to put convict labour on, to finish it. The views from it are lovely, and it is more sheltered than the Strada Nuova. We rode on donkeys, and found some of the passes rather alarming, owing to the narrow tracks over the ravines, especially as the late rains have washed away the sides. In the worst parts, rough and steep, planks are laid, upon which the donkeys trod as securely as on flat ground; but the views were too lovely for any thought about danger. Since my trip to Amalfi my nerves are what they were when I was young.

Friday, March 3, was passed in leave-taking. It is the anniversary of many happy days, but now a memorable day of sorrow.

March 4.—The boat was to have left to-day, but it has not arrived.

Sunday, March 5.—After going comfortably to church, and hearing a good sermon from the Bishop of Glasgow, we went on board the boat at 2 o'clock, and found that the Mertius' had made up their minds to go too. This was a happy circumstance for me, as

it made our long voyage a party of pleasure. We encountered a rough sea as we left the Bay. I had originally intended to sleep in the carriage; but as the sea washed all over it, it had to be covered with sail-cloth, and I tried a berth for the first time. As there was a port-hole above it, I did not find it stuffy. The *Hellespont* is a French boat, having no vibration at all, and less motion than any steamer I ever was in.

March 6.—After breakfast on board, we landed at Civita Vecchia. We went to see the Baths of Trajan, a picturesque ruin on a hill. As no carriage was to be hired, a French gentleman, who had made the Baron's acquaintance, offered us his carriage, which we gratefully accepted. A troop of French cavalry happened to go at the same time. The officers came into the ruins with us, and told us of the great heat of this tepid spring at its source in the hill above. All the curios sold here are genuine, and not manufactured for the Forestieri, as at Rome and Naples. The weather still continued calm and lovely, and we watched the sun set beyond the heights of Corsica and Monte Cristo. The Corsican mountains looked like scattered islands, owing to the lower parts of the land being below the horizon. I hear that an English gentleman bought the island of Monte Cristo a few years ago to please his wife, who was enthusiastic about Dumas' description of it. They were of course much disappointed when they saw the barren reality of their new possession! Captain Caboufigue, who commands the *Hellespont*, 220 horse-power, is quite a character, but very gentlemanlike. He neither smokes nor drinks, calls his servant *maître d'hôtel*, and the stewardess his *femme de chambre*. The plate is good, and on the first day the table was extremely well served. The next day, when there were forty people, there was some scarcity; and the next, when I was too tired to dine, I heard it was very bad. I must not

forget my thanks to my little good-weather genius, for when we started the weather was not promising ; but the wind dropped that evening, and it continued perfectly calm and lovely, so that when we reached Leghorn I made up my mind to go on to Genoa by the boat, and arrived there most pleasantly on Wednesday, March 8, at three in the morning. At eight o'clock I landed, at the expense of only thirty lire and no fatigue except what I chose to give myself by accompanying the Mertius' to Pisa, and thence to the Grand Duke's cascade. It took an hour and a half to see the Cascade, and it is not worth the drive. Our packet did not leave the harbour until after six o'clock that evening.

GENOA.—I am charmed to be again on terra firma, within three *vetturino* days of Nice. I shall enjoy a few days of quiet for both mind and body. I am quite knocked up with my day at Leghorn, getting the passports *visé'd*, receiving and answering my letters, in a wretchedly cold hotel. There is a famous Turkish Bazaar here, where one would like to spend a fortune. But, as I have no reserve fund, I dare not trust myself in those tempting shops.

HÔTEL DE LA VILLE, GENOA, (*Saturday*) *March* 11.—We found our old apartment vacant, so I moved into it yesterday, and am now luxuriating in the beautiful saloon of the old Serra Palace. The ceiling has a fine fresco painting; the gilding is quite fresh; hangings have been on the walls, which are now painted in grey fresco. Marble tables, vases of beautiful blue Sèvres, French carpets, arm-chairs and every luxury. I am living at less expense than at the Feder, and the people are very obliging. I have determined to stay till next week, and enjoy the enchanting weather here, instead of on the Cornice ; and if the equinoctial gales, which Captain Cabouffigue says never fail to come between the 15th and 20th, are

due, I shall wait here till they are over. Lord and Lady Blantyre and the Mills are the only English. We have rowed round the harbour twice. On the second occasion we went out to sea far enough to enjoy the magnificent entrance to Genoa; and it was dark when we returned. No waves, and the sea a turquoise blue.

Wednesday, March 15.—The Spring vegetation is beginning here; aloes and rose-trees in leaf in the Negri Gardens, above the promenade. Genoa is a perfect Italian town; few carriages, but endless strings of mules with their jingling bells. In those narrow *vincoli* the sun never enters, so one can walk in comfort, even in the middle of the day. The Doria Gardens in the evening are a real paradise!

The moonlight is streaming over the marble terrace below our balcony, and lighting up the picturesque harbour, with its endless variety of shipping, which yesterday were all dressed with flags, in honour of the King's birthday. I sat on the balcony without even a wrap, until the eight-o'clock gun had sounded, and could scarcely resolve to go indoors; but as we are out so much, it is necessary to abridge some of the charm of contemplation. My mind has completely recovered its tone, and my body its energy, now that we have escaped that subtle climate of Naples. Katty is recovering, and is also thoroughly happy; so we shall both move away from here with regret. Yesterday I called upon Madame de Balbi, and find that her hatred of Naples exceeds my own. She enjoys her Genoese freedom of thought and speech, and is *ultra* Italian. She believes that Italy is fit for independence. Genoa certainly is, and I think also the whole of Piedmont, where the greatest improvements are in progress. The railway—now completed—forms a link between Genoa and Turin. Last Sunday evening we saw the whole population invade the station, to see the evening

train depart. I never saw Italians so clean, or so well dressed; the neatness and *tenue* of the fair bourgeois are perfectly admirable. They all enjoyed their *Festa* cheerfully; in the morning, all going with books to church, and then to amuse themselves.

We walked through the narrow ways, and saw whole families seated at their doors, enjoying the balmy air. We did not see any signs of discontent, nor were we accosted by beggars. At the fruit shop we were told that the greatest care is taken of the poor in Genoa, where is an excellent hostel to receive them, and where they are very comfortable. Madame de Balbi told me that in Genoa every one can get a living. About five o'clock every street is swept and watered by old men and boys, employed by the authorities, and there are no bad smells except from the cheese shops. The Genoese ladies walk about alone; and when one asks one's way, it is pointed out with the greatest civility. Last night, in answer to my inquiry, a labourer said, "That is the shortest, but this way there is a '*bellissima veduta!*'" and so indeed it proved.

No one in a carriage can appreciate the full charm of Genoa; every corner and little piazza, with its fruit and flower stalls, is a picture; and every woman a study for the painter. Sunday here is especially delightful. The English Church is remarkably well served by Mr. Studley. As we walked there, we saw men and women, officers with their wives carrying their prayer-books, neatly dressed, with veils of either transparent muslin or chintz, coquettishly folded around them, and fixed above the comb with pins. The population was on its way to church, whither they all seem to go at the same hour, in an endless stream, as in Edinburgh. After church they assemble to listen to the military bands, to walk on the promenade, or to watch the departure of the railway trains, which are still objects here of novelty

and great interest. The flower girls sit in the streets on Sundays, and just outside the gates there are stalls for bread, biscuits, etc., but in the town every shop is closed, and the inhabitants give themselves up to enjoy their *Festa*, after a week of toil lasting from sunrise until five every evening. Then the port becomes perfectly quiet, the streets and *vincoli* are swept, and every cart and mule departs.

There are several theatres open every night, and there is evidently a great increase of prosperity—due, probably, to opening the railway. Lord and Lady Blantyre have passed the winter here, and have now taken a villa for the Spring. He looks very ill.

March 19.—After church went to bid adieu to the dear Doria Gardens, where it is always warm and sunny. The sunset was lovely; two ships under sail were entering the harbour, while a countless number of sailing-boats were gliding over the smooth water. The distant hills wore a lovely lilac hue, and altogether the scene was as enchanting as when I first beheld it, fresh from reading of my favourite hero the great Admiral Doria, in Robertson's "Charles the Fifth." The gardener tells me that the eastern wing is to be let. I went to look at the apartments; and again saw the rooms of my old hero, and the Gallery of the Cinquecento, which remains precisely as he left it. I think seriously of passing next winter here. The Doria Palace has all the attributes of both town and country, for the garden and terraces are lovely, and perfect repose reigns here, except when, three times a day, the railway whistle gives signals of the arrival of the post, and therefore of civilisation.

March 20.—Left Genoa at half-past nine, by *vetturino*. We found the road to beyond Sestri blocked with carts, owing to the building of the new fort at the Faro. We stopped to look at Cagoletto, which claims to have been the birthplace of Christopher Columbus—indeed they show the house

in which he was born. Just before we reached it, we saw several palm-trees, and large aloes grew wild by the road-side, forming a hedge, as at Naples. The buds, formed on stems at least twenty feet high, were about to burst into flower.

This road is very beautiful at this season: the almond and peach make the gardens pink, and the houses are painted to match. I saw a large château, surrounded by a grove of orange-trees, while pink orchards formed a strong contrast to the green trees behind them. My eyes are now rested from the fearful glare of Naples, and I thoroughly enjoy these graceful pine-woods, deciduous oaks not yet in leaf, juniper, and the verdant beech, with its broad, bright leaves. The sun shone brilliantly the whole day; and I thought the dark blue sea, with its fringe of tiny waves which broke on the pale sands, was lovely.

In every creek fisher-folk were drawing their nets towards the shore. We passed a picturesque town where quantities of barges and boats were building. The whole population seemed to be occupied in rope-making, carpentering, etc., and women sat in circles on the shore whirling their distaffs. We did not meet a beggar until we crossed the frontier town of Savoy, and then only a few. The road to Savona, where we sleep to-night, is less cared for than on the other side, and it would be most terrifying to travel post. The streets are so narrow that two carriages cannot pass, and the corners so sharp that it is a miracle how collisions are avoided. We met not less than five diligences; luckily we had room to pass, but it was a mere chance. I am lost in admiration of the good temper of the Italians. They never swear about trifles; and once we were disentangled out of a mass of vehicles and mules in a wonderful manner, by the patience of the people and the docility of the animals.

A twelve hours' journey from Savona brought us to Oneglia; the whole route formed a panorama of

endless variety and beauty. The mountains were especially effective. At first they were clothed by olive-groves, and latterly magnificently bare and wild. When it grew dark I felt some misgivings, as there was no moon, and I was afraid that we should encounter some of those awful-looking diligences, which come tearing down the hills and sharp corners in the most reckless manner. However, we fortunately met only one ascending the last hill, and so we arrived safely at Oneglia just as the bells chimed seven.

March 21.—The drive through pink orchards, filled with peach and almond trees in full bloom, and the early vegetables, peas and beans in blossom, was entrancing. The high church steeples make every village a picture; some of the churches are built of the purest white marble, while others are gaily painted, like the houses. The inn is detestable; quite in the old style, except that there are iron bedsteads, which forms one of the most prosperous trades at Genoa. The next day we slept at Mentone. The route was even more lovely than on the preceding day, owing to the wide cultivation of the date-palm, which is used not only for decorating the churches on Palm Sunday, but for making fences to shelter the crops from the sea breeze. Mentone is a charming spot; this clean, pretty town was once the property of poor Prince Joseph de Monaco. As I passed through his petty Principality I was reminded of his death at Paris in 1817. During the emigration after the Revolution, the Prince had borrowed £500 from Shelley. When, in 1816, we passed through Paris we found him established in his fine hotel, so Shelley, thinking the moment propitious, asked for repayment of the loan. To this the Prince agreed, but asked us to allow the debt to stand over until our return from our tour to Vienna and Italy. Accordingly, a few days after we returned to Paris, we drove to the Prince's hotel, and on inquiring for him were told that he was dying,

and at that very moment was receiving the last Sacraments! The next day we heard of his death. So ended the payment of this debt of honour. The amount was to have been expended in pretty furniture for the library, then building at Maresfield, and I confess I truly lamented the untimely death of Prince Joseph de Monaco; although when I look at his territories I cannot understand how he could ever have wrung £500 out of his subjects. The old distich is very apposite :

“Son Monaco sop’ un Scaglio
Non semino, e non raccolgo,
E pur mangiar voglio !”

Mentone is, however, in a highly cultivated country produced by artificially raised terraces. The Prince's successor no longer possesses it ; but after the Revolution they gained their liberty, and, though nominally under the King of Piedmont, they pay no taxes, and govern themselves. There is another village, more in the interior, belonging to this little domain. At the table d'hôte there were only three persons besides ourselves, and one of them proved an agreeable acquaintance, Leone Affredi, a *propriétaire* at Nice and Mentone. After seeing the sun rise over the little bay, from the window of the inn, I went out, before breakfast, to sketch. Fisher-folk were drawing in a great net. The dress of the women is decidedly picturesque. They wear a black velvet roll round the head, with several long ends, such as are worn by young ladies in England ; such handsome, graceful women ! Mentone is one of the many places on the Cornice where one feels an inclination to settle for life. But without society or civilisation it would scarcely suit me, except for economy and retirement.

NICE, *March* 25.—We are arrived, and comfortably settled in the Hôtel des Empereurs, on the Quai, which reminds me of the Lung' Arno at Florence, though of course far inferior. The new town is just

like Brighton, with a shingly beach. I delight in Nice!

March 27.—I explored the narrow streets on the first day, hoping to find them like Genoa, but they are intolerably dirty. The people very civil and intelligent, but, alas! speaking bad French; and I grieve that I no longer hear Italian—that sweet language of poetry and imagination! We have been to-day to the Capuchin Convent, from whence there is a prettier and quite as extensive a view as from the Capo di Monte at Naples.

The advantage of Nice over Naples is in its country walks and drives, instead of the monotonous villa and the Strada Nuova; but then, I have not passed three months here! My apartment is cheap, and thoroughly comfortable. The table d'hôte is remarkably good, especially the cooking, and, what is more rare, as good carving as at an English table.

Left Nice after a quiet and most happy three weeks. I have hired the Gastaud Villa for next winter. Slept Easter Monday, April 17, at Fréjus, and the 18th at Toulon. Madame du Bignon has most kindly sent me letters to the Préfet Maritime. He sent his aide-de-camp, Louis le Fèvre, to do the honours. We went to the Arsenals. Everything requisite for the men-of-war, both building, fitting, and armament, is made on the spot. Seventy furnaces are at work in a line. Owing to the use of olive oil instead of fish oil, there is no unpleasant smell, and all the machinery is beautifully worked by steam engines. The model room of ships and the armoury are very interesting. The latter is a curious proof of French love for ornament. Out of the different parts of guns, etc., different trophies are erected in the form of fruit and flowers. There was a beautiful balustrade round a statue composed entirely of the fractional parts of guns and shot. We then entered a fourteen-oared boat, rowed by sailors dressed in our yacht fashion. But how differently

they rowed! They "caught crabs" every minute, and splashed us all over! We rowed to the frigate where the Naval School is held, and where there are six hundred students besides the ship's company. We were to have left on the following day for Marseilles, but at dinner the courier came to say that no horses could be had, as they had been engaged for Lord Shrewsbury and le Ministre de la Guerre. As we were determined to enjoy ourselves, we walked out. We drove to the Fort St. Catherine, from which Napoleon defended Toulon in 1793—a fine view over the Rade; then, by the outer boulevards, to several other forts, and finished up by walking half-way up to the Fort Rouge, and saw the points where Bonaparte erected batteries which compelled Lord Keith to withdraw his fleet. We returned by the beautiful Place, and saw the Hôtel of the Préfet-Maritime, where a large force of soldiers were being drilled preparatory to joining the army of the East.

April 21.—We started for Marseilles, after a night of heavy rain, which had laid the dust and somewhat abated the wind. On the stairs of our hotel I met the Marquis de Pacq,¹ who had just arrived, after a stormy sea passage from Naples. Walked round the Port, which is completely mercantile, and reminded me of Liverpool. I saw the English steamer preparing to embark Lord Raglan. Had I been alone I should have asked to see him, but, with my party, I thought it best not to send to him, although Poulett Somerset would then have told me all the news. I believe, however, it is quite certain that the cavalry will not pass through France, and that the Duke of Cambridge is gone to Vienna. It is most interesting to see the cordial feeling of the French towards us now!

The following extracts, taken from the visitors'

¹ The Marquis de Pacq was a member of the Household of Louis XVI. prior to the Revolution.

book at the Grande Chartreuse, exemplify the divergent views of travellers ;

"If second thoughts are best, second visits at least are not always so. I arrived here with my son and his tutor on Saturday, August 25, and was obliged, by an accident, to remain here forty-eight hours: perhaps, as Richard says, 'I outlived their liking.' The General refused me a sight of their library, and the cook the necessary food. I quit this place (to use a fashionable expression) more penetrated with cold than the civility of the house; more loaded with compliments than with food; and after seeing two swaggering Capuchins pass through the portico with their paunches as full as their wallets, I cannot help recollecting the Scripture expression: 'He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away.' As to the good Fathers, they always remind me of Virgil's sentiments on the inhabitants of the Shades below.

"FREDERICK HERVEY, Bishop of Derry."¹

"I had the happiness of passing an entire day (July 24, 1765) in this romantic place with the good Fathers of the Grand Chartreuse, and I reckon it amongst the most agreeable of my life. I was charmed with the hospitality and polite ease I met with, and edified by the conversation of the Père Général and Père Coadjuteur. The savageness of the woods, the gloom of the rocks, and the perfect solitude conspire to make the mind pensive, and lull to rest all the turbulent and guilty passions of the soul. I felt much regret at leaving the place and the good Fathers: but I carry with me the liveliest sense of their goodness.

"JOHN WILKES, Anglois."²

AVIGNON, *April* 24.—Two very long, tedious days to Lyons; the railway approaching completion, therefore

¹ The Bishop of Derry succeeded his brother as Earl of Bristol in 1779. He was born in 1730, and died in 1803.

² John Wilkes (1727-97), founder of the "North Briton." Was arrested in 1763 for publishing a libel on George III., but discharged on ground of privilege as Member of Parliament. He was subsequently expelled from the House of Commons for libel. Hogarth's celebrated caricature represents him as holding the cap of Liberty.

the road and posting bad, and rendered still worse by the expected arrival of the English (Indian) mail, which was eight hours behind time on the 26th, owing to a bad passage across the Channel, by which they missed the convoy and had to come by land. We arrived at Lyons at seven o'clock, stayed there at the Hôtel de l'Univers the 27th, and now, the 28th, at Mâcon on the Saône. The inn at Chalon is said to be so bad that we preferred not to go on. "We shall have a long day to-morrow to Dijon. At Lyons Monsieur M——, the silk mercer, who is employed by all the English, was most amiable, and took us to see the silk and velvet manufactories. When he heard my name, and found that I was the mother of "Lord Shelley," "le charmant jeune homme et sa femme la plus amiable des Anglaises," he overwhelmed me with politeness. Mons. — has orders without end to execute; and one for our Queen, who, as usual, has chosen a bright rose-coloured dress. He had been to Windsor, and told me of the Queen's intended visit to Paris on May 10. We then listened to the band on the Place Belcour, and drove to the new Faubourg Napoléon. The statue of Louis XIV. is in the Place Belcour, and the old Emperor, in his peculiar costume, in the new Quartier. The number of bridges over both rivers is remarkable, and in returning from the Rue Constantin (where the factories are situated) we passed the Citadel, standing on a great height, from whence the views of the town are splendid. The Hôtel de Ville, which is as black with smoke as Somerset House, is now under repair. The statues of the Rhône and Saône are not what I had imagined, and are very black.

MÂCON, *April* 28.—This is written in a charming bedroom with curtains drawn across the bed, to form a Salon.

PARIS, *May* 10.—We are comfortably settled at the

Hôtel Bristol, Place Vendôme. Last night I dined with the Seftons and Lady Louisa Oswald.

May 16.—I have just heard the very sad news of the death of my dear granddaughter, Emma Edgcumbe. Poor child! only eighteen. This will, of course, prevent my going out into society.

May 25.—We have driven constantly in the Bois de Boulogne. I have revisited most of the places associated with those happy days in 1815. I have been watching the rapid demolition of the old Rue de Rivoli, and the erection of new houses on that historic site. We have frequently met the Emperor and Empress in our drives and walks in the by-paths of the Bois, where the new lake is forming. The weather has prevented us from thoroughly enjoying our excursions.

FULHAM, *June 10.*—We came here in one day from Paris!

September 1.—Here I am at Rufford Hall, my dear old home. How happy I am to be here once more, on the scene of so many memories!

September 24.—The Rectory, Bere Ferrers! What joy to return once more to the true home of my heart and affections! Here I breathe the atmosphere of love, where everything bears the impress of a truly Christian spirit, and where my dear son and his wife make all around them happy.

I make a note of the following letter, written by Lord Bute to his friend Baron Mure, of the Scots Exchequer, which is particularly interesting:

“LUTON PARK, *March 2, 1761.*

“DEAR BARON,

“Few are the real friends that fifty years of life have made; for within a twelvemonth I have seen so much that I blush at my former credulity, and now know that the school of politics, and the possession of

power, is neither the school of friendship nor the earnest of affection. Attachment, gratitude, love, and real respect are too tender plants for Ministerial gardens. Attempt to raise them, and they are either chilled on their first springing, or, if they once appear, they fade with the very nourishment that is given them. The inexperienced statesman fares exactly like the woman who, by fattening too much her hen, lost all her eggs.

"I am glad you think of coming southward this year. You will probably find me in town; not from any business I can have there, but from it suiting better my age and spirits than a country life, which I have had now six months of. Luton for the future will seldom see me, but for a day or two in a week.

"Adieu, etc., etc., etc.,

"BUTE."

The views expressed by Lord Bute are very similar to those expressed by the Duke of Wellington after he had been a year or two in office. The Duke told me that he was beginning to doubt the attachment even of his best friends; and that it soured him to see the importunity of all those who approached him. It grieved me to see how, year by year, a something was lost of that affectionate, confiding buoyancy of spirit which in other days had been the Duke's great charm, and had captivated all who approached him.

On October 30 my son Spencer joined me at the London Bridge station, and we crossed over to sleep at Boulogne. Drove early to see the French camp, through the most picturesque market and town I have seen since my early travels in France, where the railroads now make everything quite English. At Paris we settled at the Hotel Chatham, which is both cheap and nasty; and especially *dark*.

On November 1 we awoke to a fog such as I thought London only could have produced. This lasted three days, so, in despair of fine weather, we

went to Versailles. As nothing was to be seen out of the windows of the Palace, we devoted our undivided attention to Horace Vernet's " Battles "; and walked through the whole eight miles of pictures—which I had never done before, and which occupied us till the return train to Paris. My son Spencer and I walked about the streets, as I had done during my visit in 1815. Sir Alexander and Lady Woodford are in our hotel.

November 5.—Left Paris and slept at Lyons. Next day went by boat on the Rhône: the scenery like the Rhine, but a bitter cold *bise* wind. Went by rail and slept at Avignon. Then by rail to Marseilles, and slept at the Hôtel des Etrangers.

The next day we started by diligence at 6 o'clock, passed the Esterelles in a snowstorm, but at Cannes the sun rose and revived our drooping spirits. The lovely views on every side enabled us to bear the intense fatigue of travelling for so many hours, without even stopping to eat. We lost nearly an hour on the frontier, while all the passengers and baggage of the diligence were strictly searched. At about 11 o'clock we reached the Hôtel des Etrangers, and, after a comfortable breakfast, Monsieur Gastaud accompanied us to take possession of his most charming Villa Gastaud, which I have hired for six months. Spencer's surprise at the beauty of my Paradise, and his enjoyment of Italian scenes and skies (for he had not been out of England for twenty years), makes me as happy as it is ever the lot of mortals to be. We have repeated all our last spring's excursions; and we have paid Lord Brougham a visit, at his pretty château at Cannes. It is a mere cottage, compared to my palazzo, but the view from it is lovely. It is warm, and is situated in an orange grove, with a forest of pines rising behind it. Heather grows here, and every tender shrub that we so prize in our conservatories at home. We were five hours driving to Cannes.

We had been delayed, first by the Douane—where our hired conveyance required a pass which the men had neglected to secure—then our horses were completely knocked up, owing to the dreadful state of the roads ; for it poured with rain the greater part of the way. So we arrived just as dinner was announced. As I had not brought a maid, I had a curious scramble to get ready ; and, for the first time in my life, I unpacked my carpet bag.

Mr. Walford (Brougham's English neighbour), Monsieur and Madame Tripet, and another foreigner, with Lady Williams and ourselves, formed the party. I thought Brougham rather broken, and decidedly dull. And yet the dinner was amusing ; the more so on account of his bad French ! There were mince-pies, which he dressed himself with burnt brandy. On his praising them to his French guests, they naturally asked what they were made of ? Brougham with perfect *sang froid* replied : " beaucoup de choses ; des raisons, de la viande, et *du sueur*," whereupon the French looked aghast—doubting whether to drop the bit on their forks—but the whisper of "*suif de bœuf*" set everything right ; and my Lord never discovered his amusing mistake ! When the guests departed Brougham brightened up a little ; although decidedly out of spirits. A letter had arrived telling him that Lockhart was dying ; and the published list of the killed and wounded at the battle of Inkerman would be enough to sadden any one with a particle of feeling ; and Brougham has more than most men *of his age*. A very good account of Lord Jersey from himself, and a letter from Caroline Poulett, led to interesting gossip.

The next morning I was up before the sun, which rose so bright and lovely that every one felt its influence, and Brougham joined us on the terrace. At half-past nine we had breakfast, and an incessant flow of anecdote. Remarks on the war, comparison

with killed at Waterloo, reference to Alison¹ for numbers, which are correct when official, but otherwise not very reliable. Brougham gave me an amusing account of Ouvrard's visit to him at Brougham Hall, not long before he died, with endless anecdotes, Ouvrard had told him about Napoleon. Ouvrard happened to have been at Paris when Napoleon returned from Elba. Napoleon sent for him and ordered him to supply an immense sum of money, within fifteen days. When Ouvrard, four days later, produced the money, Napoleon was so much pleased that he told him he should have the greatest reward he could give him. This was to be attached to his person, and to accompany Napoleon to the frontiers as his extra aide-de-camp. This was done to keep Ouvrard in sight, and so prevent his going over to the King. It was thus that he was present at the battle of Waterloo; and was properly frightened at the bullets, until *sauve qui peut* set him free, and he went off as best he could. He overtook Napoleon on the road to Paris. Napoleon chose to act the sentimental, and deplored the great loss of his braves. To comfort him, Ouvrard said the loss of the English must be quite as great. Napoleon replied: "Oui, mais ils n'ont pas perdu la bataille, comme nous!" Ouvrard went on to comment upon Napoleon having quite lost his head; declared that he took no decided steps; that he loitered in Paris, and at Malmaison, instead of going back to his army, which, forty thousand strong, was beyond the Loire. Brougham told me that when he mentioned this to the Duke of Wellington, he said: "It is perfectly true. If he had put himself at the head of that army, we were in a scrape; but by going on board the *Bellerophon* the game was up, as the English Ministers were firm in not allowing him to land. It was only by coercion, however, that they

¹ Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe," in many respects a very valuable record of events, but his statements not always reliable.

prevented George the Fourth from receiving Bonaparte! The King wanted to hold him as a captive. There can be little doubt that if Bonaparte had got to London, the Whig Opposition were ready to use him as their trump card, to overturn the Government!" This is interesting, as Brougham must have known the truth.

At twelve o'clock we went into the library, where Brougham had prepared chairs, and prayer-books for all. He read the service himself; but so fast (though distinct) that it was difficult to keep up with him in the responses. He omitted the Litany, but read the Lessons admirably.

We were obliged to return to Nice that evening, as Spencer's leave was nearly ended. Our drive home was enchanting; and I enjoyed a four hours' talk with my dear son: whose feelings and turn of mind suit and interest me so much! The villages we passed were full of well-dressed, costumed peasants, who were enjoying the fêtes. I admired the beauty of Antibes, with its picturesque castle, and port, filled with vessels rigged with lateen sails. Beyond lay the blue Mediterranean backed by hills, and a ridge of snow mountains, with the Col de Tenda in the distance. I never shall forget this drive. I must not grieve to part with my son, as he is returning to his happy home; while so many mothers are parting with their sons to go to this dreadful war,¹ the details of which break our hearts. There is scarcely a family that has not lost either a relative or a friend! Then these dreadful butcheries of the wounded, by those barbarians! Poor Hubert Greville, Algy's son, being only slightly wounded, was bayoneted in cold blood as he lay on the ground! Admiral Elliott tells me that they are all fresh troops at Inkerman, and that the young Grand-Dukes were in such a hurry to retreat, that they rode over their own troops in getting back to Sevastopol!

¹ The war in the Crimea.

NICE, VILLA GASTAUD, *February* 3.—Our carnival has been fabulously gay and pleasant, but of this I will write later. I want to record the fête here on Fanny Edgcumbe's birthday, February 2, when all the peasants belonging to Gastaud danced in our court-yard. The gardens were illuminated, and the effect of their national dances to the tune of the "Ros-sinol" reminded me of the poet's description :

"In Tempē's vale : her native maids to some unwearied minstrel dancing." ¹

Their costume consisted of white muslin with black and red velvet jackets. Upon their classical heads they wore black velvet ; and their grace and perfection in dancing was like some Italian fresco, or, as people here said : a "décoration d'Opéra." A military band of thirty-five sat on a raised platform, and the new French *lamperon*, in the shape of flowers, illuminated the garden. At the farther end there was a temporary ballroom, in a bosquet of roses which was lighted by lamps reflected in mirrors. There was a well-stretched canvas sheet to dance on. After vales, polkas and quadrilles, the Duke of Hamilton's piper played Scotch reels ; and the Duke danced, as he used to do when Lord Douglas, in Fanny's young days. Before the dancing began, the fireworks and illuminations of the Malakoff Tower were quite beautiful. There were blue and red lights ending with a complete *Incendie*, which lighted up the woods and beautiful pine-trees in a very effective manner. The Comte de Montalivet ² was sheltered from the open windows (for the balcony was filled all the evening) in my little boudoir, where the Duchesse de Sagan and he enjoyed the scene like young things, and as they had seen so many fêtes, this one must have been especially fine. They say that it will never be forgotten at Nice. Our dinner

¹ Collins' "Ode to the Passions" (1746).

² One of Louis Philippe's Ministers.

party consisted of seventeen, and I made Sir George Brown¹ the hero of the day, which also celebrated the Triple Alliance, and the prospects of peace.

When we came out from dinner the band played "God save the Queen." The peasants then assembled in the hall, and presented Fanny with an immense basket of *violettes de Parme*, which scented the whole house. The bouquet which Monsieur Gastaud had given her in the morning, containing one hundred and twenty camellias, was of such enormous dimensions that we had it measured, and afterwards painted by Traschell, a local artist.

¹ General Sir George Brown had served with distinction in the Peninsula. He had commanded the Light Division in the Crimea.

CHAPTER XXII

IRELAND

September 7, 1858.—I left Fulham on August 5 for a tour in Ireland. After a short stay at Bray, where I enjoyed the seaside in glorious weather, I went on to Woodstock Park, by Kilkenny, to Thomastown. I was enchanted by the scenery as we drove through the deer park and saw the Bridge of Inistiage. In the house there was a merry party of Irish girls, free and hearty—excellent in principles and conduct. I here met Colonel Hastings Doyle, an old beau, and the pleasant, witty Currie Conollan.

September 13.—Crossed the wooden bridge over the Nore, a fine tidal river which flows through Woodstock, and arrived at Castle Boro', Lord Carew's place in County Wexford. Here I met a young Italian, named Bartolini, who has been in the Guardia Nobile, has fought during the revolution of 1848, has married a beautiful Irish girl, and has settled down at a small farm in County Wicklow. He has a rich baritone voice, and as Lord and Lady Carew sing tenor and soprano, we had good music every evening.

September 16.—By tumble-down post-horses to Waterford, where I slept at an inn; and thence, by Clonmel and the picturesque town of Cahir, to Limerick.

Next day we journeyed on to Mallow in pouring rain. The Herberts had not sent to meet us, so we got into one of those "inside" cars through which the water poured from every crack in the decayed leather

roof. In these circumstances I held my open umbrella over my head, as we trundled those six Irish miles along a kind of watercourse hemmed in by high stone walls. When, at last, we reached the lodge gates, we found the approach to the house covered with logs of wood, which had been placed there to compel the cars to work the road evenly!

It was a strange jerking that we got! In and out, side to side, in real Irish fashion, up to the front door. We could see nothing all the way owing to a dense shrubbery, which I presume had been planted for that very purpose!

I found the Herberts alone—no one staying there except Lady Elinor Balfour and her son Charlie. Currie Conollan had been asked to meet me here, but he was unfortunately too ill to move. This spoilt our party, for the children and the dogs monopolise the conversation. Mrs. Herbert's sketches of the country and the lakes, round Muckross, are poetically beautiful, with effects of light and shade which I never saw equalled. We passed one whole day on the lake, and drove about every day, but on the whole I was disappointed. The lakes were not blue, but of a muddy colour. This, I am told, was caused by a huge waterspout, which destroyed several bridges, and has raised the level of the lake by five or six feet. The banks were strewn with haystacks, timber from flooded cottages, and other débris, so that I did not see Killarney to the best advantage. But I am of opinion that its beauties have been exaggerated. To me they are as nothing after the Italian lakes, and I much prefer the lakes of Cumberland.

I have been much surprised to find the ecclesiastical buildings in Ireland so small. St. Kelvin's Abbey, in County Wicklow, is remarkably diminutive. The so-called Druids' Altar near Cabintuly is simply a cromlech, like those on Dartmoor.

We went by Mallow, Limerick and Roscrea to

Parsonstown, where Lord Rosse's carriage met us, and took us to Birr Castle, thus fulfilling my great wish in coming to Ireland. I longed to see the great telescope, but unfortunately during my short stay there the atmosphere was too dense for observations. The comet was the object which I so much wished to see, but the moon being at its full, this was not possible. However, I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to these dear people, and we are become real friends. Lord Rosse speaks so modestly of "what we have done," although he not only invented, but carried the whole work out himself, being assisted by his own labourers on the estate. He has thus erected a workshop in the fosse of the picturesque old castle, whose battlements command the town. Parsonstown is well built, cheerful, and flourishing. I am much impressed, everywhere in Ireland, by the fatherly care that is taken of the poor. The cottages are, for the most part, well cared for, and tidy, with the exception of the places—like Thomastown and Buttivant—where the people refuse to give up possession for any reasonable price.

The Rosses had parties to meet me, and there was a great deal of amateur music.

September 27.—We went to Ballyfin, to meet the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Eglinton. Sir Charles Coote had written pressing letters inviting me to go there. I fully expected to be bored to death. But, to my astonishment, on arriving I found one of the finest Italian houses that I had ever seen, filled with works of art, and a profusion of beautiful pictures. There were tables and cabinets of fine *pietra dura*; the best Landseers and Stanfields that I had ever seen; grand Murillos, chiefly in his first manner, and various pictures that would have made the mouth of a connoisseur water. We sat down to dinner twenty-six every day. The Lord-Lieutenant was received by Sir Charles Coote's tenantry at the Maryborough

railway station. There was a grand display of torches, and a firing of cannon from the castle tower.

The circle, before dinner, was rather formal, but it passed off fairly well. Unfortunately a telegram arrived announcing the death of Lord Clanwilliam. This kept away the De Vescis and the Meaths, so that, as things turned out, I became the lady to sit next to Lord Eglinton, and we renewed our old acquaintance. In the evening there was dancing, which took off every vestige of stiffness.

We passed three days here, and then returned to Parsonstown, at the express invitation of Lord Rosse.

Lord Eglinton invited me to the Viceroyal Lodge, but I declined the honour. He then begged me to write and tell him when it would suit me to visit him.

BIRR CASTLE, *October 4*.—This castle has stood three sieges. The additions made on the old foundations make it a very comfortable residence, and here the world-renowned telescope was constructed by Lord Rosse. His own workmen were employed under his personal directions. He has shown me the whole construction. It is as manageable as an ordinary microscope. The planet Jupiter, the only one visible, required a great elevation, and as I stood in the gallery suspended in mid-air I felt as safe as on terra firma. I had a good view of the comet, which loses much of its brilliancy when magnified, and is far better seen through an opera glass; but Lord Rosse intends, within the next few days, to make observations on the nucleus, to assist in solving the problem whether the comet's light is wholly reflected, or whether it has a proper light of its own. I saw a double star, Beta Cygnis. Each individual star has a different colour. I walked along the tube of the great telescope by daylight with Lord Rosse. A man six feet high can stand erect there.

October 7.—To-day I have seen the great telescope, but it was only *en passant* to Doneraile. At Roscrea I saw a party of wild Irish taking leave of their friends who were emigrating to America. The men were simply crying, but the women were in a frantic state. The police were compelled to drag them off the foot-boards of the railway carriages while the departing train was in motion.

It was close to Roscrea that Dr. Ely was murdered ; and I must say I never saw so degraded-looking a population as that which we saw that day.

At Doneraile there were many dilapidated houses, many of them roofless. These people will not give up possession of these hovels—even when offered compensation—and it is a great annoyance to Lady Doneraile to see them at the gates of their beautiful demesne, whose sparkling river so inspired Spenser that he described it in his “Faery Queen.” Spenser’s residence, now in ruins, is only a mile away.

In the house at Doneraile I saw the portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Aldworth, the daughter of the first Viscount Doneraile, who married Richard Aldworth, from whom the estates descended, by reversion, to the present Lord Doneraile.

This lady is celebrated as having been made a Freemason in order to save her life. I was shown the room where the lodge was held by her father, and the window in which she hid herself, to spy upon the ceremony of raising one of the members of the lodge to the degree of Master Mason. The story is told that this young girl became so frightened at all she saw and heard, that she left her niche and crept along the dark part of the room, and tried to rush out of the door. But it being securely fastened, she was seized by the inner guard, who threatened to take her life. The Master, who happened to be her father, said that he would not interfere to save her if, in the opinion of all the members, she ought to

die. There was a long deliberation; then one of the members of the lodge proposed that she should at once be initiated into all the mysteries of the Craft. This was accordingly done, and there she stands, in full Masonic dress, which does not ill become the hard-featured, masculine wearer of it. She seems to have been born in 1695, and to have been an excellent Freemason until, in 1775, she died.

I went over to see Lord Egmont's castle, which was built in the reign of King John, and has not been altered since. It has seven or eight stories, with only one room on each, approached by a narrow, winding stone stair. The dining-room is on the third floor. Rude weapons hang upon the guard-room wall. There is a fine view from the top.

DONERAILE, *October 9*.—We are eating honey from Hymettus. Lord Rosse says that if the highlands in the Isthmus of Panama were depressed, the waters would naturally wash into the Pacific Ocean, and our country would once more have a climate like that of Russia, which, according to our latitude, we ought to have.

The Seniors are here. He has MS. journals of ten years, written while at Paris, in the form of dialogue. All the most distinguished men thus give their views on political affairs. When the work was finished he submitted it to each person for correction. Many of these views contradict each other, but all agree that Louis Napoleon is losing his *prestige* as the representative of material prosperity and public order. He can now only maintain order by fresh excitement, and they think a war in Italy is more probable than one with England. The Emperor's *entourage* is composed of persons of the lowest order of intellect. The great men in France all chafe under the nullity in which they are forced to live. Senior says they willingly gave him information as the only means at their

disposal of expressing their opinions. They all seem to agree that an Orleans dynasty must ultimately govern France. The narrow escape of the Emperor makes them more certain that some plot of assassination will ultimately succeed, and that a Regency is out of the question. Both the Emperor and Empress, the latter especially, wished to save Orsini, but did not dare to do so. Louis Napoleon has lost confidence in his star. He has become loquacious, and listens to the advice of every one, instead of being concentrated, as he was before the attempts upon his life. The Empress has great faith in Prince Napoleon.

The Russians at Paris augur ill of the Emperor of Russia's attempt to emancipate the serfs. Prince Chernicheff, who is here, says that the Emperor will succeed; and that before he came to the throne people thought he was a nonentity—this was part of his policy—but since his accession he has surprised them all by his talents for governing. Chernicheff declares that the Grand Duke Constantine does not interfere with the government, and only directs naval affairs. Is this the speech of a courtier? Chernicheff is aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, who, on account of the state of his health, has kindly attached him to the Roman Legation, that he may not lose his military rank while away from the Court.

THE PALACE, ARMAGH, *October 25*.—While staying with the Primate I this day visited the celebrated Observatory, where Dr. Robinson himself showed me all the curious instruments, and I will try to set down some of his information. First he showed me a model of the large crater in the moon, as seen in Lord Rosse's telescope, and modelled by himself and Lord Rosse together. The crater is so huge that in the centre of it there is a small hollow in which Mont Blanc could be packed, without rising above the surface.

There is a novel theory which Lord Rosse told me is being discussed just now. It is suggested that the moon is of the shape of an egg, with the large end towards us. Some scientist is trying to prove this, and that on the other side of the moon there may be an atmosphere, and consequently inhabitants, and vegetation. But this is, of course, mere speculation.

I told Dr. Robinson that I had often heard Lord Rosse spoken of as a mere mechanician; and I asked him to tell me what were his claims as a discoverer. He expressed the utmost contempt for those who so undervalue Lord Rosse's discoveries, which he said are five. In the first place, he discovered the atomic proportion in which copper and tin amalgamate without rusting. (I *think* he said 8 copper, 2 tin.) A fraction more or less would render the mirror useless. Secondly, the mode of casting—namely, by leaving the vessels open at the sides, so as to admit the passage of air from the metal to disperse the bubbles. Thirdly, the method of polishing. Dr. Robinson showed me a four-inch speculum which, being made nearly perfect, had taken the man two years to polish, whereas by Lord Rosse's method a six-foot speculum can be polished in five hours, and with the certainty of success. Fourthly, he said something about the back being rough and in lumps, by which the refuse metal or alloy is got rid of by Lord Rosse's plan; and, fifthly, the invention of an eccentric motion given to the machine by which the edges can be made as flat as the centre; and, what I forgot to mention, that in Lord Rosse's plan the speculum is below and the polisher above—whereas before, the speculum was above and many polishing ingredients to rub it upon being below; this created great uncertainty. Dr. Robinson has himself made a speculum of about a foot in diameter on Lord Rosse's plan, but not having a steam engine he worked it by hand.

In the Observatory there is an admirable con-

trivance, which Lord Rosse thinks of adopting. The roof is movable, and, by means of an ingenious instrument, he makes the telescope follow a star, keeping it always in focus, so long as it is above the horizon. By this contrivance the object can be seen without delay, or trouble of adjustment; and the person making observations has both hands free, which is in itself a great advantage.

The atmosphere at Armagh is far more favourable for observations than at Birr Castle; the latter place being in the centre of the Bog district of Ireland. Lord Rosse told me how very few nights, on an average, the telescope can be used there; so we were most fortunate. Lord Rosse said that he did not think any higher power than his maximum would ever be used to advantage; for when the atmosphere is so much magnified, it interferes with observations, as in the case of the tail of the comet, which produces an effect like a fog. I asked if at the Cape the power could be increased? He said, "No, still less power can be used there, for the hot wind from the veldt and the damp cold from the sea produces when united an even thicker atmosphere than in Ireland. A very high mountain, say 17,000 or 18,000 feet, possibly in the Himalayas, might be above the dense atmosphere, and be more favourable for a higher magnifying power.

DUBLIN, *November 9*.—Owing to my having brought a letter of introduction from the Primate, Dr. Todd showed me all the treasures of the Trinity College Library here. There are some very curious manuscripts; especially the "Book of Armagh," which is proved to have belonged to St. Patrick in the sixth century. It was left in charge of a family who held their lands on condition of handing down this treasure from father to son. It was sold by the last descendant of the house, at a period of great distress. The bell

of St. Patrick, used by him in the Church Service, is a most remarkable relic. It is of hammered copper. The case of the "Book of Armagh" is exactly like the postmen's bags now in use, and of the hardest leather, and worked in those beautiful curves peculiar to old Irish work. It is different from either the Moorish, which are geometrical, or any other, and found only on these islands. It is the divergent spiral line, and is called the Trumpet pattern. It is neither Greek, Roman, nor Oriental. It is found in the ancient books or Gospels, which were kept in the different Sees; as the "Book of Armagh," of which St. Patrick was Primate. The Book of Kells, of St. Cuthbert, and the Durham Book all belonged to the Keltic race. The character of the "Book of Armagh" is large and distinct; part of it is in the ancient Irish, and the rest of it in the Latin tongue. It is beautifully illuminated. There is a Missal of leaves only, and one in Greek with that passage of St. John's Epistle, "There are three that bear witness in Heaven," etc., which is supposed to have been interpolated, as it is found only in the Latin Vulgate, and not in any Greek one, except in this, which, as it is not prior to the fifteenth century, is of no authority. Personally, I feel the greatest interest in the early history of Ireland; and I find that it is now a great subject of interest with the *savans*. Dr. Todd has deciphered and printed, for the Irish Society, many curious historical documents, the object of which is to trace which race it was that carried the Arts and Civilisation to so high a pitch, and possessed a pure Episcopal Church before it became corrupted in the time of St. Augustine. These people understood the art of working in gold, of which many beautiful specimens are in the Museum, both in silver and in iron-work, the cover of St. Patrick's bell being an exquisite example. It is elaborately worked, and set with precious stones and blue glass, which looks like lapis

lazuli, and in which these peculiar spiral curves appear in all the patterns. The Primate,¹ who purchased St. Patrick's Book and bell, presented it to the College; and there is a very fine portrait of him in the dining-hall, for which all the Fellows subscribed. The Primate is beloved in Ireland. He spends the whole of his Church revenues for the benefit of his poorer clergy, and in promoting education. This he has done for the last fifty years, having become a bishop at thirty. He is now eighty-six! so his good works began long before public opinion called for them. Currie Conollan, who is so satirical, and who scarcely ever speaks well of anybody, said to me: "The Primate is indeed a noble character—truly a Christian Prince and Bishop—and when he goes, it will be impossible to replace him. His noble family, great fortune, simple domestic habits, and total absence of selfishness or pride, endear him to all." He was never married. His two sisters came to live with him; and together they adopted a large family of nieces, to whom they devoted themselves. Though handsome and rich, Lady Anne Beresford never would marry, as she did not wish to leave her brother. The Primate is very tall, with beautiful features and a delicate complexion; such as one sees occasionally in a Roman priest, who is *really* a saint on earth. He is so full of benevolence and Christian love, that he is the personification of St. John, whose name he bears. He went to Paris as a young man, and was presented with his brother, the Marquis of Waterford, to Marie Antoinette, whose beauty he could not admire, for she was painted to excess; which made a painful impression on this simple-hearted young Irishman. His conversation is full of anecdote, when drawn out to talk of old times; and he perfectly

¹ The Very Rev. Lord John George Beresford, son of the first Marquis of Waterford, was born in 1773. He became Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland in 1822. He died in 1862.

remembers, and loved my Shelley in those never-to-be-forgotten schooldays at Eton.

As I waited in that noble Cathedral—which was effectively lighted for the afternoon service—I saw the Primate enter, and, preceded by his clergy, march in procession to his allotted place. Meanwhile the solemn tones of an organ, beautifully played, cast an almost divine spell over a deeply impressive scene. As I saw that old man standing erect during the anthem, and devoutly following every word of that long service, a lifelong prejudice passed away, and I felt reconciled to high dignities. But how few are really worthy to occupy such a position!

I am told that only the townspeople attend the Cathedral Service, the humbler classes prefer the parish church. They say they can better understand the service there; and I quite agree with them.

CHAPTER XXIII

March 15, 1859.—I must begin a new era. Perhaps in my present solitary life since Katty's marriage¹ I may find time to note some of the passing events.

Lord Derby's recent *mot* is amusing. At an investiture of the Knights of the Thistle a few days ago, some one asked Lord Derby why he had chosen Lord Ailsa in preference to Lord Fife, who seemed to have had a prior claim. Lord Derby replied: "Oh! everybody seems to think Fife such a donkey, that I was afraid he would *eat it*!"

Last night I dined with the Barlows² and met Tyndall and Charles Wheatstone. The latter is just returned from Paris, where he had been much in the Emperor's company. Wheatstone has been showing Louis Napoleon his new method of adapting the telegraph to the uses of common life. On going to the Tuileries by appointment, he found the Emperor amusing himself by deciphering a telegraphic message which he had just received from Turin. He told Wheatstone that he invariably deciphered these telegrams himself, and without any secretary being present. He expressed himself delighted with the new instrument, which will make it as easy to read

¹ Lady Shelley's granddaughter Katherine, who had lived with her since 1853, and had been her companion at Naples and in Ireland, married, March 3, 1859, Mr. James Bontein, grandson of Colonel Sir James Bontein, of Balglass, N.B. He died 1884.

² Peter Barlow, born 1776, was a mathematician and physicist, and a member of the Royal Society. He died 1862.

the various telegrams in any language, as ordinary handwriting would be, and with less chance of a mistake being made. After his audience, Wheatstone was ordered to attend the Empress, whom he found in the act of electrifying her ladies. There was a great deal of laughter and fun going on in consequence. Afterwards the Empress desired the Duchesse de Bassano to give Wheatstone some tea; and while he was drinking it the Emperor walked into the room unannounced, with a lighted cigar in his mouth. He at once joined in the fun, and astonished Wheatstone by his evident freedom from all care, while the whole world is so anxiously waiting for the Emperor's decision on a question which involves either peace or war!

Louis Napoleon has promised that he will himself examine Wheatstone's claims upon the French Government for telegraphs during Louis Philippe's time. The Emperor always spoke to him in English, and Wheatstone has great hopes of recovering an apparently hopeless debt.

The following letter, a copy of which was given to me when I was in Ireland, was written by the jailer's wife at Galway to the ladies' maids at Woodlen. It is too good to be lost.

"Mrs. Murphy's compliments to the ladies of Woodlen. If the maids would like to see Sergeant Black hanged, she will be happy of the honour of their company to breakfast to-morrow. I will have the pleasure of conducting the ladies to the gallows. Mrs. Murphy will take care the execution shall be deferred till the ladies arrive."

The following verse, written by Canning in 1804, at a time when England was agitated by a prospect of invasion, was found among Lady Shelley's papers. Block-ships had been stationed in the Thames, by

orders of Henry Addington, afterwards Viscount Sidmouth.

“If blocks can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French :
The one is the Mouth of the River ;
The other, the Treasury Bench.”

*From LADY SHELLEY to the REV. G. GLEIG*¹

“LONSDALE HOUSE, FULHAM, *April* 13, 1865.

“DEAR SIR,

“You asked me to put in writing anything that I may have heard from the Duke of Wellington relative to his residence at Angers ; and as you seem to have no details, I hope that, slight as are my recollections, they may be valuable to you.

“When the Duke used to come to us at Maresfield Park, we often invited to meet him the Hon. Gen. St. John, who lived near Chailey, in Sussex. He had been the friend of Lady Mornington, and was at Brussels at the time you mention. Gen. St. John claimed to have advised the Duke’s mother to send young Arthur Wellesley to the Military College at Angers ; and as the Duke always received him cordially, I conclude that he admitted this account. I think it was talked over ; but further I do not remember.

“One evening, at Paris, in 1815, while at the Tuileries, I saw the Duke greet with the greatest respect and pleasure—reverently kissing her hand according to *la vieille Cour*—an elderly lady, who was dressed entirely in white silk, in the style of the Court of Marie Antoinette. The Duke presented me to her as the Duchesse de Séran, the kind friend at whose château, near Angers, he had passed his time, whenever he could absent himself from his studies at the Military Academy, of which her husband was the Commandant. It must have been in this exalted French society that the Duke, then a raw boy of seventeen, acquired those distinguished manners, and

¹ The Rev. George Gleig was at that date Chaplain-General to the Forces. He had served as a subaltern in the Peninsula, and was three times wounded during that campaign. In 1820 he took Orders. He wrote a life of Wellington ; and died in 1888, in his ninety-third year.

that perfect *ton*, for which he was so remarkable, and which put him completely at ease in the various Court circles which he subsequently frequented; and where he always shone, as the best example of an English gentleman. Unlike other Englishmen of that day, he spoke and wrote French admirably. The Duchesse de Séran evidently renewed her acquaintance with her young favourite with the greatest pleasure; but I grieve that I do not accurately remember what she said to me about him. Although I often revisited Paris, I never again saw the Duchesse de Séran. I do not think that she ever returned there. Her son, the Duc de Séran, lived in Paris some years later, but I believe that he died young. I am told by a French lady, who had known the Duc de Séran, that it is very difficult to trace the various branches of French families; and I have never been able to discover whether the château near Angers still exists—but this *you* may be able to ascertain.

“With respect to the society in Dublin in which the Duke mixed, Mrs. Trench’s ‘Memoirs’¹ give some details. His greatest friend at that time was Lady de la Zouche, to whose daughter (the widow of a general officer) the Duke showed unbounded kindness, when she applied to him for advice and help, in consequence of some difficulties into which her son had fallen, while serving in his Regt. One of the daughters afterwards married Mr. Baird. She might perhaps be able to give you fuller details of the Duke’s touching kindness to her mother, not many years ago.

“Sir John’s acquaintance with the Duke began in Flanders, when the latter was in command of the 33rd Regt.; and they often laughed together at the disorderly manner in which the Guards marched. Sir John was present at the storming of Valenciennes, and came home on promotion.

“Believe me very truly yours,

“FRANCES SHELLEY.”

¹ Melesina Trench, born 1768, wrote “Remains,” a journal of her early years.

CHAPTER XXIV

LAST WORDS

MARESFIELD LODGE, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.—My children have long urged me to make them acquainted with some of the incidents in my life by writing my autobiography. It has not hitherto been my habit to speak of the past; and though I have kept journals for many years, they were often written in haste, and would scarcely be worthy of public attention.

I hope, however, that in the solitude of my new home¹ I may, by reference to my letters and journals, be able to contribute something to the social history of Europe between the years 1814 and 1852.

It may be that, owing to my intimate friendship with the Duke of Wellington, I can give a fuller account of him in private life than any which have hitherto appeared in print. I would try to show that a deep sense of duty, based on a simple faith in the truth of the Bible, was the foundation of every act in his life.

There was a lofty chivalry in Wellington's heroic character. He never allowed a selfish indulgence to taint his high sense of honour; and perfect truthfulness regulated every act of his life. As he never deviated from the truth himself, he scorned deceit or equivocation in others. Whenever he caught any one out in telling him an untruth, he was extremely harsh and severe. This fear of displeasing the Duke, while

¹ Lady Shelley, after leaving Fulham, came to reside at Cowes, where she had built herself a house, in her eighty-second year!

it made his family very cautious not to deviate from the exact truth, caused many things to be hidden from him which it would have been wiser to have told him. This led to domestic bickerings, which, to onlookers, were very painful. But the Duke was always just, and ready to forgive.

I now regret that I scarcely ever made notes of the Duke's conversation. But as his words were always so graphic they impressed themselves on my memory, and I did not see any necessity to write them down. In reference to the Duke's tenacity about truthfulness, I remember once asking him why he valued Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was his Secretary at the War Office, so much beyond his apparent capacity, when many others of far greater capacity were competing for the Duke's confidence? He said:

"I will tell you why. I have known Fitzroy from a boy, when he became my A.D.C., and never did he, during all those years, vary in the perfect truth of every statement he made to me. He never put a gloss, good or bad, upon any report. I can trust him thoroughly."

.

There has always been a peculiarity in my character, which I may now mention, as my life, at eighty-three, must be so nearly ended. I have rarely talked of myself and my career to any one, and have never revealed the thoughts of my inner self except to my dear husband, who knew everything, and who had such complete confidence in me, that he often recklessly exposed me to the dangers of that profligate society in which my early married life was passed.

Although my husband knew that I possessed a strong religious feeling, and that I had great power of self-control, he did not calculate on the dangerous effect of indulging in a love of admiration. It was his greatest satisfaction to see my power of fascinating minds far superior to my own. Thus it happened,

that while hearts were opened to me, I became the depositary of high thoughts, and secrets not usually revealed, except in the most intimate relations of life.

Through all this I passed—happily unharmed—and was especially careful never to express my own feelings. My sole object was to be worthy of the devotion I inspired. It was long before I could make up my mind to accept those triumphs in which my husband delighted. After my marriage, and for some years, I only wished to remain unnoticed by the world, and to be loved in my home circle. But this did not satisfy my husband. He would say to me: "I want the whole world to know the treasure I possess." He called me Milton's ideal in the Lady of "Comus," who remained chaste—both in thought and in deed—while surrounded and tempted by his worldly associates.

I found myself in a dangerous atmosphere; but I held my own, like a true Englishwoman, until, in 1814, an influx of foreigners led to a change in manners. In company with my lovely niece, Harriet Greville—then in her modest, fresh beauty—I entered into the dissipation of that exciting period. I attended the great fêtes and balls given in honour of the Sovereigns, and I danced at them.

It was then that my hero-worship of Wellington caused me to accept with pleasure—though shrinking from the notoriety it gave me—the attention of the saviour of my country, a man to whom every one was then devoted.

It would be difficult for people in these days to understand the intoxication of being the chosen companion, and afterwards the acknowledged friend, of that truly great man. I well remember our first conversation. It was about poor Colonel Henry Cadogan, who had been killed at Vittoria, our common friend. When the Duke showed me the grief which he felt at his loss, a mutual sympathy

seemed to have sprung up between us, and I felt that I understood him. But my awe of Wellington was very great ; and I remember that when I saw him for the first time in my life, I was so overcome that I nearly fainted at his feet.

Such was the high romance—now called folly—of those days, that even my husband felt exaltation in the notice which the Duke took of us both.

I may say that no one living has a deeper knowledge of the Duke's private character than I have. His virtues—I mean, of course, in his private life—have been undervalued. This is due to the Duchess' lack of common-sense, and ignorance of the world ; this made her obstinate about trifles in which she could have pleased him. She had strong religious opinions, but she belonged to the Low Church, and took Calvinistic views of duty ; views which had hardened in her mind during twelve years' seclusion in Ireland, where she devoted herself to the care of an invalid relative, after her first refusal of young Arthur Wellesley.

That young officer, attracted by Kitty Pakenham's pretty face and *mignonne* figure, proposed marriage to her ; but her parents would not give their consent, as his small professional income was not sufficient to support a wife.

During the eight brilliant years that Arthur Wellesley passed in India, he had never quite forgotten the face and form of the girl whom he had once wished to marry, but he had long ceased to think about matrimony. On General Arthur Wellesley's passage home, he happened to meet on board ship a gentleman who had been in Dublin Society when this love affair terminated. This gentleman told the hero of Assaye that Miss Catherine Pakenham had long given up society, and was wearing the willow for him in an Irish village. This intelligence so touched Arthur Wellesley that, soon after his

arrival in England, he wrote and told the young lady that if she still loved him, he was ready to marry her, as he was now in a position to do so. Miss Pakenham's reply did her honour. She told Wellesley that before any engagement was made, he must see her again ; as she had grown old, had lost all her good looks, and was a very different person to the girl he had loved in former years. This letter so pleased Arthur Wellesley that he resolved upon hastening the marriage, and wrote to beg the young lady to come to England with his brother Gerald, who would perform the ceremony soon after their arrival. Dr. Wellesley told Shelley that he should never be able to forget Arthur Wellesley's face when he first saw his future bride after their long separation. He turned to Gerald, and whispered, "She is grown d—— ugly, by Jove !" But he did not show any disappointment, and they lived happily together from 1806 until the autumn of the following year, when General Wellesley started for the campaign in Denmark. After his return, they lived for a time in Harley Street, where, during Wellesley's long absence in Spain, his wife became an object of great public interest, and received the homage of John Bull, whenever news of victory or of disaster came. Wellesley's wife with her two boys were always to be seen at the Horse Guards when any tidings came, and received the cheers of the populace, as any other devoted wife would have done under similar circumstances.

Well might she be proud and happy, and glory in such a husband !

The Duke of Wellington was always particularly attentive to his mother, to whom he was devoted. As a boy, she used to snub him, because he was shy, and had not the dash and charm which distinguished his elder brother. After leaving Eton, his mother sent Arthur to the French Military Academy at Angers, in order, as she said, "to get rid of him." General

St. John was the person who recommended Lady Mornington to send her son there, and from him I heard this fact mentioned, when he used to come over to meet the Duke of Wellington at Maresfield. It turned out very fortunate for Arthur Wellesley that he went to that Academy, for he there acquired that perfect command of the French language and those courtly manners which, at the Congress of Vienna, placed the soldier of fortune on an equality with the princes and diplomatists of Europe.

Lady Shelley's proposed autobiography went no further.

L'ENVOI

IN a very small pocket-book Lady Shelley jotted down notes relating to her visits to the North of England and the Highlands of Scotland during the months of August and September 1866. It is interesting to learn that at Alnwick Castle she saw seven paintings by Giorgione, which, in Byron's time, were in the Manfrini Palace at Venice. At Edinburgh Lady Shelley dined with the celebrated Professor Piazzi Smith, and discoursed with him until midnight about the Egyptian Pyramids.

On September 8 Lady Shelley arrived at Ancrum, which she thus describes :

"That lovely, happy place, with its sweet pastoral scenery. The weather is fine, the atmosphere clear, and the leaves in the woods are wearing their brightest autumn tints. I watched the deer lying peacefully under the trees, while the sinking sun cast long shadows over the delicate greensward. In the distance rose the Cheviot Hills, their clean-cut summits resting on a cloudless sky.

"I was taken to Dryburgh Abbey and Melrose. I remember, when Shelley and I went to Abbotsford in 1819, we crossed the water at Abbotsford ferry from Newton Don. Sir Walter Scott told me that on one occasion, when he wished to visit Melrose, he had been prevented from crossing for forty days !"

It was evidently Lady Shelley's intention to have elaborated these notes, and it is much to be regretted

that this was not done. A mere sketch of what must have been an interesting tour would not interest the reader. In these circumstances the Editor must bring these Diaries to a close with a brief *résumé* of events relating to the Diarist's last years.

In 1840 Lady Shelley began to reside at Lonsdale House, Fulham, where she gave, for nearly thirty years, those morning parties which became one of the features of the London Season. In that cedar-shaded garden overlooking the Thames, one might have met Gladstone, the celebrated Bishop Wilberforce, Samuel Rogers, Hobhouse, the sisters of the poet Shelley, Monckton Milnes, Abraham Hayward, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Hughes, and most of the leaders of London Society.

In 1868, when Lady Shelley was in her eighty-second year, the lease of Lonsdale House expired. Undaunted by her great age, she resolved to build a residence at East Cowes—known, we believe, to the present day as Maresfield Lodge.

During Lady Shelley's retirement she conceived the idea of collating her various journals with a view to their publication after her death. But, beyond writing the opening sentences of a very modest introduction, no progress was made; and her diaries remained uncopied in the small pocket-books which she had carried about in her travels. It may here be mentioned that the very interesting record of Lady Shelley's girlhood, courtship, and marriage, which appears in the first volume of the present work, was written at Nice in 1855.

The estrangement between Lady Shelley and the Duke of Wellington, caused by the publication of the Duke's letter to Sir John Burgoyne, endured until 1850. In that year an incident occurred which affords a good example of that tactful, genial fun which had long made Sir John Shelley so popular in Society, and shows that beneath a sometimes grim exterior the Iron

Duke possessed a strong sense of humour. The situation was decidedly unpleasant, for the Duke was very formal, difficult to approach, and would give Lady Shelley no opening for further explanations. Things were in that hopeless state when, one evening, Sir John happened to meet the Duke at a party.

"Good evening, Duke," said Sir John in his most winning manner. "Do you know, it has been said, by some one who must have been present, that the cackling of geese once saved Rome. I have been thinking that perhaps the cackling of my old Goose may yet save England!"

This wholly unexpected sally proved too much for the Duke, who burst out into a hearty laugh. "By G—d, Shelley!" said he; "you are right: give me your honest hand."

Thus rolled away before one stroke of humour the dark cloud that had long overshadowed a true friendship. On the Duke's return to Apsley House he penned that "playful letter" to which Lady Shelley refers in that touching eulogy of Wellington which she wrote soon after his death.

It was during Lady Shelley's residence at Cowes that Queen Victoria extended to her the great honour of a personal friendship. As is so well known, Her Majesty always felt a tender sympathy for those who, like herself, bore their sorrows bravely in the solitude of a crowd. Not only was Lady Shelley often invited to dine at Osborne, but the Queen frequently honoured her by a personal visit. We have been informed by those who were at that time in Lady Shelley's confidence, that the Queen's conversation generally turned upon Sir Walter Scott, the Duke of Wellington during the Waterloo period, and upon those European celebrities whom the Queen had never seen.

When, at the beginning of 1873, Lady Shelley became seriously unwell, the Queen frequently sent her kind messages, and would occasionally come

to cheer her with that graceful tact and womanly sympathy which won the love of all her people.

It happened that one day, when Her Majesty called to make inquiries, they told her that they feared Lady Shelley was dying. On hearing this the Queen, without a moment's hesitation, went to her bedside, and stood there for some minutes in silence.

Then came one of those wonderful flickerings which for a brief span rekindle the light of the dying, and Lady Shelley opened her eyes. Upon the Queen asking her if there was any particular thing that she wished for, Lady Shelley with grateful tears in her eyes replied: "I should be completely satisfied to die, Your Majesty, if I might be allowed to kiss your hand!"

A few minutes later—while the Queen was descending the stairs—the intelligence came that all was over.

Thus passed from this life, on February 24, 1873, one of the brightest, best, and most loyal of women, now sleeping her long sleep in Whippingham churchyard. It seems fitting that those touching words which Lady Shelley wrote in her Diary on hearing of her hero's death, should also be applied to her. She fell asleep! and those who loved her humbly believed that she awoke in the presence of her God.

To
 Lady
 Shelley
 with every
 good wish
 from
 Victoria
 Belmont
 Jan: 1. 1843



A NEW YEAR'S CARD SENT BY H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA TO LADY SHELLEY, 1873.

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